

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

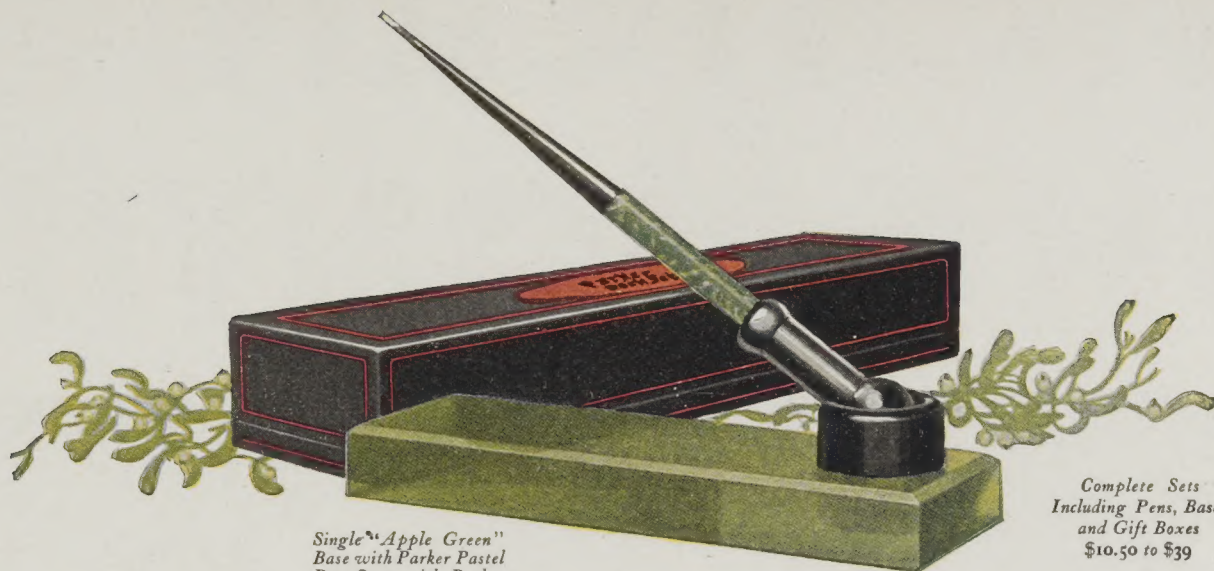
DECEMBER
1926
WINNIPEG, CANADA



A WESTERN HOME MONTHLY COVER BY N. GRANDMAISON

10
CENTS

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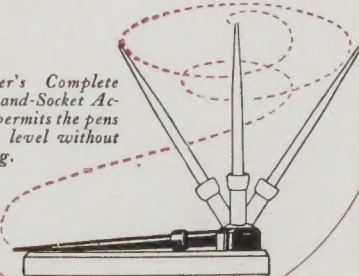
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Table of Contents

EDITORIAL

EDITORIAL—The Editor.....	3
THE PHILOSOPHER.....	32

FICTION

A CHRISTMAS GUEST—Elsie Singmaster.....	5
THE PRINCESS AND THE CLOWNS—Jean Jose Frappa (Second Instalment).....	7
HOW CHRISTMAS CAME TO SWEETGRASS—H. J. Hopkins Moorhouse.....	10
MANTRAP—Sinclair Lewis (Concluding Instalment).....	13
TAKING CHRISTMAS BY STORM—Howard Angus Kennedy.....	15
THE GATES OF DESTINY—Laura Goodman Salverson.....	16
A CHRISTMAS TREE THAT RAN AWAY—Helen B. Russell.....	22
SIGN OF THE ROSE—Isabel E. Mackay.....	28
TWICE—A. P. Nelson.....	23
ONE WINTER'S NIGHT—Ruth Valerie.....	76

REGULAR DEPARTMENTS

YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM—H. J. Russell...	34
COME, LET US READ AWHILE—W.H.M. Librarian..	44
RADIO.....	45
LEGAL INFORMATION.....	46
DOLLARS AND CENTS—W. G. Lamond.....	47
YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM—Pearl Richmond Hamilton.....	49
CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Bobby Burke.....	102

WOMEN AND THE HOME

HOME FURNISHINGS—Katherine M. Caldwell.....	38
HOME DOCTOR.....	43
FEDERATED WOMEN'S INSTITUTES.....	48
MOTHER'S PAGE.....	50
BETTER COOKERY—Gertrude Dutton.....	55
SOMETHING FOR BUSY FINGERS.....	78
FASHIONS.....	80

SPECIAL ARTICLES

THE SAINT OF THE NORTH POLE—Emily F. Murphy.....	12
ST. JEAN BAPTISTE—Charles W. Stokes.....	20
VISION VERSUS ROUTINE—Prof. W. F. Osborne.....	27
SIMPLICITY—Nellie McClung.....	39
CHRISTMAS MUSIC—A Winnipeg Musician.....	40
THE FLYING PRAIRIE PREMIER—W. J. Healy.....	42

The Western Home Monthly

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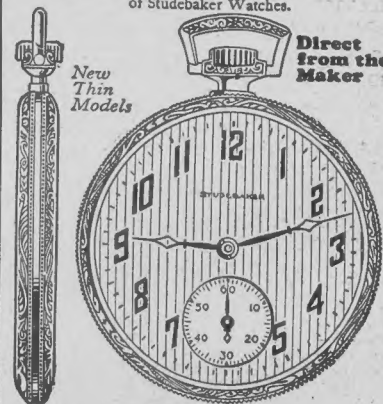
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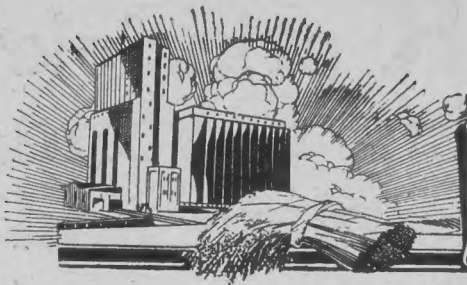
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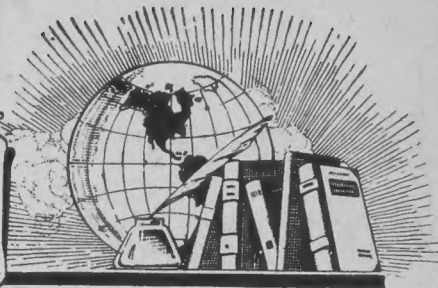
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EDITORIAL



The Christmas Life

YULETIDE once more! Young and old delight to hear again the story of the Child in the manger, the story of the wondering, worshipping shepherds, and of the Hosts of Heaven as they sing the eternal song of goodwill and peace.

Yet it would be tragedy for all of us as individuals and for the race were it all to stop there. That scene was but the prelude to a Life noble in its completeness, and rich in its power to transform. The best way to honor Christmas is to honor that Life by conforming to the principles He laid down for the guidance of mankind. For He came to usher in a New Kingdom, and that Kingdom will endure though men pass away and nations vanish.

The ideal subjects of this kingdom possessed humility or teachableness. This is the beginning of wisdom. No man and no nation unwilling to learn can ever make progress. How marvellously slow we have been because of our self-assurance and our pride! Then the good subject, recognizing his shortcoming, is repentant and mourns his defect. What a need here for men and groups of men! And when one is truly repentant he will acknowledge even the reproach of others as just, or, in other words, meekness will be a characteristic virtue. Lastly, when one is desirous to improve so that he hungers for righteousness, he takes the last step on the ladder leading to true greatness. And this true greatness manifests itself in mercy, for anyone who knows his shortcoming will be tolerant of the shortcoming of his neighbor; it will issue in that pure thinking which delights to see in others not imperfections, but God-like qualities; it will promote peace, for that alone is in harmony with the Divine; and lastly, it will dare to do Right in face of scorn and calumny. And this great teaching of the Beatitudes is no sermon for Sundays but a living guide for individuals and nations for all time. How far have we made it our own today in Canada, and particularly in the West?

As in the time of the Caesars there may be those who accept other beatitudes:—"Blessed are the proud, for they shall compel others to acknowledge their greatness; Blessed are the arrogant, for they shall demand obedience; Blessed are the tyrants, for they shall rule; Blessed are those who indulge their lusts, for they shall have a happy time; Blessed are they who hit back, for they shall be the last to fall." And so the list might be extended. Yet none of these will stand for men or groups of men. Pride does have a fall. Arrogance even in religion fails to win respect. Retaliation always returns upon itself. Lust brings desolation and death in its wake. Righteousness, beauty, truth—these alone survive. In the words of the gentle Herbert:

*Only a sweet and virtuous soul
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But when the whole world turns to coal
Then chiefly lives.*

It is peculiar that though men accept the Christian teaching as in theory at least a guide for individual action, they reject it as applied to nations. Yet there is nothing more certain than that the application of the Golden Rule, which sums up the last four Beatitudes, if accepted by nations, would end all war and discord and bring about the peace for which the world is waiting. National pride, national desire for

aggrandizement rather than for righteousness, national inclemency rather than mercy, national suspicion rather than trust, and national unwillingness to sacrifice for righteousness' sake — these things are what make the world the scene of combat and the cesspool of sin.

So, too, if the teaching of the Beatitudes were allowed to govern life in the home, in society, in the vocations, in the churches—what a lovely old world we should have! Think of a home in which

people are willing to learn and in which all the members yearn for goodness; think of a home where every thought and deed is mantled by charity and where sacrificial acts are as common as the daily meals. Yes, we have been in homes of that kind and they have told us that heaven is not far away, but here, and now. The Kingdom is within us. But think of our business carried on in the Spirit of Christian teaching. No need then for boasting and boasting. No need for men to try lifting themselves by their bootstraps. There would be natural happy association and progress without ceasing.

So when it comes to Christmas it should mean not merely jollity and decoration; not merely holly and mistletoe; not merely the Manger and the Child, but new life in men and nations—life that is noble, true, unselfish and sacrificing, because it is in touch with the Source of all life. There is no other way for the world, and the nation that accepts the Great Ideal will survive when others perish. Will Canada be that nation?

Riches

OF LIVING men, few are greater and wiser than the Hindu poet Tagore. He is one who perceives real values in life. Among his recent sayings was a paragraph dealing with America (which we may take to include Canada). Here it is as reported by Aldo Sorani in the *London Observer*:

"Do you share the belief of some others that assistance for this necessary work of clearance and rebuilding could profitably come to us from America?"

"No; America is too far away, too much a prey also to the very same ills that agitate Europe, too preoccupied with this world's goods, and too rich. One could quote to her the words of Christ: 'It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.' For America to prove of aid and inspiration to Europe, it would behoove her also to have gone through the deep waters of calamity. Moreover, America is not free. We in India are, it is true, under a foreign domination, but we are freer men by far than Americans—spiritually freer."

Give It a Chance

THE following from the editorial columns of the *British Weekly* is deserving of notice. Once on a time Moody the Evangelist said: "The world has yet to see what a man can do who gives himself up entirely to God. I am going to try to be that man." Well, in his own way and in his own field he certainly achieved something. Perhaps someone will take up the challenge of the *Weekly*:

"Christianity has never yet been tried in this world. Aspects of it have been celebrated; by-products of it have been contended for; mixtures and solutions of it of various colors have been put into circulation. But Christianity, in the sense of the organized Mind of Christ embodied in the laws, manners, institutions, language, conversation of any country and of any age—that has never been given anything like a fair trial. This very circumstance is the one hopeful thing about the world today: there is something which we have not yet tried. Everything has been tried and everything has failed except Christianity.

A Prayer

By Rev. J. D. Freeman, M.A., D.D.

Eternal Father, as the day draws near which reminds of the birth of Christ in Bethlehem we pray that our hearts may be prepared for the indwelling of His Spirit. Though the accommodation we have to offer be poor and mean, yet His manger-cradle tells us that He will not despise our humble hospitality.

We praise Thee that Thine Eternal Son became a little Child that He might dwell with us; help us to become as little children that we may dwell with Him.

May Bethlehem's Babe be to us the unmistakable sign of Thy love for us, Thy sympathy with us, Thy desire to share our sorrows, to bear our sins and to save us from every evil thing.

We praise Thee for all the blessings of the year. We thank Thee for having taken care of us, our homes and our families and for having prospered our undertakings. We thank Thee for this land in which we dwell, for its freedom, its securities, its sanctities and its opportunities. Help us all to be good and useful citizens, to walk humbly with Thee and to love our neighbours as ourselves. Let Thy blessing be upon all parents and children, upon all wives and husbands, upon all legislators and educators, upon all toilers and sufferers. We would remember the poor and the troubled and the broken. Enable us to show toward them the Spirit of Jesus.

We rejoice that the future is with Thee and that Tomorrow is but another name for God. We do not ask to see the distant scene. How many battles there are to be fought, how many wounds to be endured, how many harvests to be reaped, how many tears to be shed, how many graves to be dug, we know not. We simply pray, Thy will be done, assured that this all shall be done in love and wisdom.

The Lord be with those who at this time are far away from us, those whom we love and of whom we think. May they all be merry with a godly mirth and may their hearts be filled with peace.

Amen.

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The Christmas Guest



"It was Emma Will, an acquaintance from Mrs. Eline's childhood."

THERE were two reasons for Mrs. Eline's queer misapprehension. The first was her firm though wholly undefined and subconscious conviction that as the daughter of a minister and the widow of a teacher she occupied a social position second to none, even to that of Mrs. Gardner, whose father had been governor and whose husband had been judge. The second was her natural misunderstanding of Emma Will's amiable and inaccurate rendering of Mrs. Gardner's invitation.

On the day before Christmas she was sitting at her kitchen window trying to catch the last gleam of daylight on her sewing when she heard a car stop before her house. She pressed her face to the pane so as to see the visitor as soon as she opened the gate which led from the narrow alley to the pavement.

In summer the alley was a place of shade and coolness and the habitat of a rare variety of hardy begonia which grew in beds on each side of the walk, but in winter it was a gloomy tunnel bounded by unbroken walls and carpeted with snow except for a narrow path which Mrs. Eline kept clear with difficulty.

The car stopped without grinding of brakes or sliding of wheels; there was simply the cessation of the delicate regular beat of the engine, powerful and in perfect condition. A car-door opened and closed—perhaps, after all, the occupant was not coming here! Mrs. Eline held her breath; the alley gate swung back, and a large, elaborately dressed figure filled the shadowy space. It was Emma Will, an acquaintance from Mrs. Eline's childhood, who had been for many years cook at Mrs. Gardner's.

Instantly a great hope filled Mrs. Eline's breast, and she got heavily and a little stiffly to her feet, heavily because her winter coat was not warm enough for outdoor exercise in this unseasonable weather; stiffly because the temperature of the kitchen was low. She did not hope that Emma would bring her a present—it was a good while since she had had a present, and last year she had been able to give none—what she hoped for was work.

The demand for plain sewing grew less and less as people bought their underclothing and even their bed-linen ready-made. People did not seem to care for beautiful things for their houses; they put all their money into automobiles, and to keep automobiles in order no plain sewing was required. Mrs. Eline had once had more work than she could

By Elsie Singmaster

Illustrations By H. B. Davis

do; now the making of a dozen pillowcases was all that stood between her and no work at all.

Before she reached the door her heart rose and sank and rose and sank and rose again. Perhaps Mrs. Gardner had sent her work. But Mrs. Gardner did not know her. Perhaps Emma herself had brought work. But Emma was one of four or five servants waiting, now that Mr. Gardner was dead, upon one person; she would have time to do her own sewing. But she could ask Emma to mention her to Mrs. Gardner! Mrs. Gardner was said to be extremely kind; doubtless she had sent Emma into town in one of her cars.

Excitedly Mrs. Eline fumbled with the latch. Uncouth as Emma was, how lovely it would be to have her sit awhile and talk about their childhood! But Emma would soon feel the cold, and if she stayed it would be necessary to light the lamp, and that would mean that there would not be enough oil to last over tomorrow. Emma called a boisterous Merry Christmas from without; she had never suspected that she did not belong quite in the same class with Mrs. Eline.

Her first remark was a little indelicate. She sat in Mrs. Eline's rocker and looked about.

"You're not very warm in here, Eva."

"I didn't notice; I was sewing," explained Mrs. Eline bravely. Then with greater courage she went toward the stove and gave the grate a shake. There was just enough coal to last, with economy, until after Christmas. "It'll soon heat up."

"Your neighbors rubbered at my car," said Emma.

"I suppose they did," answered Mrs. Eline. "We don't often see a fine car in here."

Emma swung back and forth, her feet wide apart, saying nothing about her errand. Suppose she should stay for supper, then there would be no dinner for tomorrow. Feeling panic quicken in her heart, Mrs. Eline tried to quiet her terror with a formula which she had used a thousand times. She said over and over to herself while Emma rocked ponderously back and forth: "I trust in God."

"Will you stay to supper?" she invited at last, as though to prove that she trusted God.

"Mercy, no!" cried Emma. "I oughtn't to of sat down, but what I stopped for was this." It

was here in her kindness of heart that Emma deceived Mrs. Eline. Mrs. Gardner had suggested that Emma invite "someone." "She sent for me as I was starting, and she says that I should invite you to Christmas dinner."

MRS. ELINE felt suddenly faint and cold, then glowingly warm. She saw Mrs. Gardner, tall, beautiful, distant, and lately shutting herself away from everyone, in her grief. She saw her beautiful house, which must be so warm and bright this bitter weather. She saw a turkey—it was ten years at least since she had tasted turkey.

"Invite me to dinner?" she repeated stupidly. "Mrs. Gardner?"

"You're saying it." Emma Will rose. As she fastened her thick and beautiful coat she gave Mrs. Eline a chance to understand, but Mrs. Eline did not understand in the least. "All the help in the house is going out for the day but the black man and me. She thought it would be lonely."

Tears came into Mrs. Eline's eyes. There had been, everyone said, singularly close devotion between Mr. and Mrs. Gardner.

"I should think it would be lonely."

"Then you'll come?" asked Emma.

"Yes," said Mrs. Eline. "Thank you."

"The car'll fetch you."

Mrs. Eline was a little frightened.

"I'd rather walk. I'm going to church, and that will rest me half-way."

"All right," agreed Emma. "You'll have more appetite, too. Come about one. I guess she'll send you home."

Mrs. Eline stood still until the car had started, its engine whirring softly. She heard the shout of the neighbors' children; it was indeed a rare thing for a fine car to come into this little street. She did not move; the bright color lingered on her cheeks, her eyes shone. Christmas dinner, warmth, brightness! There was something else as well, more warming than the thought of fire.

She did not feel proud because Mrs. Gardner had asked her to dinner, but she felt gratified. She forgot that her own fire was blazing extravagantly; she forgot that she had intended to ask Emma to ask Mrs. Gardner for work. One need not despair when there was such kindness in the world. She seemed to be addressing someone present in the room. "I trusted," said Mrs. Eline.

FORTUNATELY, though Mrs. Eline did not have a handsome coat, she had a fairly presentable dress and enough new lace to freshen

collar and cuffs. The soft collar came close to her throat and gave her not only a quaint and old-fashioned look but a look of youth. She had a smooth skin and abundant wavy hair and very beautiful eyes. Sometimes they had a brave look; at other times, just before she assured an unseen person that she trusted, they were terrified, like those of an animal that fears destruction. On Christmas morning they were soft and shining.

Some time in the night, as a result of the strong draft put on for Emma Will's comfort, the fire went out, and Mrs. Eline built only a light wood-fire on which to get her breakfast. The day was not very cold, and she did not believe the pipes would freeze. She would go early to the Christmas service, and she would surely be at Mrs. Gardner's until four o'clock, and thus she could make up for the extravagance of yesterday. This evening she could go to the children's Christmas entertainment, and she would not need to make up the fire until tomorrow. To have fuel ahead, a dozen pillow-cases to make, and the hope of work—ah, it was a happy Christmas!

It was half past twelve when Mrs. Eline left her church and started on her walk to Mrs. Gardner's. She had approached the church through closely built residence streets and the deserted business section; she approached Mrs. Gardner's through a residence section in which beautiful houses stood far apart. A light snow had fallen on the slightly blackened surface of the old, and all was gleaming white.

Children were at play with new sleds, and Mrs. Eline more than once stepped cheerfully out of their way. When she looked at children her eyes had a new sort of light which seemed to combine courage and fear and an aching tenderness. Once, at sight of two boys and a girl playing together, courage vanished and only misery remained. Her lips quivered, and she walked on blindly until she saw a pair of feet directly before her, and saved herself with difficulty from rushing into a tall gentleman who uttered a concerned and amused "Madam!"

She looked up instantly, and in her confusion uttered aloud the words on her lips. "I trust in God."

The stranger looked bewildered, then his eyes softened.

"It's a hard day as we grow older," said he.

"Yes," said Mrs. Eline. "But we must have faith."

It was a quarter to one when Mrs. Eline entered Mrs. Gardner's gate. Mrs. Gardner's house, standing far back among tall trees and masses of beautifully placed shrubbery, was by far the most beautiful of all. Mrs. Eline had another chance to see her mistake. Before her the drive divided, curving one way to the porte-cochere and the front door, and the other to the door used by Emma Will and the maids and the black man. Mrs. Eline went toward the front door. She was thinking of the black man as she lifted the knocker; she believed that it would frighten her a little to meet him. But she rapped firmly.

After all she was not in the least frightened; he was not very black and he was very friendly. Mrs. Eline said Merry Christmas at once; and then she told her business. The house was so large that it seemed possible that news of her coming might not have reached the far corner where doubtless the black man lived.

"I have come to dinner with Mrs. Gardner," she announced in her gentle voice. "Has she come home from church?"

The face of the black man remained impassive, but there was a puzzled look in his eyes. Mrs. Gardner expected no one to dinner. Emma Will did, but this lady was not in appearance or manner like Emma Will. He opened the door and bowed Mrs. Eline into a room just inside.

"I'll tell Mrs. Gardner, Madam."

He vanished, and Mrs. Eline looked about. The room seemed very large and very elegant, though in comparison with Mrs. Gardner's other rooms it was small and simply furnished. Mrs. Eline tried to make out the picture in a tapestry hanging opposite the chair which she selected; it would be pleasant to look up from one's sewing and see soft colors like that. She sat very still with folded hands. There was not a sound; the black man could be moving toward Mrs. Gardner no more quietly if he moved on hands and knees. There were warmth and odor, a delicious combination of faint perfumes, of delicate soaps, of the leather bindings of old books, and—Mrs. Eline smiled, then blushed because of her smile—of Christmas cooking. She could hear a gentle crackle—suppose there was a fire and she could sit before it and talk to Mrs. Gardner! An amazed look came into her eyes. She had never wished before to talk freely to anyone; paralysis of a certain part of her mind and heart made speech impossible. She rose suddenly as though she felt at ease, and, taking off her coat and hat, laid them neatly on a chair.

Mrs. Gardner came as silently as the black man had gone. One instant the doorway was empty; then, looking up, Mrs. Eline saw Mrs. Gardner standing here. She was very tall, taller than Mrs. Eline remembered, and much more beautiful. But her face was ravaged, her eyes were black-rimmed, her cheeks death-like, as though no sunshine had touched them for months. She looked at Mrs. Eline as through a haze, blinking.

Mrs. Eline rose at once and took a step in her direction.

"My old acquaintance Emma Will gave me your

know how hard holidays are." But Mrs. Eline said nothing of the kind, but instead, "How beautiful it is here, how warm and bright!"

Mrs. Gardner had not sat down, and now she looked over her shoulder. Behind her the black man stood waiting; far down the hall at the dining room door stood Emma Will, on whose face the flush of exertion had given way to the paleness of inexpressible dismay. She waited to receive her stupid guest, and James waited to escort her. Mrs. Gardner saw them both.

"James," she said clearly, "serve dinner for us as soon as it is ready," and, so saying, she entered the room and sat down beside her guest.

MRS. ELINE looked down at the unfolded square of damask in her lap, at the lace cover on the shining table, at the amazing glass and china and silver. In the centre of the table was an opalescent bowl in which floated six purple flowers. She had never seen flowers like them, and she meant to ask their name if she could not recall it. Ah! she flushed, remembering—these were orchids!

She looked at the tall clock, at the portraits, and at the old mahogany. She felt no envy. It did not occur to her to contrast her present surroundings with those which she had left and to which she must return; she would have thought it very stupid to give to envy one moment of this rare hour. Nor was she in the least abashed, though some of the viands and all the methods of service were strange to her.

She was glad that Mrs. Gardner did not talk, because she wished to note and remember everything. She had a vivid imagination; sitting in her kitchen sewing, she could fancy herself here. It was

astonishing how convenient James made it to help oneself, astonishing how quietly he moved. It was not to be expected that Mrs. Gardner should talk a great deal or wish to be talked to. There was little Mrs. Eline did not know about the ways of grief.

When Mrs. Gardner began to speak, her speech was childlike, and Mrs. Eline answered in a childlike fashion. The snow, Mrs. Gardner said, had come early. This was like, Mrs. Eline said, the winters of her childhood. Mrs. Gardner recalled the excessively hot summer. Mrs. Eline remembered the exact degree of maximum temperature. Mrs. Gardner suggested that the balance of nature was being restored.

When the turkey was brought in to be carved by James at the sideboard, Mrs. Gardner recalled her youthful fear of gobblers, and Mrs. Eline confessed to a like terror. Mrs. Gardner had once had conversation of a brilliant and entertaining kind, but she was now like a skater who, having suffered a grievous fall, ventures slowly out upon the ice.

With the salad—tomatoes in December!—Mrs. Eline told about her

grandmother's garden and the ornamental love-apples which her grandmother carefully cultivated, then tore out by the roots because she feared her grandchildren might eat the deadly fruit.

Mrs. Gardner had begun now to speak less slowly and unnaturally, and the look of apprehension faded from her eyes. She looked at Mrs. Eline directly, believing that she would not speak to her of Mr. Gardner. She no longer believed that Mrs. Eline was an entire stranger; she had some vague association with her name, but could not remember what it was.

"I saw a great many yellow placards as I drove through town yesterday," she said. "Is it whooping-cough the poor children have at Christmas time?"

Mrs. Eline looked up without a change of countenance.

Continued on page 60



"Mrs. Gardner had begun to speak less slowly and unnaturally, and the look of apprehension faded from her eyes."

invitation," she said in her gentle voice. "I was happy to accept."

Surprise brought Mrs. Gardner out of the haze in which she seemed to move. Emma Will—she remembered vaguely telling Emma to invite a friend to dine because the maids were all going to their homes. A friend—Mrs. Eline's choice of a word to describe her relation to Emma Will held her attention for an instant, and she looked with sharper eyes at the quaint, pleasant figure before her. Someone had made a mistake, but Mrs. Gardner had had long social experience, and recognized an obligation to take the hand held out to her.

"I was pleased because you wished me to keep you company."

"Yes," Mrs. Gardner spoke vaguely, but her thoughts were not vague; they were sharp with fear that this stranger might say, "I feel sorry for you," or "I have had the same experience," or "I

The Princess and the Clowns



"She stopped short and turned around suddenly with the impression that someone stood behind her."

THIS November morning was particularly cold, for winter was quickly succeeding autumn. An icy little wind that came down from the slopes of Suresnes passed whistling through the bare trees of the Bois de Boulogne. It raised the hoar frost from the branches and spread it in a rain of silver on the ground; then, passing through the Port Dauphine, whirled up the pathway of the avenue, in order finally to form, in a fantastic circle around the Arc de Triomphe, the dead leaves whose yellow surface was covered with a white network.

A slight mist swept over the ground, occasionally resting on the small shrubbery, which it transformed into big puffs of rice-powder, and the little streams by the sidewalks resembled long clear mirrors.

The Avenue du Bois was almost deserted at ten o'clock. You could see only two or three people walking with a rapid, business-like step; a laborer all wrapped up in his muffler and clapping together his hands, on which he wore sheepskin gloves; a policeman whose raised hood transformed him into a monk; and, over there, on the level with the Rue Pergolese, a young girl warmly clad in sable, around whom gamboled a large foolish old dog.

The Princess Olga Alexandrowna awaited the clown Michalis. She walked up and down, lost in her thoughts, her heart beating, her throat tightened, prey to an emotion that she could not overcome.

Was she going to find herself facing an old servant of the Grand Duke or one of his executioners?

Would this man show her respect, or else, misinterpreting the step taken by her on the preceding day, would he assume an uncalled-for attitude, or would she, on the contrary, have to encourage him by her graciousness to overcome his timidity?

And while thinking of these things, she reviewed in her mind the well-turned sentences she had prepared with which to rapidly question the strange individual who had been summoned so imprudently.

But suppose he shouldn't come? Suppose he

By Jean-José Frappa

Translated from the French by Marie Louise Swinburne

Illustrations by William Berger

refused this interview from which she expected so many vague and unformulated things? This idea, which had come suddenly into her mind, increased her anguish. She walked with a more rapid step, as if searching some means by which she could force the clown to furnish her with the information which no doubt he must possess.

She had just reached that point in her reflections when, suddenly, her greyhound crouched to the ground with a dull growl, and she felt herself held by a mysterious force. She stopped short and turned around suddenly, with the impression that someone stood behind her.

Michalis was standing about three yards from her, immovable, hat in hand; and, at quite a distance, like a footman following his master or like a minister behind his king, the Princess perceived Partner in the same attitude.

Surprised, the young girl remained silent for a few seconds. At last, mastering herself, she murmured in a faltering voice:

"I thank you, sir, for having responded so obligingly to my request."

Evidently that was not at all what she had planned to say; she had prepared a way of opening the conversation that was much more noble, much more "princess-like," but all of a sudden her beautiful edifice had crumbled and her thoughts had all scattered to the winds, simply because she had not seen the man approaching.

Nothing is so difficult as to keep one's dignity when faced by the unexpected. That is just why etiquette forbids the questioning of royal personages; it prevents them from replying foolishly or from belittling themselves by any awkwardness.

Michalis had certainly not dared to be the first to address the Princess Olga, but she had the curious impression of being questioned by him. Explain that if you can.

Nevertheless, as the clown did not change his deferential attitude, simply replying as he bowed, "Madame may be assured that I am only too honored to be of any service to her," she felt a quieting down of a slight unreasonable anger that had begun to surge up in her. And then this Michalis showed signs of a certain breeding in calling her "Madame" instead of "Mademoiselle" and in using, without lowering himself to servility, the third person when speaking to her. From that instant she did not doubt that he had been in the habit of appearing in the presence of important personages.

After having begged him to replace his hat, Olga Alexandrowna took a few steps, followed by the black clown, who kept a trifle behind her; then turning toward him, she asked frankly:

"Is it not true that you, the other day, purposely played this melody that I thought I alone knew? Did you recognize me?"

Michalis replied in a trembling voice:

"Yes, Madame."

The Princess, who had not up to that point looked straight at him, then noticed that he was horribly pale and seemed ready to faint. As his eyes were lowered she could examine him at leisure for a few seconds, and she was struck by the fineness of his features, as also by the distinction of his face, which the make-up at the Olympia had hidden.

She continued, desirous of enlightening herself without delay.

"How did you know that piece of music? By what chance did it fall into your hands? And first, before anything else, who are you, sir?"

At this last question, Michalis, whose body was shaken by a nervous trembling that he could not overcome, staggered slightly, took off his hat with one hand, passed the other over his brow, and then slowly, very slowly, raised his heavy eyelids and looked with feverish glance straight into the eyes of the young Princess without saying a word.

Olga, troubled by the clown's sad expression and by the tears that she saw flowing down his wan cheeks, did not dream of renewing her unanswered question.

She remained immovable, as if fascinated, feeling the same strange discomfort that had troubled her on the day of the matinee at the music-hall.

Suddenly something extraordinary happened. The Princess stretched out her arms, as if to evade an invisible object, and moaned faintly.

There, in front of her, another face, little by little, replaced that of Michalis, whose lines were exactly like it. The marked wrinkles of his brow disappeared; the feverish eyes became sweet and melancholy; on his cheeks, which now appeared fuller, appeared a well-trimmed blond beard and a slight mustache shadowed his lips.

Olga Alexandrowna murmured as if in a dream:

"Michel! Michel! Is it really you?"

And her heart having stopped beating for a second, she shut her eyes, her nostrils closed, and she would have fallen, but Michalis had rushed toward her and, with the help of Partner, who had also run forward, he carried her fainting to one of the benches in the avenue.

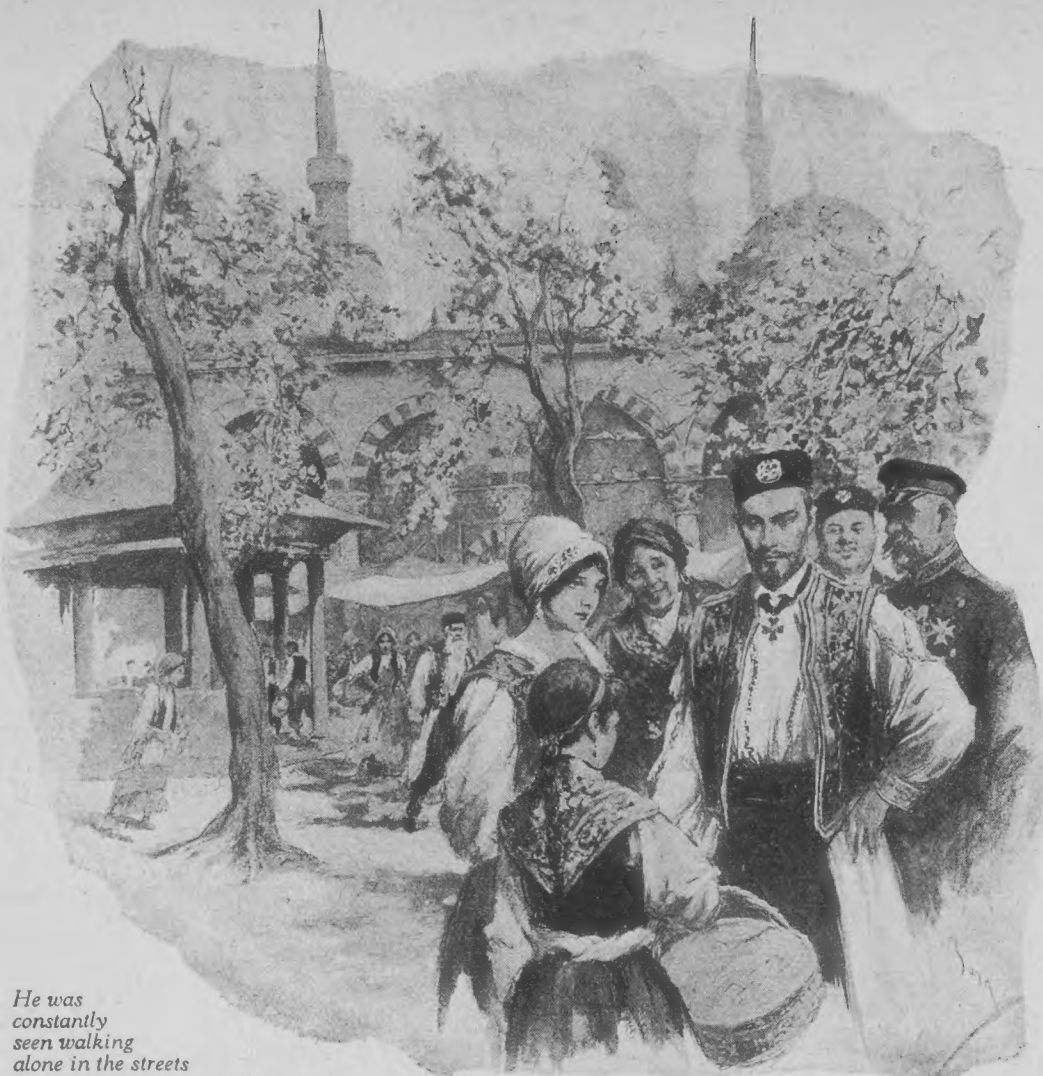
YES, that was just the way, I can guarantee, without, however, being able to reveal just by what inquiries and indiscretions I was informed about these historical details—that was just the way, I say, that the Princess Olga found her fiancé, the Grand Duke Michael III, of Georgia, in the person of the musical clown Michalis.

And if any people pretend that I am making a daring statement, if the *charge d'affaires* of Georgia flatly contradicts this fact that I am reciting (and he will not fail to do so), I shall simply ask those who deny it to tell me what became of the two men who made all Paris flock to the Olympia at that time, and why, since the month of December, 1920, no one ever saw any music-hall, theatre, or circus advertisements bearing the names of Michalis and Partner.

To this, I assure you, no one can answer. Therefore, dear readers, do not allow yourselves to be influenced by the protestations of people who are only too anxious to crush out truth, and continue, I beg of you, the reading of this story, that still has in reserve a certain number of surprises for you.

The pseudo-Michalis could not, in spite of the strange resolution that he seemed to have formed, deny any longer his true personality. At the second interview that the Princess had with him at her house, during the absence of her mother, he tried at first to convince her of her mistake by a most unlikely story; but his emotion, his confused replies, the impossibility of giving a plausible explanation of the famous melody, everything belied his words.

At last, besieged by questions, unable to resist any longer, he threw himself at the feet of Olga Alexandrowna, pale with emotion, and, kissing with fervor her hands, which he had taken in his, ended with sobbing admission that he was really Michel Provinkoff, former reigning Grand Duke of Georgia. But, at the same time, he begged the Princess not to reveal to a single soul the secret that he had just confided to her, and this with so much insistence and strength that she had to consent, although promising herself inwardly to make him as soon as possible change his mind about this inexplicable desire. Reassured on this point, he made the following



He was constantly seen walking alone in the streets talking to the peasants of the market place, informing himself about their opinions.

statement to the Princess, who begged him to give her an account of his painful odyssey: "When I returned to Tcharkowla to attempt to check the Bolshevik movement, I thought, at first, that I should easily accomplish my plans, for you know the peaceful nature of the Georgians. But, alas, I had shortly to admit that the fight was impossible. New elements from Moscow terrorized the population, and well supplied with arms and ammunition, they began to execute all of those who opposed their plots. I was forced to flee.

"One night, after having shaved off my beard and mustache, I left the royal palace with a few faithful followers. To put the assassins off the

ately our poor companion, weaker than ourselves, was not long in succumbing, and we buried him.

"They decided at last, after several months, to separate the survivors of this lamentable troop, and as I had won the sympathies of our guardians by playing popular songs to them at night on my violin, they gave me my liberty and also that of Dobrowski.

"I instantly decided to go to Petrograd, where I thought I could manage to get news of you and also of the imperial family, as the reports that circulated through the country were very varied.

"To earn board and lodging on our way, we commenced to improvise little shows that we gave in the public squares of the villages or at the isolated farms.

"I played the violin, I even sang, and Dobrowski, whose talent for mimicry had formerly entertained us in private life, gave simple sketches that made the peasants laugh.

"Well received here, chased off by stones elsewhere, often sleeping in the open air, spending entire days without eating, we at last arrived at the capital after two months tramping.

"There we had the good fortune to get hired at once in a sort of circus authorized by the commissioners to give shows for the people, and it was then, for the first time, that we put off our clown costumes.

"This accomplished, we instantly started in quest of information.

"Alas, all that we heard was frightful. My first care had been to hasten to your hotel, which I found completely burned. People whom I questioned told me that you

and your august mother must have perished in the fire. My despair was terrible. I fell sick and hung between life and death for days, prey to a delirium which would have betrayed me if Dobrowski had not taken the precaution of allowing no one to approach me.

"At last, my robust constitution triumphed. I returned to life, unrecognizable, ruined physically and morally.

"The Princess and the Clowns"

THE first instalment took us to Paris in 1920 where a great number of Russian refugees had sought shelter and protection. Among those was a very distinguished personage in the person of Princess Olga. Her real motive in seeking the French capital was to forget the scenes that would remind her of her former fiancé, the Grand Duke Michael III, who had mysteriously disappeared and was supposedly dead.

The Princess took the keenest interest in everything that pertained to her unfortunate fellow country folks in the great French city. It came under her notice that at that time two Russian clowns were being starred by the Olympia Theatre and who, so to speak, had taken Paris by storm. She naturally found her way to the theatre and before long realized that one of the clowns was none other than her missing lover. The recognition was mutual and simultaneous. After the clown artiste had recovered from his first shock of surprise he takes his violin and in the sweetest tones renders a selection new to all the people but the Princess herself, for the music had been dedicated to her some years previously. From a swooning state the Princess is revived and seeks the theatre manager who arranges an interview between the two royal lovers.

The serial becomes intensely interesting as it proceeds and every reader of *The Western Home Monthly* should read the complete story.



track we divided into two groups. I went toward the north, accompanied by my minister, Dobrowski, and a servant. Some officers, with the intention of sacrificing themselves for me, went ostensibly toward the sea. What these heroic young men had foreseen happened. Their little band was quickly reported to the members of the Soviet, and Red soldiers followed them in hot pursuit.

"Caught" at the moment when they were about

In order to live I had to take up my trade once more as a fool. I did so mechanically, for all my rancor, all my bitterness, all my inner revolt had disappeared. The feelings of my own personality no longer existed in me; my soul was dead. I went, I came, I acted as if in a dream, and I looked at the outside world without seeing it. Wrapped in my sorrow, the only joy I experienced was when I expressed by the aid of my violin the nostalgia of my heart. It was from that moment that the world was good enough to discover in me a certain originality of talent.

"At the end of about a year our circus undertook, under the orders of the Soviets, a long circuit across Russia. It was to provide distraction for the people, so that they might forget the hunger that was beginning to torture them.

"The halting places of this trip brought us one day to Odessa. Dobrowski, without speaking to me of his plans, for the chagrin which was undermining me had killed my initiative and left in me only a fear of action—Dobrowski, I say, succeeded in hiring the services of some dissatisfied sailors.

"One night he enticed me, in spite of myself, to the outskirts of the town, where a little fishing-boat awaited us which landed us, after a very rough trip, at Constantinople.

"The war had long since finished; we were out of danger.

"The authorities of the Allies, on hearing the recital of our misfortunes from my minister, who did not divulge our personalities, authorized us to embark as workmen on a British ship.

"It was in this way that we reached England about the month of February, 1919. We went at once to solicit an engagement at the Alhambra in London. Our act was luckily accepted and we started shortly after under the name of Michalis and Partner. You know the rest."



SUCH was the recital which, with his head in his hands, not daring to look at her, as if he were ashamed, the Grand Duke Michel made to the Princess Olga Alexandrowna.

I leave you to imagine with what exclamations she interrupted him, and how the tears flowed from her eyes while the hollow voice of her fiancé was speaking. How he had suffered!

A great tenderness suddenly filled the young girl's heart. She would have liked to hold to her breast the poor head which privations and chagrin had so emaciated, and to kiss those large eyes that were burning with fever.

There is no woman worthy of the name who does not experience the need of consoling and of curing, and love is a plant that never really flourishes well except in ruins. When one wishes to transplant it to rich soil it dies there; when one cultivates it under glass it produces only flowers without perfume.

Olga, faced by so much misery, by such terrible demoralization, felt the woman in her for the first time. She understood that she was going to love, now when he was poor and miserable, the one for whom she had felt only sympathy when he was powerful and rich.

But one thing appeared to her as incomprehensible. Why had Michel of Georgia, after the escape from the Bolshevik hell, not stated his name and qualifications? Why had he not made himself known, and why had he drawn into this voluntary shadow his good minister Dobrowski?

To this question that she asked him at once, so extraordinary did this self-denial and renunciation appear to her, the Grand Duke replied:

"We had on us no papers, not the smallest thing to prove our identity. I feared to be treated as an impostor. And then—and then, above all, I believed you to be dead, Madame. Honors without you would have been unendurable to me. Too great a believer in God to kill myself, I preferred

to wait, unknown, until death should liberate me from a situation where nothing could lighten my sorrow.

"Dobrowski had not the same reason to bury himself alive in this moral tomb. I advised him several times to leave me, to get back into real life, but he always refused to do so out of devotion; and I had not the courage to insist, so fearful was I of total solitude."

On hearing this new avowal of the passion that she had, without knowing it, inspired in her fiancé, the little Princess felt her heart melt; she let herself fall at the feet of the young man and murmured in a whisper:

"My lord, I, too, love you. I, too, have suffered frightfully."

Michel drew her to him gently, and they remained a long time without speaking, savoring, after so many sore trials, the sweetness of this miraculous reunion.

IF, AS you see, Olga Alexandrowna was capable of falling suddenly in love with an unfortunate and down-fallen being, it was, you may nevertheless rest assured, solely on condition of being able to remember that this man was a former reigning Prince, quite likely to regain his rank tomorrow. Not that she clung absolutely to power! But she felt instinctively that a sovereign is a being apart, who is able to be important among men only in exercising the functions that God has put upon him, since he was not created to have individual qualities, but rather represent those of his people.

Therefore, in the numerous interviews that she had with Michel on the following days, she tried to persuade him to make himself known and to reclaim his throne.

The situation was particularly favorable, for Georgia, freed for a year and a half from Bolshevism, and constituted now into an independent state with monarchical tendencies, was already beginning official conferences with European courts to find a suitable monarch.

But, in response to each of these attempts, the young girl met with fierce, irreducible obstinacy. In vain did she try to prove to her fiancé by all possible arguments that he should not shun the duty of governing the Georgian people, citing to

Continued on page 70



"To earn board and lodging on our way, we commenced to improvise little shows that we gave in the public squares of the villages."



How Christmas Came to Sweetgrass

Specially Written for W. H. M.

By Herbert J. Hopkins Moorhouse

(Author of "The Golden Scarab," "Gauntlet of Alceste," "Deep Furrows," Etc.)

Illustrations by
Kathleen Allen

"'Sweetgrass—One Mile'—
gettin' somewhere at last,"
he murmured.

MR. SIDNEY SHOEBOBOTTOM stepped off the railway track and with a ragged sleeve brushed a feather of snow from the sign-board. The rails protruded, black and unending threads, from the white blanket that wrapped the prairie vastness; several miles of trudging between them had accustomed Mr. Shoebottom's eyes to the dim starlight. He peered anxiously at the board.

"'Sweetgrass—One Mile'—gettin' somewhere at last," he muttered. "But 't ain't likely 'somewhere' in these parts is anywhere in particular. Anyway, anywhere's better'n nowhere at all!" He shivered. He clutched his threadbare coat against his chest with fingers numb in a tattered glove.

Yet, Mr. Shoebottom was not a tramp—at least, no ordinary hobo. Certainly not! It was true that he looked like one—true that he had been mistaken for one by the brakeman on the freight; uncereemoniously he had been thrown off the train into a snowdrift, late and all as it was in the evening, cold and all as was the weather, far and all as they were from signs of habitation. But for all that he was none of your lazy, good-for-nothing hoboes! He preferred to look upon himself, rather, as a gentleman of refinement, temporarily embarrassed for lack of funds—the victim of the most persistent run of ill luck yet experienced in all his adventurous succession of ups and downs. Life had taught him to believe in a change of luck; he had learned that, good or bad, it would run along for a while, then change. Only, this time the bad luck had run along for a very extended period before it had changed; then it had got worse!

However, Mr. Shoebottom hugged one asset of which nothing could deprive him. He had a sense of humor. It had brought him through many a tight place and it would do so again. Eagerly he looked ahead to the twin grain elevators in the distance, looming dimly above the cluster of switch lights. There would be a little box of a station down there, a garage, a store and a few shacks at least. Even a prairie hamlet like Sweetgrass on a branch line which boasted trains only three days a week—even Sweetgrass should be productive of a

stove with a fire in it and perhaps a bowl of hot soup!

He quickened his pace against the cold wind. Aside from the alleviation of physical discomfort, Mr. Shoebottom sought companionship. By nature he was a genial soul and very human withal and he had been alone with gloomy thoughts too long already. He wanted to forget Hymie Cahn and his sister Rosie; they were both dead now, anyway. But the wan face of the little lunger had haunted Mr. Shoebottom ever since the simple funeral of the boy back there in the foothill country—in the little tank town where Mr. Shoebottom had found him. And the things poor Hymie had told him with his last breath—!

"Send for my friend, Sidney O. Shoebottom," had been his insistent appeal to the strangers around him and the message finally had reached through the miles in time. Out of funds as he had been, Mr. Shoebottom had had difficulty in getting to the place; but he did not regret the effort when he saw the shining satisfaction it gave Hymie to unburden his mind to his trusted old friend of the circus days. For one time Hymie Cahn had been the smartest ballyhoo with the Peter P. Pringle Shows while his sister, Rosie—ah, well, they were both gone now and their troubles were over. There was nothing more Mr. Shoebottom could do just now; that other thing would have to wait. He had troubles of his own and his teeth chattered a reminder that his first duty to himself was to get warm as quickly as possible.

HE MADE for the first lighted place he came to—where the main and only street lost itself in the open prairie—and a glint of interest came into his eyes as he saw that it was a printshop—the home of the *Sweetgrass Zephyr*, no less, issued weekly—W. Blodgett, Editor and Publisher—Job Printing Solicited! The frost on the big window indicated heat inside had not this fact been established already by the sight of Editor Blodgett in his shirt-sleeves, making up a form for the press.

Without hesitation Mr. Shoebottom opened the door and made quick entry in the sudden whirl of

white vapor which greeted the gust of cold air. With a melancholy shake of his grizzled head the preoccupied editor had just slid a stick of type onto the stone beside the chase. He looked up with a start, then abruptly pushed his green eyeshade into his tousled mop of gray hair and stared.

"Well, visions of Olympus! look who's here!" he gasped. "Hello, bum!"

"Pardon me, sir, but you do me a grave injustice, I am not a bum."

"Bums is bums and some is bummier," ungrammatically admitted Editor Blodgett, eyeing the newcomer with suspicion. "Maybe you are Lord Byng's secretary and have left the rest of the vice-regal party over at the Junction!"

"Unfortunately I have lost my card-case—" grinned Mr. Shoebottom ingratiatingly.

"Yes, and you'll lose more'n that if you don't get outside and rub snow on your ears! Here—fill this bucket with snow and fetch it in here an' get busy. Hell, man, you'r frozen stiff!"

"I know it," agreed Mr. Shoebottom quizzically as he lost no time in obeying.

"A little more an' I'd have had an item for the paper—'The frozen body of a tramp was found beside the track'—"

"On'y I'm not a tramp—"

"Have it your own way," shrugged Editor Blodgett, "I can't go offerin' you any booze; but come over to the stove an' warm up. Just goin' to eat—got a hot stew on there an' you might's well keep me company—that is, if you don't smell when you thaw out!"

"I'll try my best not to," murmured Mr. Shoebottom gratefully as he held his stinging fingers to the heat and sniffed with relish the appetizing odor that bubbled from beneath the lid of the old iron pot.

"You know, I got a fell purpose in bein' so darned good to you, stranger," quoth Editor Bill in a burst of candour. "I'm goin' to get an item out o' you yet. Do you know that this is about the only dump in town where you'd be treated to anythin' but a big swift kick—maybe worse? Everybody hereabouts just now is sure death on the likes o' you fellows. The whole place is out gunnin' for bums. You say you don't belong in said category an' I'll take your word for it in spite o' your looks. But maybe you've met up with a few birds of a feather we're lookin' 'round here. Eh? Seen any hoboos sportin' a roll of bills?"

"It's so long since I've seen a roll of real mazauma—" began Mr. Shoebottom with feeling. He swallowed at his dry throat. "Why? Bank been robbed or somethin'?"

"Worse!" snapped the little editor angrily. "But here, let's eat first an' talk afterwards."

Even thus did it come about that Mr. Sidney Shoebottom once more was warm from toe to tip and once more acquired the necessary calories of food to maintain a hopeful spirit. It was with an attentive ear and sympathetic appreciation and entire kindness towards his host, therefore, that presently over a pipe of tobacco he listened to Editor Bill Blodgett upon the subject of Trouble in Sweetgrass.

IT WAS a very different kind of trouble from anything Mr. Shoebottom hitherto had encountered. But it was real enough. He had imagination and understood children while his own troubles had bred in him a big-hearted sympathy for others in trouble; it was that his sense of humor had saved him from growing hard and bitter. So that as the story unfolded and Editor Bill Blodgett's eloquence rose under the inspiration of such a sympathetic auditor it came about that some of his excitement was transmitted to Mr. Shoebottom.

Yes, it was real trouble, even if it did have to do with nothing more vital than a Christmas entertainment. Just the week's issue before the full programme of the "Grand Free Christmas Festival" had been set forth blithely in the columns of the *Zephyr*—the big celebration that was to have been held in Sweetgrass Community Hall on the night before Christmas. There was to have been a fine supper, followed by a picture-show and concert; there was to have been a Christmas tree with candy for everybody and gifts for all the kiddies for miles around, with Editor Bill giving his famous impersonation of old Santy Claus himself; there was to have been dancing—everything *was* to have been. That was last week. Now it was "All Off!"

Suddenly enough the thing had happened—over night—the very night of the very day that Reverend John Travis had turned over the whole Christmas fund to Prentice Eckert for deposit in the bank over at the Junction. Only, instead of making the trip that day the Superintendent of the Sunday School had taken the money to his room at Fink's Boarding House and—*Scat*—it had been stolen! Just like that it had vanished in the night—from under the mattress of Prentice Eckert's bed while Prentice Eckert himself slept right on top of it!

Just like that—here today; gone tomorrow! And with it went all the joy out of life for the little folks of the Sweetgrass district and, indeed, for many of their elders as well. For, of course, now the event to which all had been looking forward so eagerly was no longer possible. Had not the Reverend Travis spent weeks and weeks, collecting that Christmas Fund money—from all over the countryside in all kinds of weather—a little here, a little there—a few cents at a time, even? For Sweetgrass was only a prairie hamlet and the crops had been a failure in the district for three years now in succession and what with the general slump after the war—well, the little community had had to suffer and starve through as best it could, hoping for "better luck next year." Why, there was one family—Ruthenians—over Sedge Lake way—a land agent had found them living on gophers!

Anyway, there was no wealthy citizen to step into the breach with a big contribution to enable

the programme to proceed. Nor was there time, even had there been the money, to collect a second fund. It was too bad; but it could not be helped.

"Tain't so much the grown-ups, but the poor little shavers who won't have any Christmas at all," concluded the old editor despondently. "There's no use me startin' a public appeal through the paper 'cause the darned rag only circulates 'mong our own folks."

"What makes you think a tramp stole the money, and how much was it?"

"Five hundred dollars. Eckert said it was a tramp. I dunno—there was a kind of a bum hangin' around Fink's place that day an' he hit the trail immediate. Nobody else'd take it." He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and got up wearily. "Well, I got work to do an' gettin' out the sad news is sure no welcome job to yours truly."

"Can I give you a hand?"

"What? Don't tell me you're a tramp printer?"

"I was once mistaken for one; but I've been mistaken for a lot of things I ain't. Can I help some?"

"Here you go—stick on this apron an' fix up this ad!" cried Editor Bill delightedly. "Say, you can stay right on here for a week for a grubstake. You can curl up beside the stove an' sleep right here on the premises—"

He paused. The other had opened the drawer of the type-case and, startled, stood staring in at two wicked-looking automatic pistols and a pair of handcuffs. Mr. Shoebottom looked up finally with a grin.

"Out gunning for the thief, eh?"

"Official accoutrements," chuckled Editor Blodgett. "I'm by way o' bein' everythin' official hereabouts, Mayor, Chief Constable, Commissioner in B.R.—"

They both turned at the sound of vigorous stamping of snowy feet outside. The door squeaked open and two men entered in a cloud of steam.

"Hello, Bill! Kind of a nippy night, eh?"

"Sure, Prentiss. Sure is. Takin' a trip?" He nodded at the small club bag which the Sunday School superintendent carried.

"Oh, just Regina for a couple o' days," nodded Eckert. "Charlie here's just running me over to the Junction now to catch No. 2 an' I dropped in to ask if you think there would be any use offering a reward. You can announce that I will put up a hundred dollars for the capture of the miserable thief who stole the Christmas Fund—nothing new, I suppose?"

The new assistant in the *Zephyr* printing establishment had turned quickly back to his type-case. His face had gone pale. Very unobtrusively he sidled now towards the open drawer. He reached in both hands. He whirled like lightning, levelling both automatics.

"Stick 'em up!" snarled Mr. Shoebottom savagely.

THE muzzles both pointed unwaveringly at the pasty-faced Eckert. Consternation was written in every crease of his fat face. Taken completely aback, his hands slowly went up above his head.

"Grab that travellin'-bag, Blodgett! Lock the door. Do it!"

So peremptory was the order that the editor had accomplished both moves before he had time to think. He looked enquiringly at his amazing assistant.

"Get the darbies on him! Arrest him!" snapped Mr. Shoebottom. "Oh, it's no use, Scarface! I've got you dead to rights and I warn you, *don't move*! If you do, I'll shoot you down like the dog you are! Attaboy, Blodgett!" Mr. Shoebottom laughed as the handcuffs clicked shut on the fat wrists, anchoring the prisoner to an iron bar of the printing-press.

"What nonsense is this!" exploded the pseudo Sunday School superintendent, at last finding speech through incoherent fury.

"It's a good job these guns are not loaded or I'd be tempted to pull trigger and have done with it!" chuckled Mr. Shoebottom as he tossed the useless weapons back into their drawer.

"Look here, Bill! You release me at once or I'll have you up for false arrest. So help me, I will!"

"Oh, no, he won't!" contradicted Mr. Shoebottom. He turned to the onlookers with his face suddenly stern. "This crook's real moniker is 'Scarface' Johnny Groh, the smoothest con artist who ever worked the fairs. That scar on his cheek he got in a police raid in Memphis where the police mugged him—see, here's the picture they took of him," and Mr. Shoebottom fished it from somewhere inside his shirt and handed it to the editor. "I recognized him as soon as he stepped in here."

"Well, gentlemen, that photo was given to me by a poor little friend of mine, named Hymie Cahn—Ah, day begins to dawn, does it, Scarface? This low-down skunk had run off with the kid's sister, Rosie, and not content with deserting her when she needed him most, he starts hounding her brother after the girl died. He pinched a thousand dollars from Hymie—all the kid had saved in years—took it, gentlemen, when Hymie was about all in with T.B. and needed every cent for a fighting chance out West where the climate was dry."

"You see, I used to know Hymie and his sister two years ago when we were all travellin' with the Peter P. Pringle Shows. Hymie sent for me when he knew he couldn't last much longer and he told me these facts, gave me that picture and made me swear to see that this bird got what was coming to him. An' that's exactly what I'm proposin' to do. I've been on his trail for months; but I sort o' lost track o' him when he hit across the border. When he walks in on me here—well, I guess my luck's changin' at last. He's wanted by the cops 'most everywhere he's been and I miss my guess if he isn't wanted right here in this bailiwick—Search that bag, Constable Blodgett! Rip out the lining!"

"Who—who are you?" quavered the prisoner, aghast.

"Me? Why, I'm Santy Claus!" grinned Mr. Shoebottom. "So cocksure he didn't even think it was necessary to destroy the envelope, eh? Better count it, Mr. Blodgett."

For Editor Bill with unbelieving eyes was staring at a long manila envelope in which reposed the Sweetgrass Christmas Fund.

"Great goodness, Miss Agnes!" he breathed in relief.



"Stick 'em up!" snarled Mr. Shoebottom savagely.

The Saint of the North Pole

By Emily F. Murphy

"JANEY CANUCK"

IT IS at the orphanage of "the Sisters" that I lounge awhile to enjoy the autumn sunshine that pours through the casement windows and the breeze that blows the long scarlet vines almost in our faces.

We are talking about saints and interesting things like that—Sister Mary Elizabeth and the rest of us who were non-Catholic.

"Those people in the South owe more to us than they will acknowledge," quoth I. "We have not, as yet, given them much in the way of a devotional lead; but there can be no question that they owe us Santa Claus, the Saint of the North Pole.

"They cannot possibly claim him as a native of Italy, France, or even of the United States . . . How could a Southern Saint have sleds? . . . Look

at his tandem of reindeer too; look at his bag of tanned hide—musk ox, if I know anything. Look at his leggings of walrus hide—"muckalucks" if you prefer the proper name—with bands of polar fox and bear.

"Where else could you find such fancy things except under the Aurora? One might as well say that Michael, the Archangel—him that carries the sword—is not an Irish saint, as deny to Santa Claus a northern habitat. He is indigenous, so to say."

I know Sister Mary Elizabeth—the nun lassie—will be pleased about Michael, for she Irish herself, and straight from Killarney? . . . Sure an' there's nothing like having the audience with you.

"So many of the Saints have been sorry fellows," I continue, looking out of the window, for maybe my audience won't agree just here. "I could mention any number of them that are long, lanky and lifeless, but *our* Saint—why, he can ring his bells and laugh out of a clear sky at next to nothing. I'll declare it till my tongue wears out—there never was a Saint like him."

THIS is what I say, but my conversation does not flow evenly like this, owing to the fact that Sister Mary Elizabeth cannot listen steadily, much of her time being taken up in parting her lively charges who are losing no good opportunity to fight each other.

Of course they do not call it fighting; "Edouard, he jus' tangle himself wit' my feet as he walk along," explains a pinch of coffee called Francois Thunder Cloud . . . "Edouard he ees ver' careless, Madame."

Or Joan of Arc Drocour is using her nails to execute a diagonal design on the cheeks of Marie Antoinette Bliss who, in turn, is telling all the world her opinion of the namesake of "The Maid"—opinions so clearly expressed that no one, however stupid, can possibly misunderstand . . . Perhaps it is true after all, what they say—it was a mean trick Josephine, daughter of Lag-Foot Fraser, played on the Sisters when she sent them Joan of Arc to educate.

Elsewhile, Sister Mary Elizabeth listens to me and keeps on working. She embroiders an altar-scarf for the holytide of Christmas. This is a clear and shining star wrought in threads of white and gold and silver, set about in twilight blue.

The school teacher who came with me to visit the orphanage has a different opinion about Santa Claus. "You are all wrong about this," she says. "Santa Claus isn't a saint at all. In my opinion, he looks like a mixture of Bacchus and John Bull. He has been portrayed as a Northman—that's true enough, but he is a European conception for all that. He is a survival of those days when our forebears were wont to celebrate what has been

described as 'wanton Bacchanalian Christmases.' These Yuletide celebrations under the direction of the Lord of Misrule, were described by a writer of the day as 'revelling, dicing, carding, masking, mumming, liquor consumed in computations, in excess of wine, in mad mirth.'

"Thoughtful minds have revolted against these rollicking revels and are looking upon the story of the holy-maid and the Christ-Child as the time of re-birth for love, and generosity, and forgiveness."

"There's *something* in what you say," I agree, "but not very much. Tell us, pray, what we'd do

"Nowadays—that is to say, in 1926—almost any saint who was a man would be certain to overlook the girls of ten and twelve who appear grown-up. He'd never take them for children, all because of their silken hose and mincing manners. He would never know they were almost babies in their hearts.

"And the boys who want to be sheiks and to do the queerest pranks you ever heard—boys like Edouard and Francois Thunder Cloud—what would a male saint bring to them, I ask you? . . . Like as not, a savings bank or some woolen underthings when they are pining for a plaid tie, a fountain pen, a .22 rifle, or a sweater with strips of yellow, magenta, sky-blue and red.

"Except for Mary, the Mother, all the characters in the Christmas drama are males—the magi, the shepherds, the chorus of singers, and Joseph. Even the animals in the stable were oxen . . . Yes! Yes! I'm persuaded that the saint of Christmas should be a woman.

Our Reporter hesitated here as if she had suddenly remembered something. Then she threw a question at us . . . "Any of you ever been to Germany? . . . No? . . . Well, in Germany, the real gift-giver is Dame Bertha. Santa Claus is only her attendant. Everyone knows this—knows that Krampus (or Santa Claus) is a little hunch-back dwarf whose very special duty is the carrying off of all naughty and disobedient children."

IF Sister Mary Elizabeth had any thoughts on these subjects she did not seem inclined to divulge them. She merely held herself to the embroidery frame.

But for that matter none of the needlewomen who, in all the ages have wrought upon purple and fine linen, have told the thoughts they stitched into patterns of pomegranates or into the conjoined designs of cross and crown. No worker in tapestry, lace, or embroidery has left so much as a sentence for us. It was a man, you'll remember, who wrote "The Song of the Shirt."

What did Eve plan as she sewed her fig-leaf—just tell us that—or Leah as she hemmed upon the thick veil wherewith to deceive Jacob?

There is no doubt at all—the laureateship of all the needlewomen must fall to Hannah, the joyous Mother in Israel who, from year to year, made a little coat for the boy Samuel and brought it up to

him at Shiloh when she went with her husband to offer sacrifice.

. . . Thinking upon the strange secrecy of all those who wrought with colors, or who were merely sewers of seams, I was not prepared to get a statement from Sister Mary Elizabeth of our town.

And yet it was not a statement either, for the Irish nun spoke as though she meditated aloud:

"Santa Claus isn't really 'a saint,' you know, for he was never canonized. Properly speaking, he's what we would call 'a lay brother.'

"The sex of the saint doesn't matter a whit . . . It doesn't matter whether Michael is an Irish Archangel, or whether he even belongs to England although, sure enough, 'tis a terrible acknowledgment for an Irish body to make.

"It doesn't matter either that the Magi were the first non-Jewish seekers for the little God who was born one holy night in Bethlehem . . . No, the sex or the nationality of the seeker, the servitor or the saint are as nothing—only the soul and the song.

Continued on page 77



A Madonna of the Streets

without our dear old man? With his snowy beard, ruddy cheeks, twinkling eyes, and look of pre-eminent prosperity, he is really the personification of the ideal grandfather of the world and has nothing whatever to do with Bacchus, the wine-bibber.

"Anyway, what would we do without Santa Claus?" I ask again with the highly confident air of one who holds all the highest trumps in her hand. "I tell you, woman, if Santa Claus didn't exist, we'd have to invent him right away."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated a woman reporter, also of our party, "people are all wrong about this. Santa Claus is not a man at all. He has been proclaimed a man because the artists thought a woman couldn't drive a team of reindeer; or because she'd feel 'the weather' . . . Nobody could persuade me to the contrary. Who is it that stays awake and watches while all the world's asleep—stays awake and watches over the cradled-ones? . . . Women, of course," she replies in answer to her own query.

"You are not arguing, are you, that any man could be saint enough to think out what the children really want at Christmas?—Never!



Joe stumbled a little and roared "G'night Mrs. Ackenstein. Had a hell of a good time!"

By Sinclair Lewis

Illustrations by Clark Fay

MANTRAP

SHE neither wept nor scolded. They both lied about it; they assured each other that Lawrence would certainly be coming back. But their twined glances grew more intimate with common apprehension.

"Maybe we'd better wait half a day and see if he comes back," she said.

"Yes . . . God! No canoe! Well, we'll try to walk on to the trading-post. Wonder how far it is? What's it look like on the map, Al?"

"Must be eighty miles, anyway—providing we can come anywheres near following the shore; providing there aren't a lot of bluffs and thick woods that'll shove us back from the lake and maybe get us all lost. Anyway, dear—" She spoke cheerfully. Thank Heaven, dear, Lawrence didn't get away with the line and trolling hook. And I've got enough matches. We can always catch some fish and broil 'em in their own blessed juice. And I've got the revolver and a box of shells . . . Maybe we'll need the last two cartridges bad!"

They waited until noon, sitting on the beach, two babes in the woods, brave only in each other's presence. They were savages, both. Ralph had not shaved for four days. Once, with the noble Jesse and Louey to paddle for him, he had elegantly shaved daily in the canoe, his pocket mirror on his knees, dipping his brush over the side. But during these days of flight he never had the time. He showed a surprising stubble of black bristles; his nails were rimmed with dirt; his canvas jacket, once the pride of the polished young sporting experts at Fulton & Hutchinson's was fouled with fish-scales, smeared with the blood of ducks and snipe, clotted with gray mud.

But his mouth had an angry steadiness. It no longer drooped and twisted in the duress of vain philosophizing.

Alverna had turned into a mad gipsy. As she sat beside him, quiet, undemanding, pouring pebbles from one hand into the other, she was the spirit of the forest. Her white blouse and skirt were torn, and patterned with waves of mud. Her pale bobbed hair she had combed sleekly and she had conscientiously washed her face in the cold lake, but she had acquired a comic smut on one

cheek as she had cooked the bannock that morning, and it gave her something of the impudent look of a fox terrier with a black jowl. One stocking was torn, the other had been discarded entirely, and along one of her canvas shoes was a long rip . . . the edges touched with blood. Yet there was confidence in the relaxed flow of her body, and confidently she whispered to him:

"I don't know if you can stand it, but I'm going to sing 'Three o'Clock in the Morning.' You've got to take me out to a dance when we hit Winnipeg—before you ship me off to Minneapolis and forget me—if we ever *do* get out of this."

She could not keep it up.

She whimpered, "I guess maybe we're going to die together, dear." She tried to smile. "Do you mind it much?"

He lied sturdily.

She sprang up. "Might as well make-believe do something useful. I'm going to wash this awful skirt. Haven't got enough soap, but I can do something with sand. And you, Ralph, a shave wouldn't hurt your manly beauty one bit. Have a manicure, sir, and a violet-ray treatment?"

He did shave—with cold water and a film of lather from the bad little sliver of pink soap which was all they had. It hurt. She gaily washed not only her muddied sailor costume but also his proud and virile red cotton handkerchiefs, kneeling at the margin of the lake, stooped and singing and scrubbing like an Italian laundress by the Tiber.

They gave up waiting for Lawrence.

They were off at noon, after pretending to enjoy the last crumbs of the bannock and the one skinny jackfish which Ralph was able to catch by throwing out the trolling-hook from shore. Their packs were heavy, for a hundred-mile march, yet they had abandoned the tent, Alverna's beloved black frock and slippers; everything save blankets, flour, lard, fishing-tackle, the revolver, matches, mosquito netting and the one frying-pan which the good Lawrence had been so generous as to leave them.

But Ralph brought along Alverna's scarlet-beaded velvet bag, with rouge, lip-stick, powder, three absurd little embroidered handkerchiefs, and the priceless wafer of soap.

"Oh, let's have that fool bag," she said regretfully.

"No. It's all there is of the old Alverna . . . There's nothing of the old Ralph!"

She looked at him lingeringly. "There will be, when you get back to civilization. You'll hate me then!"

"Never! Look! We'll write to Joe, and we'll ask him for a divorce."

"Don't, dear. Please! Let's not make any plans. Let's not start thinking!"

She plodded down the shore, and he followed her.

For three miles they were able to keep to the beach of Lake Midnight. The yielding sand made dragging toil of every step, but at least they knew their way. Then the bluffs rose. For a time they scrambled between pine-trunks and the top of the bluff, high above the beechless water. Once they made fifty feet by edging along sidewise, holding by branches and bushes, hanging out over the sharp drop. They were forced into the forest, away from the lake, and at each step they looked in panic for the shine of water through the trees. They lost it, they lost themselves; and in a panic, running, glancing at each other with terror, they became snarled in a thicket of jack-pine. When they had struggled through and suddenly regained sight of the lake, Alverna deliberately sat down on the bristly earth and bawled, while he stood by her stroking her hair.

The bluffs dropped again, and they inched along hard shingle and muddy bog. When they quit, at darkness, in ten hours they had made fourteen miles—out of eighty, or a hundred, or, if they should find bays not recorded on their tentative map, perhaps twice a hundred miles—with food enough for scarce one day.

He was unable to catch a single fish for supper, and they supped on milkless and sugarless tea and a fragment of bannock before they rolled up in their blankets, with mosquito-bars clumsily hung over them on stakes.

All next morning as they struggled on, Ralph was conscious of but four things in all the world: Alverna's uncomplaining pluck, the increased smokiness from the unknown forest fires, the fact that his moccasins and rubbers were wearing so thin that sharp stones were agony to his feet—and the absurd impossibility of the whole thing.

It was incredible that he, Mr. Prescott of Beasley, Prescott, Braun and Braun, Ralph Prescott of the Yale Club, R. E. Prescott whose third cousin was a first secretary of embassy, should be starving and ragged in the northern wilderness; that what had been play should have become inescapable peril; and that an ex-manicure girl should be to him the whole meaning of life.

When they stopped at noon, while Alverna sat on a slippery rock watching him throw out the hand-trolley, she shrieked, without preface: "Ralph! I hear an airplane!"

"Why, honey, you're crazy! You'll be hearing Kreisler playing the violin next! you must—Say! I hear it! No, probably it's an outboard motor. Suppose it was Joe coming to— No, it's an aeroplane!"

Up the lake, a speck in the smoky atmosphere from the forest fires, swiftly growing larger, its humming momentarily more aggressive, he incredulously saw the air machine.

"They'll rescue us! Wave to 'em! Safe!" cried Alverna, prancing on the beach, running heedlessly into the water to brandish her handkerchief.

Ralph joined her, flapping his dirty canvas hat. In the rescue he felt a little sadness that their adventure should be over, that suddenly he was again merely Mr. Prescott of New York.

It was a hydro-aeroplane. The aviator was flying low. He saw them, swooped in an enormous circle, settled on the lake, and came taxiing toward them in a cascade of plowed-up water, a spectacle as strange in this barrenness of pineland and lifeless land as a gondola with singing maidens.

The machine ran up on the beach, and Ralph and Alverna galloped over to lean against it, to gaze at the occupants with faces almost idiotic in the unexpected bliss.

There were three men aboard. The aviator grumbled, "What's trouble?"

"My name is Prescott—New York. Been camping and fishing. This—uh—this is my wife. Our food got low, and our Indian guide deserted us. Took our canoe. We're almost starving, and I don't know whether we can make it to the next trading-post. Can you take us along?"

"Oh, I'm in the Canadian air force—these are two forest-fire rangers. Wish we could take you, but it's impossible. You see there's no room, not an inch."

The Alverna who for days had been all selfless devotion to Ralph was instantly titillated by the sight of three young men, especially the flying officer—who, Ralph noted jealously, was damnably like Curly Evans. She was shining at them, preen-

ing herself, fluffing back her hair. In some incomprehensible way she had in the last two minutes contrived to rouge her lips.

She spoke teasingly:

"Oh, major, you wouldn't leave us here, would you? Oh, gee, now, have a heart! How d'you get that way! And I thought army officers were so awful obliging and everything!"

The aviator was stern.

"But can't you see there's no room, madam? And I'm not a major! Perhaps one of the foresters could stay with your husband and give you his place, but we're hustling out to fight the forest fires—warn the settlers and organize fire-lines. Fact, we must buzz on immediately. And if you went with us, you might be burnt to death. We're going into the worst section. Though—Prescott, you better watch out along here, too. The fire's sweeping this way."

She wailed, a strange hopeless little ululation. Already she had lost her flirtatiousness. . . . She had kept it up just long enough to make Ralph forget all her loyalty and distrust her again.

The three men in the hydro-aeroplane looked at one another unhappily. One of the foresters suggested, "Guess we can leave 'em some grub and the folding boat and a couple paddles."

"Right-o," agreed the others.

While the foresters were unloading the boat, and a side of bacon, a small sack of flour, a tin of lard, a really spectacularly beautiful can of corn, the aviator enquired:

"Deserted by your guide, eh? That happens very rarely. Which way have you been?"

"We—uh—we spent some time at Mantrap Landing," said Ralph.

"Oh, did you? Heard that Joe Easter—the forester we stayed with last night said Joe Easter, the trader there, had his wife stolen by some sport, and Easter's after them. Never saw her, but they say she's an awful pretty girl—"

As he spoke the aviator's cheerful face was stilled with suspicion. He glanced from Ralph to Alverna.

They must have looked too expressionlessly innocent for innocence.

The aviator's voice became dry:

"And on Mudhen Creek, heading for the lake here, I saw a canoe with a fellow who looked, far as one could tell from five hundred feet up, as if he might be Easter. If I were the guilty laddie, I think I'd be making very active tracks. . . . All right, Kromer? Right. Goodbye, people, watch out for the forest fire. Camp close to the water."

One of the foresters had pushed out the machine and turned it a little; the other had twisted the propeller; and already the heavenly rescuer was dashing away in a gush of foam, an agony of roaring; it was lifting from the water and climbing.

In the silence Ralph stared at Alverna. He was not irritated and superior now at the flirtatiousness which she developed the second any male came into sight; he was pitiful, and he tried to persuade himself that she had yearned at the aviator only in order to insure their rescue.

"Gee, we better be making time! Cheer up," she said. "Maybe Joe won't notice us. If we see him coming, we'll sneak ashore and hide."

To have to hide from Joe Easter, his friend, was to Ralph gutter-crawling. He was silent, robbed of all romance, as he looked over the folding boat and studied its nasty ways.

The boat, when it was opened out, was like a canvas soap-dish six feet long. The passengers had to squat on the floor. It was tippy and ghastly uncomfortable, but they hastened to load their small stores, and forgetting hunger, they were off.

The lake was not too smooth. It grew rougher. Neither of them had yet learned the craft of paddling; how to meet the wave and breast it. Water gushed constantly into their canvas platter, and Alverna was busy bailing with a sod of moss, like a coarse sponge, while he tried to keep head up to the wind. Though they sought to hug the shore, they were constantly driven out, and Ralph was obsessed by a wonder as to whether, when they sank, his body would float across the lake and hang bobbing alongshore.

But another obsession was stronger. Now that he had been forced again out of his cozy illusions about Alverna, now that Joe was possibly on their trail, he began to think. He saw Joe—those naive eyes, the steady kindness, that honest courage. For days he had been able to defy the vision, and joyously convince himself: "Joe was a fool. Good friend, but idiotic lover. He didn't understand her. I do! He couldn't hold her. I can! I don't feel guilty in the least."

Now he felt guilty enough; so guilty that no argument about having saved her from plunging out to starve in the forest was enough to strengthen him.

Yet all this while the power of thought, the pull of conscience, were feeble beside Alverna's youth. It was his first love; the first time in his life that he had been roused to throw away caution and dignity. Well! If fate was on him, for once he had lived!

Thus as he struggled with onrushing waves.

They were approaching a point thrust for miles out into the lake, out into rough open water where the canvas boat would never live. They crawled painfully along the point. As they came to the end of it, they looked fearfully beyond.

"We can't make it. I guess we're wind-bound, all right. We'll have to stay here till

"He's going to choose—and right now!—between sticking by me and sticking by you. Ralph, which'll it be?"



the gale goes down," he said despairingly.

But no fears, no regrets, could quench the Olympian delights of eating again—the richness of bacon, the reliability of bannock, the ecstasy of authentic corn out of a can raggedly opened with his sheath-knife.

Alverna had been silent and very industrious in

Continued on page 91



At the head of the procession marched Jennie, leading Moolie and carrying a bundle of hay under one arm by way of inducement to speed.

Taking Christmas By Storm

A Tale of Two Homesteads

By Howard A. Kennedy

"THEY'LL come tonight, I do believe," said grey mother, stirring the oatmeal for breakfast, to grey father, coming in from the back porch with an armful of wood.

Every Christmas Eve for a dozen years she had said that, and he had said: "They may," or "let's hope, Liza." This time he grimly answered: "Not they!" Yet he went out after breakfast as he had gone every Christmas Eve for these thirty years, to bring a home a Christmas tree for "them."

It was over twelve years now since the boy and girl, grown man and woman, had married and gone away, the one to Vancouver, the other to Winnipeg, and the farm lay nearly midway between. Every winter they had talked of going home for Christmas—but travelling cost so much; and when they could afford the money they had cars and babies to spend it on—particularly cars.

While Rob Meynie was out with his axe, his wife was making candy, stirring the Christmas pudding, too, and dressing the turkey. If "they" all came, there would still be plenty to eat. If they did not come, a dozen children in the village would gain by the old folks' disappointment.

The fixing of the tree, upright in a soap box clad in the verdure of an old green petticoat—and its adornment with gay red festoons and glittering tinsel ropes and colored candles, took the whole of the short afternoon. The sun went down before Rob went out to his chores. Yet when he came back with his pail of milk the night was brilliant. The Northern Lights were dancing on the snow as Rob had never seen them dance before. Not in the north alone, but all around the compass; and not only in spiral fringes half the heavens high, but in a million colored spears, red and green and white, shooting up from the circling horizon to

meet at the top of the sky. You could almost hear the clash of their celestial steel.

At Rob's call, mother came out to look. It was wonderful, she said; but after one glance up at the sky she fixed her eyes on one spot of earth, two miles away across the valley.

"There's no light in the Warton's place," she said. "I wonder how those kiddies are getting on. It's a year next March since their mother died, and two months since their good-for-nothing father went off. But, come in out of the cold now."

At supper, Liza sat facing the window. "Ah," she said, when they were nearly through, "there's a light now . . . But it's going down already . . . Now it's gone . . . Robin, I do believe they're out of oil. Think of being left in the dark on Christmas eve! And maybe there's other things they're short of. Robin, soon's you're through eating, you just hitch up Dan and Dooley, and we'll drive around and see."

"And while we're at it," said he, "why not fetch the whole outfit of them over and keep 'em for Christmas?"

"To think you thought of that before I did!" said she. "I'm ashamed!"

"IT'S the last stick in the woodpile," whispered

Joe to Jenny, in a corner of the Warton kitchen. "It gets used up so awful fast, I can't keep up with it. The old axe is so worn down, I just can't get an edge on it."

Jenny and Joe were having a private council of war, while the five younger children crowded round the stove.

"And the oatmeal's nearly out," said Jenny, "and the flour won't last more than two days, and the store won't give us any more till father's paid for the last lot."

Joe looked helpless. He could think of no way out of their difficulties. Nor did Jenny expect him to, though he was twelve years old. She was only fourteen herself; but she was the one they all looked to for a lead—and, without pride, she was proud of that.

"We're not going to stay here and starve," she said. "There's only one thing to do. Father said, if he didn't come back before Christmas he'd send for us and we must go to him. I guess he's written and the letter's got lost—or maybe he forgot to put the stamp on. So we better start right after supper. It's only about four miles to the station, the short way, angling across lots, and the snow's not deep. I guess the railway man'll give us tickets when I tell him we've got no money."

Jenny had cooked a big pot of oatmeal in the morning, enough for the three meals of the day. All that was left over from dinner she now fried for supper, with a hunk of bacon rind she had used twice already. In the last few weeks the children had got used to less and less variety, and now made no complaints. They all knew that Jenny was doing the best she could for them. Only, when the cow ran quite dry little Rosie cried for milk. She couldn't help it. Rosie was only four.

Rosie and Lena—she was five and a bit—ate supper sitting on their bed, a mattress on the floor behind the stove. Celia and Delia, the twins—they were nearly ten—squeezed together on to the

Continued on page 67

The Gates of Destiny



Hassan Saleh lay under the Carob trees, his mind as dark with despair as their ancient bark and sombre leaves.

HASSAN SALEH lay under the Carob trees, his mind as dark with despair as their ancient bark and sombre leaves. An agony of contending emotions swept his heart as relentlessly as the chill winds of the table-lands convulsed the cedars of Lebanon. Yet around him, like a soft grey veil, hung the mysterious silence of the brooding night. A night of myriad stars, and subtle incense, re-echoing drowsily to the intermittent twinkling of little bells, startled bleating of timid sheep and the sharp baying of half-starved dogs. Sounds, familiar as life and as unstable, drifting off into infinity, wiped out in a dance of starlight and ebon shadow.

The glory of the heavens escaped Hassan Saleh, but the dull tread of stumbling brutes carrying belated travellers to Bethlehem, fell like muffled blows upon his sore young heart. All day he had toiled with the care of just such tired creatures, receiving in turn curses and gibes from their disdainful owners. The slave of an Inn Keeper need expect little else, but the soul of Hassan Saleh was not born to slavery.

War and the accursed Caesar Augustus had brought upon him this degradation. Caesar Augustus! Ravager of innocence and defiler of justice, how he hated him! What a miasma of bitterness and pain descended upon him at the sound of that much revered name! Out of that darkness—like a consuming fire—leaped the memory of his father's persecution and the long torture designed to break that proud and peerless spirit. Inhuman, deliberate cruelty! Neither lands nor chattels nor gold had sufficed the tyrant. Moosa Hassan Bey, who had dared to laugh in the face of Caesar, should lick the feet of Imperial Rome, and his seed be stamped out in ignominy and shame. But Moosa died with a smile on his lips, and that inscrutable smile sustained Hassan on the auction block and all down the interlude of years fed the starved flame of his despairing heart.

Since that dreadful time, much had transpired.

By Laura Goodman Salverson

Author of "The Viking Heart" Etc.

Illustrated by N. Grandmaison

The hot-headed lad had learned to check his fierce revolt, to suppress hate and futile rebellion. But his eyes still flamed readily and, under the olive skin, whose gleaming texture had called forth such obscene ridicule on the auction block, ran tireless muscles like ripples of animated steel. Ofttimes those muscles tempted Hassan sorely, but always his Oriental craftiness warned him to wait the Day of Destiny.

But now Caesar Augustus had issued a new decree: "that all the world should be taxed; each man in his native city." A pretty pretext to rob the provincials and increase the traffic of cities! Yea, even little Bethlehem was full of agitated travellers! What a motley of human derelicts had filed into the crooked highways of the un aspiring little city. What a medley of high and low, of wisdom and folly, of innocence and perfidy, was recorded that day in isolated Bethlehem!

Foot-worn peasants lumbered thither from their peaceful acres growling and grumbling at the vagaries of rulers and the ever-increasing hardships of existence. Patient colorless shadows, their women trudged behind, drooping with the burden of clinging infants, whose fretful cries fell upon the ears drearily. Petty merchants from neighboring towns tinkled through the dusty market place on gaily-caparisoned asses, disdainful of Bethlehem wares, or, not too seldom, helped to swell the general congestion by halting stubbornly in the stream of traffic to argue and dispute. Modest artisans and tipsy soldiers jostled one another in the crooked streets and the silken shoulders of disgusted nobles encountered the contaminating touch of the beggars' noisome rags. But worse, and more unbearable, was the crowded condition of the Bethlehem

inn; and noble and merchant alike cursed the King's decree.

Not a few of the turbulent guests relieved their outraged dignity by hurling insults and abuse upon Hassan, whose youthful vigor and native grace increased their peevish resentment.

But hardship and abuse were not the cause of Hassan's present misery. Generations of high-born ancestors had endowed him with, seemingly, inexhaustible fortitude; hope had never before so shamelessly deserted him!

The true cause was Naomi, the Innkeeper's niece. Naomi, the little gazelle, lately arrived from Jerusalem, where her parents had died of a plague. Soft-eyed, slender as a reed, and fragrant as the pale narcissus she loved, Naomi had all unconsciously plunged him into this fresh and utter despair. For, despite gentleness, there was that in those limpid eyes of hers which drew him with irresistible magic and wakened in him the fever of hopeless desire.

The sound of her dancing feet upon the flagstones was music to his ears, her voice intrigued and haunted, and the faintest of her radiant smiles drove him to dangerous dreaming. And Naomi, little vixen that she was, had a habit of smiling as she flitted in and out amongst her uncle's guests.

Times without number a madness—characteristic of his arrogant race—seized Hassan and those long, shapely hands of his itched to crush out of existence that tormenting smile; to destroy so faithless a maid that having won his love she still dared to smile upon others. Madness! Madness! And Hassan knew it, for a slave, no matter how nobly begotten, may not resent even a serving-wench's infidelities. In the light of which belief it might have been consoling to find his Naomi quite worthless; but the heart of Hassan knew her guileless as a child and sweet as summer meadows. Each morning she brought his trencher of food to the bench outside the stables and always he found a wealth of sympathetic understanding shining from her serene young eyes. In those saner moments

the cloud of her hair, the rounded curves of her sweet young body, and the pomegranate bow of her lips no longer tempted him to madness but drew his worshipping soul to her little feet.

So, out of all the turmoil and confusion of a hectic day, one act alone haunted and tormented him. The excessive toil, cruel abuse and senseless ridicule, then his lot, had not escaped the darting eyes and quick young ears of Naomi. At the very height of noonday bustle, and under the very noses of her admirers, she had contrived a meeting and a little gift of cakes and honey. "Poor Hassan!" she had cried, "Poor, poor Hassan!" And Hassan could have killed her for the dear compassion—but now the heart of him was sick for love of her.

A MOANING wind had sprung up, sweeping down from Jerusalem; over the fields of Boaz; past the grave of Rachel and on to Hassan's grove of Carob trees on the silent slopes of Bethlehem. He welcomed that mournful wind, shook back his heavy hair and, leaning on one elbow, listened to the rustling of the leaves as they sighed one to another. Hassan had the soul of a poet and loved the wind—the Breath of Allah, the All-knowing One.

Little by little the nameless magic of it entered his soul. Reason asserted itself, and hope came shyly winging back bearing in her bosom the flower-like memory of more affluent days. Hassan recalled a proverb revered by his father: "Haste comes of Satan and wise slowness comes of God." Thus he had been taught in those happy youthful days and thus would he continue to believe. Each soul commands a day when the gates of Destiny are flung ajar. For him that day had not yet dawned, but it must come, and coming should not find him unprepared.

Into these musings broke the sound of stumbling steps and a patient voice urging on a lagging beast. Hassan listened attentively. The traveler, whoever he was, would find scant welcome at the crowded Inn this hour of the night. Not a bed remained though a King's ransom were offered for it. Well,

let him lie under the indifferent stars, the earth his couch, a heap of leaves his pillow. Let him lie and curse his fate like the son of Moosa Bey, whose charities once were legion! Let him know the misery . . . The bitter thought died in its inception for the heart of Hassan contracted strangely at what he now heard. A voice clear as mountain freshets and sweet as dawn wavered through the Carob trees—

"Joseph, is not that a light yonder? I grow so very weary."

"Bear with us a little longer," the man implored, and added consolingly, "we shall soon be there . . . Art thou in pain, Mary?"

"All is not well with me," returned the golden voice.

And Hassan caught a sound, half sob, half laughter, inconceivably pathetic, trailing that significant response. Stirred to apprehensive sympathy he leaped to his feet and sought the road which, ribbon-like, wound through the Carob trees and on to Bethlehem Inn.

A man of the people and his wife, coming to be taxed like the others—this was all Hassan saw—a modestly robed Jew and his still more modest wife; so much the bright starlight revealed. But, at his "Hail, Master!" the drooping woman, riding the sole beast of burden, lifted her head and he knew that never before had he beheld such sheer loveliness. Curious irrelevance! He found himself recalling his own mother and the soft caresses of her lips and eyes. Without in the least knowing why, he longed to fling himself at the feet of this strange Jewess with the face of a moonlit flower and the eyes of Eternal Love.

They had halted at sight of him. Now Joseph spoke:

"Peace to thee, stranger. We are humble wayfarers and seek lodging at Bethlehem Inn."

Hassan bowed his proud young head. "Master, in me thou seest the sport of fate—a contemptible slave of the place ye seek—yet I speak truly that not a pallet remains in that wretched Inn."

A little moaning note of despair escaped the tired

woman, but at once, a smile, fleeting, yet ineffably tender, swept across her pure face.

"My brother," she addressed the slave, thus effectively wiping out the sting of bondage, "any shelter, however lowly, will be welcome." And again the despairing little moan tore from her patient lips.

Hassan's alert young mind worked rapidly. What was to be done? The woman was deathly ill, this was apparent despite her courage. She was nearing the limits of human endurance and, failing some haven, hers would be the fate to perish of exposure and fatigue. In a flash of sudden inspiration he bethought himself of a cave in the side of the hill overlooking the Carob grove; a spacious cave which his master intended to convert into stables and upon which some considerable work had been expended just before Caesar's decree had plunged all Bethlehem into turmoil.

Spacious and apart, undefiled by either man or beast, it offered its primal peace to the weary travellers. Comfortless it might be, but Hassan recalled that the winds of heaven swept through it freely and the stars shone down to light its darkness. Joseph blessed him for the happy memory and begged that he only point the way. But Hassan hastened ahead to prepare a bed of hay in the cool recesses of the friendly cave. And there, with none to attend her, save only a heartsick slave and her despairing husband, Mary brought forth her Son.

To Hassan it all seemed unbelievably strange and miraculous—this ancient battle 'twixt life and death on the battle ground of a woman's endurance—and a peculiar ecstasy took possession of him on hearing the babe's first feeble cry. Life and love were once again victorious and in his joy Hassan kissed the feet of the poor bruised young mother. And when her dire need sent him flying to the spring for its refreshing waters, quite to his own amazement, he burst forth into song. A love song of Old Arabia, passionate as her golden sands, jubilant as the dance of her diamond stars.



"They had halted at sight of him. Now Joseph spoke: 'Peace to thee stranger. We are humble wayfarers and seek lodgings at Bethlehem Inn.'"

And certain shepherds, watching their flocks in the fields below, wondered at the flood of song and who might be the magic singer caroling at such a lonely hour. Curiosity impelled them to follow the sound, and coming upon Hassan they questioned him eagerly. Hassan thought to make them some jesting answer but even as the old song had risen to his lips in unconscious spontaneity, so he heard himself replying strangely—

"I sing for that a great joy has come into the world; a Man-child born of Love Incarnate. Come and see the Little King."

The shepherds, being simple-hearted men and for the most part without tender attachments or homes other than the wide fields they roamed, followed Hassan gladly. When they saw the Child they knelt down to admire, and in their inarticulate way endeavored to express their adoration; for it seemed that never again could they behold so sweet a babe upon so pure a bosom.

And one amongst them, a great giant of a man, who carried upon his shoulder a snowy new-born lamb, ventured to present the tiny creature in token of his joy. Smiling foolishly he laid it down beside their Little King. And the tiny creature, whimpering curiously, nosed closer to the wondrous child and fell asleep.

"Ah," chuckled the uncouth donor, greatly pleased, "look you, Hassan, 'tis not a king we adore but a Good Shepherd."

But Hassan found an answer worthy of his race. "He alone is truly a king who shepherds his people with love."

Then Mary, the mother, smiled in spite of her weariness and kissed the tender little head. "All this will I treasure in my heart against the pain of years; and He, my little Son, will not forget your charity."

They left her at last, to sleep. But turning in the entrance for one last look at her they saw the light of a wonderful star, come to rest above the hill of Bethlehem, had penetrated the creviced roof of the lowly cave to make a radiant halo around the young Mother and her new-born Babe.

AT EARLY dawn Hassan repaired to the Inn and, quite as if his need had drawn her, he found Naomi seated by the well, watching with longing eyes the beauty of earth and sky.

She turned expectantly at his step and, wonder of wonders, a glad cry broke from her rosy lips.

"Hassan!" she cried, "oh, Hassan, thou hast some news . . ."

Indeed, at the sight of his face, so transfigured with joy, she scarcely knew what to suppose, for she had learned his sad history from Alia, her aunt, whose heart went out to Hassan and who secretly plotted to find a way of releasing him from his miserable bondage. Perhaps the way had been found—Alia was a resourceful, though reticent woman; now, perhaps, she might hope . . .

"Spirit of Dawn," he interrupted her, admiration and love in his eyes, "this has been a night of miracles and yet I must seek thy wise counsel and good influence that sorrow be not the fruits of it." With touching eloquence Hassan went on to tell of the lovely mother, so rich in fortitude, but so much in need of intelligent care and simple comforts.

While he talked Naomi listened in wide-eyed amazement, the tender heart of her fluttering like a bird in her bosom. And like a sharp wind, love took hold of her, tearing aside petty delusions and pretence that she might face the great realities. While Hassan talked he seemed to grow in grace and dignity until Naomi beheld, not the handsome, deficient slave who had won her sympathy, but Hassan Saleh, true son of a valiant sire, rich of heart and clean of soul. When his tale was ended, she wavered a little time, confused and awed by her new and deeper understanding. And then swift as a bird seeking its haven, she flung herself upon his breast.

The magic of every peerless morning since life began was poured into that close embrace and out of it they drew, like swimmers from the deep, all rosy-red and shaken by that terrible power of human love and destiny. Not a word escaped them. Heart against heart, they faced for a

moment the Eternal Verities and knew themselves to be stronger to endure whatsoever lay ahead because of the hopeless love which bound them. Then as swiftly as she had come, Naomi broke away and hurrying to the Inn enlisted the good favor of Alia on behalf of the Little King.

All day Hassan labored at his countless duties. But now, curses nor gibes, nor condescending gratitude had little effect upon him. His heart was warm and glorified for there burned within him a peculiar hope and expectancy. Again and again his thoughts reverted to the fair young mother lying on her pallet of straw, herself a ray of serene light in that humble and shadowy place. She had called him brother; she had smiled upon him with understanding love, and in so doing had melted the cold fetters which had tortured his heart these many years. And Time, the inexorable, seemed to repent of its ruthless measure and, pausing upon the way, flung back to Hassan a handful of dust from the fragrant days of brighter years. Memories rose from that colorful dust to beguile his tedious labors and to envelop him in a rainbow mist of long-gone happiness. Sayings, freighted with quiet wisdom, which once had fallen from his sire's lips re-echoed through the dim recesses of his mind and, like subtle perfume drifting over desert sands, came the fainter memory of his own fond mother. Lighter than thistleblow, more delicate than dreams, these chords of memory lulled him to forgetfulness as her softly-crooned chorals had charmed away his childish griefs in the irredeemable past.

But the magic which had unlocked the storehouse of his heart was the gift of that strange Jewess whose deep eyes seemed to hold a world of love and to command a knowledge not of this earth. Some of this rich magic must have clung about him when Naomi fled to his bosom; and come what might, his heart assured him that the love she had given him in that hour was eternal and incorruptible. Thus enheartened, Hassan toiled on patiently.

Continued on page 88



"Brother," she said, "it is the gift of my Son to thee who first served Him with love and a sincere heart."



“I urge young housewives to use Fels-Naptha because it gives *extra* help”

“My husband tells me,” said a grocer’s wife, “that if I were in the store all day he never would sell any household soap except Fels-Naptha. I like it so much myself.

“I’ve tried almost everything in the soap line—from home-made soaps to chips, powders or what not. All of them have washing value, of course—some more than others—but not one of them gave me the *extra* washing help I get from Fels-Naptha.

“I always urge mothers, especially, to use Fels-Naptha. Children’s dresses are so hard to get clean and sweet and white that mothers need all the *extra* help from soap they can get.

“Fels-Naptha makes my own wash come clean so easily, quickly and safely that I just can’t help urging other housewives to use it.”

Millions of women wouldn’t be without this *extra* help of Fels-Naptha in their homes. Thousands of them came back to Fels-Naptha after trying “almost everything in the soap line”—in chips, flakes, powders and bars.

Fels-Naptha is more than soap—more even than just naptha soap. It is unusually good soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha—two safe cleaners combined for perfect team-work in one golden bar. That’s why it gives *extra* help you would hardly expect from just soap alone.

Fels-Naptha cleans easily, quickly, safely . . . whether you boil your clothes or wash them in cool or lukewarm water—whether you use a washing machine or a washboard. Get a golden bar from your grocer today and prove it, or write Fels & Co., Philadelphia for sample, free.



FELS-NAPTHA
THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

St. Jean Baptiste

By Charles W. Stokes

THEY might, of course, have put up almost anything. Given a free hand, man always tries to decorate the sky-line with monuments not to his own taste, but to his own cleverness; and here was a lovely sky-line, one of the most beautiful in Canada—a green abrupt cliff, called by courtesy a mountain, rising through shrubbery and graceful birches, its lower slopes dotted with grey college buildings. With this heaven-sent opportunity, what more appropriate—especially as it was a public park—than that they should have erected a huge billboard?

crowds. Nor do the Protestants object very strenuously—who should cavil at a holiday in the most delightful season of the year, the end of June, with an historical pageant thrown in that is far livelier than golf and much more interesting than Orange Day in Ontario? "And thank you very much," says a Scotsman, in a eulogy to Mr. Tetreau, who sponsored the bill in the Quebec Legislature, making St. Jean Baptiste Day a holiday, "for choosing the anniversary of the Battle of Bannockburn."

What manner of affair, therefore, is this Societe St. Jean Baptiste that puts up crosses on mountain-tops and creates new holidays?

How does it differ from the Orange League, the St. George's, St. Andrew's, or St. Patrick's Society, the Masons, the Knights of Columbus, the Canadian Club, the Rotarians, or the Lions? First of all it differs very radically by having no club-house and no weekly lunch meetings. Like the Orange Society it is very fond of processions; and like the Grain Growers' Association of the West, it has its co-operative purchasing side, except that the primary aim of that angle is not to be political but to encourage frugality and thrift. It runs a big commercial

department, which has created a large trust company—although incidentally you do not notice the trust companies generally, they of the marble-columned fronts and iron-studded doors, cavorting around in top-hats in processions. It encourages the study of native history, aims to erect more and bigger monuments, publishes magazines for children and adults, goes after tourist traffic, and a great many other things that can by broad interpretation be embraced within the slogan "the mutual welfare of French Canada."

The Society was founded as long ago as 1834.

It was born in a little garden, belonging to a lawyer named McDonnell, which was situated on the present site of Windsor Station, Montreal, headquarters of the Canadian Pacific Railway. A tablet commemorating this event and this site was unveiled on the station wall on June 24th, 1926. In 1835 the Society held its first banquet—and those who are interested in the current controversy about which, if any, is the national anthem of Canada, may be interested in the fact that it was at this banquet that a young lawyer, then lately called to the bar but later to be premier of United Canada, Georges Etienne Cartier by name, sang for the first time a song of his own composition, "O Canada, Mon Pays et Mes Amours." In those days the song had no special tune; one sang it to whatever tune he felt like, and it was not until many years later that Lavalee wrote the magnificent music that makes "O Canada" the most singable of all national anthems.

Many of the original founders of the Society were mixed up in the unfortunate affair of 1837 to

which history has given the name of Papineau's Rebellion, and the society broke up. It was not then of a purely French-Canadian character, but had included in its membership, Irish people and disaffected English. In 1840 it was reorganized, under the presidency of Louis Hippolyte Lafontaine, another future premier. Of its later presidents probably the most notable was the distinguished litterateur, Victor Morin, who during his ten years of office did more than any other one man to make the Society the power that it has now become. While conserving its patriotic features, he pushed ahead with the financial, educational and missionary departments that have implemented the idealistic work of the parent society with cold cash.

JEAN BAPTISTE is the patron saint of French Canada, as it is a popular name for little French Canadian boys; and the Society is exclusive to the extent that only a Canadian of French descent can become a member. A united Empire Loyalist, for example, could not; nor could a Frenchman from Old France—of whom there are a fairly considerable sprinkling in Montreal—unless he becomes a British subject. But in Montreal alone the society has 125,000 members; throughout the province of Quebec, in the French-speaking sections of Ontario and Western Canada, it has several scores of thousands more; besides this, it is federated with the Societe l'Assomption, composed of the descendants in Canada and the United States of the Acadians (who are not to be confused with the "Canadiens") and the Union de St. Jean Baptiste d'Amerique in the United States.

The Caisse Nationale d'Economie, the trust company created by the society, is now capitalized at three and a half million dollars, operating amongst other things a regular trust business and an annuity fund for its members. Outside of the cities, the aim of the Society is to build up in every country parish a kind of co-operative society, the Caisse Populaire, the special feature of which is not that its members are engaged in large scale buying or trying to "beat the big interests" as in trying to save money week by week from the pay envelope, on the principle of the "slate club." These deposits, when large enough, are spent in the wholesale purchase of coal, milk, bread and so on; each country branch, too, is expected to engage in charitable and relief work.

The Society publishes a monthly magazine, the Revue Nationale. It publishes, also, a magazine for children, L'Oiseau Bleu (The Blue Bird), and has issued a series of historical tales for children. Every year it offers medals, competed for in all the French schools of the province, for historical



Historical float in the annual St. Jean Baptiste procession at Montreal, representing Jacques Cartier, discoverer of Canada

WATCH MONTREAL GROW!

Two Million by 1937

Go-Getters Club

or even

SKEEZICK'S SNAPPY HATS

They Take the
Weight Off Your Mind

Yet, strange to say, what the St. Jean Baptiste Society actually did erect on the top of Mount Royal, for all Montreal to see—Montreal, remember, having the reputation of being the most frivolous place in Canada—was a huge Cross.

A little theatrical, perhaps . . . tut, tut, you know . . . rather—h'm—evangelical and all that. Not quite business-like, in fact; or possibly, on the other hand, a trick of those confounded Papists. Why, at night they even turn on the juice, thousands of watts of it, and this tremendous symbol of Christianity is visible for almost forty miles. An odd, eerie sight it is, too, on a winter's night, poking up there stark-naked, blurred by the refracted light from the snowfield at its foot into a kind of lonely halation. As a sky-sign, you who are familiar with Broadway would probably call it a failure; you would miss the five little chewing-gum men, the bottle that pears out, the moving kitten playing with a ball of yarn. But there it is, a sky-sign without a neighbor or competitor, preaching religion without naming a brand—and a fraternal association put it there with the pennies collected from school children.

THAT same brotherhood recently put over another unusual thing. When the twenty-fourth day of June rolls around every successive year now, to eight provinces it is just the twenty-fourth of June; but in the Province of Quebec it is a public holiday—St. Jean Baptiste day. Some people think of course, that there are too many legal and illegal holidays already, and so far as Quebec goes, it has already several up—five, to be exact—on the rest of Canada, to say nothing of the unofficial and semi-holidays like Corpus Christi. As a matter of fact, St. Jean Baptiste Day has so long been a national festival that it has become almost imperative to suspend ordinary business traffic to make room for the long processions and great street-



St. Jean Baptiste procession—These boys reproduce in their uniform that of the famous old Papal Zouaves, the French-Canadian regiment who fought in the Italian wars

essays, and has collected and published a book of the old landmarks of Quebec—the wayside crosses, the old outdoors community ovens, the old windmills, and so on.

With St. Jean Baptiste Day a legal public holiday, the celebrations are now very large. That of

Continued on page 98



Jewelled Moments



*The treasure house
of beautiful and useful
GIFTS*

MEMORY MARKERS

that link yesterday with tomorrow

THE CHRISTMAS TREE of yesteryear . . . flowering with a wondrous array of tinsel treasures . . . but where are those gifts of a decade ago? Let's take a backward glance—

"NINETEEN SIXTEEN . . . that was the year we all went together and bought father the scarf pin and lodge emblem. And Mother got the diamond bar pin, remember? But what did we give

Alice and Ralph that year?"

How CLEARLY the jewelled gifts sparkle through the mists of memory! And how we treasure those tokens as years roll on. Long after commonplace presents are forgotten, precious jewells remain, a constant reminder of love and thoughtfulness.

They are MEMORY MARKERS that link Yesterday with Tomorrow.

No wonder the enchanted aisles of the Jewellery Store represent, to all of us, a Land of Dreams Come True. This entrancing treasure house is heaped high with beautiful gifts that serve a practical purpose. Here you'll find the one perfect present for each name on your list . . . Your jeweller has a selection for every purse, every person, every personality.



for GIFTS THAT *LAST*

Consult your Jeweller

A Christmas Tree That Ran Away

By Helen B. Russell

WHEN Mr. Benjamin Collins, of Storm King, North Dakota, read a touching and convincing magazine article about the dire havoc wrought on our national forests by the Christmas tree custom, he became very thoughtful. He felt that there was truth in that article. Storm King is a small, barren town sprawled over the summit and along the sides of a low prairie swell, the hub of a distant circumference of pointed buttes which circle a horizon unrelieved by branch or foliage. He thought of the spindly box elders planted in his yard five years ago in the fond hope that eventually they might cast a spot of shade upon a parched and sun-beaten land—trees which were coaxed to leaf out and retain their feeble hold on life only by dint of his dogged and assiduous wielding of the hose every evening of the dry season. He thought, too, of the spruce, dwarfed but indomitable, which thrive in many a secluded Badland gully, and was guiltily conscious that he himself, the winter previous, not merely had had one for his children to decorate but even had purchased three left-over truck-loads of them after the holidays because he took pleasure in their fragrance when blazing and crackling in his fireplace. Of course it was no fault of Mr. Collins that the farmers had overstocked the market with these home-grown Christmas trees, but just the same he was sorry he had burned them. It wasn't as if trees were so numerous in the vicinity of Storm King that they needed thinning out. What though Badland spruce be but an insignificant shrub? Where it is almost the only green thing that flourishes of its own free will and accord, Mr. Collins, enlightened by the aforementioned article was firmly of the opinion that it should be cherished tenderly and not slaughtered to make a Christian holiday.

Being a public-spirited citizen as became the leading grocer of the town, Mr. Collins decided that something must be done to check the frightful annual waste of Badland spruce. Therefore, late in November, he penned several laborious paragraphs which he handed to the editor of the Storm King Messenger. He likewise called on the other business men who, impressed by his plea in behalf of the spruce, met sociably one evening about the Collins apple-boxes and cranberry-barrels and pledged themselves neither to import Christmas trees nor to buy any of the domestic product from the farmers.

"What if some poor 'guy that hasn't any cash money brings in a load an' wants trade for it?" questioned Mike Jones practically. "A fellow kind of hates to turn 'em down."

"What if they haul 'em in an' peddle 'em 'round?" asked the druggist.

Mr. Collins swelled importantly underneath his canvas apron and produced, from some hidden recess of his copious clothing a copy of his composition.

"We got to stir up public sentiment," he proclaimed, consulting the manuscript, "so't the farmers'll relize they hadn't ought to chop down these trees. We'll haf' to tell 'em, from now on, how harmful it is to the nation an' how us business men ain't handlin' trees this year. I've wrote down how millions an' millions of valuable trees is destroyed every Christmas, an' how trees bein' one of our chief nay-tional resources, it's up to us to prevent 'em from peterin' out by protectin' what ones is native to our own soil an' bound to thrive in spite of us havin' it so pesky hot an' dry. Spruce is real pretty—got to educate the masses—"

"Read the hull of it, Ben, why don't you?" suggested the hardware dealer from across the street as Ben searched for the proper context.

But Ben, seized with a belated access of author's modesty, grinned and returned his effort whence he had drawn it.

"Can't," he said. "It's scratched over somethin' fierce. It'll be in this week's Messenger, anyhow. I told Carlson to untangle the grammar some before he prints it. But you get what I mean."

The men looked at one another and at Ben. Some of them cleared their throats.

instant he would be repeating his capers in fickle admiration of its hardware store or clothing store counterpart and yelling, "No it ain't! This'n is! This'n is!"

THE dingy little Western business block, flanked by its shabby wooden buildings, fairly bubbled with what people call the Spirit of Christmas. Mrs. Warner was positive she could not have sold Willis Tooker, the richest and the stingiest man in town, the expensive fur coat for his wife if it hadn't been for the tree beckoning at the entrance to her shop. Ed. Pettit didn't mind his unwanted doo-dads, for he sold silk dress patterns, kid gloves and lacy scarves in such prodigal quantities, not to mention sober

necessities like underwear, shirts and socks, that his loss on icicles was negligible. And Ben Collins, round, ruddy countenance a-beam, bragged that never before had there been an equal demand for turkeys and geese, for oranges and nuts, for grapes and raisins. Whoever ventured down town for a prosaic peck of potatoes or pound of coffee wasn't safe from the spell of those trees but found himself bewitched into riotous and undreamed-of extravagance.

Some, however, spent nothing because they had nothing to spend. Mr. Collins, in the course of two afternoons, was besieged by an almost endless chain of youngsters in quest of jobs. When at last he flattered himself that every able-bodied lad in town had applied to sweep his floors

and had been refused, he was accosted by a peaked, tattered, undersized stranger with the same ambition.

"Can't get some chores to do, can I, Mr. Collins?" begged the boy.

"You said it," Ben retorted impatiently, "you can't."

"I c'n wait on customers," persisted the boy, "an' run errands an' deliver stuff."

"Not here you can't," contradicted Ben. "I got too much to 'tend to without breakin' in green help."

"I'm willin'—awful willin'."

Ben was touched in spite of himself by the tragedy in the boy's eyes.

"Mebbe you could find work in one of the other stores."

"Nope. I—I've ast 'em—all," answered the boy, swallowing hard.

"Who is that kid?" Mr. Collins inquired of his son, Bud, who recently had been making more of a nuisance of himself than usual around the counters.

"Sandy Magee—reg'lar guy, too," Bud replied curtly. "Gee, Pop, them trees is the cat's me-ow, ain't they?"

"Be they?"

"Betcher chewin' gum! Say, Pop, when we goin' after our'n?"

Mr. Collins paused in the weighing out of sugar. "Our'n!" he repeated. "Our'n!"

"Uh-huh. Our tree. The one fer the house."

With a thump Mr. Collins set the sack of sugar upon the scales and viewed his son severely.

"Christmas trees destroys the forests," he quoted, "an' depletes our nay-tional wealth. We ain't goin' to have none. We're goin' to be patriotic an' hang up our stockin's."

"Darn it," Bud exploded, not inappropriately. "If that ain't the worst! Sandy'n me was plannin' somethin' special with that tree. Gosh, we'll have to do without, I s'pose—or else plan somethin' diff'rent."

Mr. Collins pricked up his ears.

"Sandy who?"

"Sandy Magee. That new feller. Him I told you about—over on that bench waitin' for me."

"Well, beat it then," his father ordered, wishing Bud hadn't that alarming democratic propensity for friendship with waifs and strays who drifted into town from the Lord only knew where. A man couldn't afford to have his children associate with Nobody's children—ragged, out-at-the-heel little ruffians now and future inmates of the penitentiary, nine out of every ten of them! He'd put



"They met sociably one evening about the Collins apple boxes and cranberry barrels"

"The kids'll miss their trees," objected the manager of the men's clothing establishment. "I don't know what my Maudie'll say when she learns she can't have one."

"Let her hang up her stockin'," advised Mr. Collins. "That's what our kids'll hef' to come down to."

Ed. Pettit, dealer in dry goods and notions, slid from his perch on the counter to appropriate an apple.

"Ain't we goin' rather fast?" he inquired. "It's one thing for Ben to favor no Christmas trees, but what about us that's stocked up pretty heavy on tinsel an' glass icicles an' colored doo-dads?"

"Don't pay no attention to him, Ben," jeered the druggist. "Ed. was born with a chip on his shoulder."

Mr. Collins, however, like a true diplomat, perceived the necessity of compromise.

"Of course," he conceded, "there's bound to be a few selfish kickers that'll have trees whether or no. They'll get 'em by hook or by crook. We can't help that. You can unload a lot of your fixins onto them, Ed., and no harm done. But I got an idee—a inspiration. Here's what let's do: In some towns they have a community tree where everybody can enjoy it. There ain't no fit place in Storm King for a big tree like that—an' if we did set one up there'd be certain to blow up a blizzard and spoil it. But what's to hinder us from puttin' a small tree in front of each of the stores? I reckon that wouldn't be contrary to our principles. The Badlands'd never miss what we take for a stunt like that. It's this here wholesale destruction we're combattin' an' not Christmas sentiment. Say, won't it tickle the kids?—en won't it boost along the holiday trade? Pettit, I'll order five dollars worth of your fanciest trimmin's for mine, and bein' that I started this, I'll offer a fat turkey as the prize for whoever has the best."

Fired by Ben's enthusiasm and generosity, the men declared themselves suited to a "T."

The result was that a fortnight before Christmas Storm King became gay over night with a double row of trees that twinkled "Merry Christmas" and "Merry Christmas yourself," from either side of Main Street. They scintillated with yard upon yard of tinsel festooned from branch to branch, and with dancing trinkets that caught and flashed back the sunlight in a thousand sparkles, red, blue, green, gold. They were an enchanting spectacle and Mr. Collins had prophesied correctly—they did please the boys and girls, and their elders.

"This'n's the nicest!" an urchin would shout, capering about the drug store tree. But in another

Continued on page 24

WITH a long blue-veined hand Thomas Hulkins took his slim black cigar from his mouth. Elizabeth's letter; and she wanted him to arrange the details for her wedding! He sat brooding in his deep, green-cushioned chair in his high-ceilinged room where the only sound was the modulated ticking of his expensive bureau clock; a tall massive man with long, white-nailed fingers. Twice, he thought, and in the same family.

This was a time, Hulkins knew, when he must act slowly and deliberately. Elizabeth must not be given an indication of his feelings when she arrived home the next Sunday with young Ralph Pender. She must not know that he had waited fourteen years for her. He must remain as he had always been, quiet, composed; the friend and adviser of the family. Elizabeth must always be happy.

Thoughtfully he put on his grey, silken scarf, his carefully creased hat, and his long blue topcoat. The may evening was damp, cold. Thus he proceeded down the long poplar shaded street of Stevens Point that led to the Loye's home, a tall figure walking meditatively on the unlighted wooden sidewalk; Thomas Hulkins, Lawyer.

His position he realized was difficult. Only three months ago he had told Elizabeth's father and mother that he intended asking her to be his wife as soon as she graduated from Brandon College in June. This because of his age, thirty-six. Elizabeth would be twenty-two in the fall. Mr. Loye, a heavy-built figure of a man with frowsy grey hair and a fat, red-veined face had grasped Hulkins' hand with a high bright gleam in his eyes.

"My boy," he said happily. "I'm glad, damned glad!" And behind him Mrs. Loye, with a trace of tears in her eyes, anxiously wiped her flour-covered hand on her checkered apron in a hurried attempt to add her congratulations. Hulkins smiled at her undisguised simplicity. Good old folks, anyway, he told himself.

A happy half-hour followed. Hulkins told of his old Walhauser site bordering the Wisconsin river which he had just purchased. The structure was to be renovated as he thought Elizabeth would like it. Mr. and Mrs. Loye were full of suggestions, plans, enthusiasm. Neither Hulkins nor they thought of what Elizabeth might say to it. She, too, it seemed, must fall into the happy spirit.

And now, walking in the damp gloom of the lonely May night, Hulkins shivered. The joys of planning had escaped him, fled from his hand just as he thought they were to be realized. He remembered wonderingly how they had escaped him fourteen years ago when he had his first love affair with Molly Loye, the eldest daughter. He was still a student in college then, and love had completely disconcerted him.

He remembered that one Sunday afternoon fourteen years ago he had sat alone on the slatted seat of the old, green swing in the Loye's hedged yard. It was June, warm and odorous with the fresh green of spring, the endless, golden energy of the sun flooding the small graceful leaves of the poplars alongside. They too, it seemed, were full of the poignant glory and wonder of love. In his ears still rang the echo of a screen door slamming shut. Molly had just left him after having a nervous stammering period explaining to him that she could not see him any more; that she did not care for him. There was, and the high color rose in her round cheeks, a young man staying at the Randall's across the street who—well, he'd been so nice to her when Hulkins was away to school that winter that she couldn't help falling in love with him. In the spring she would be Mrs. Barr. Hulkins shouldn't mind, really. She would always remember him as a dear friend. And she knew he'd continue his law course and make a great thing of it.

Hulkins only sat there with his hands folded tightly between his knees, a dull miserable look on his face, and his eyes staring into the clear blue sky above. He hardly heard Molly say that she must hurry to make herself ready because Barr was coming to call on her in an hour. The whole thing

Twice

By A. P. Nelson

was, he thought, an awful catastrophe. Molly was his whole existence; there was nothing to live for now—nothing. The glorious spring day, the bright golden sunshine, and the infinite promise of the future faded from his vision. Thomas Hulkins was ashamed to find a tear on his hand.

Hulkins, twenty-two, crying! He set his jaws in a false attitude of firmness and wiped his hand

"Hollyhocks, lift me up there."

He looked at her questioningly, and, with a quick upward movement, lifted her beside him on the swing seat.

"I want to get on your knee," she persisted in a sorrowful tone.

Hulkins lifted her on his knee, and her soft hair pressed against his shoulder. He felt a slow gentleness assailing him, and suddenly he became aware of the sanctity and beauty of childhood, the genuineness of Elizabeth's sympathy, contrasted to the deep gloom of his own sorrow.

"Hollyhocks?"

He gazed down at the little face staring up at him. "Yes Betty," he said gently.

"I like you lots better'n I do Mr. Barr.

The long blue-veined fingers of Hulkins' hands tightened. "That helps an awful lot, Betty," he said finally in a husky uncertain tone.

AS THE long years went on, that scene and those words lingered in his memory. He completed his law course and came back to Stevens Point to open an office above Brunders' bright-windowed drug store. On long summer evenings or cold winter nights his favorite retreat was in the smelly, dusty office, poring over the heavy leather volumes.

Elizabeth he watched as she grew from girlhood to womanhood without any definite longing for her until when, at eighteen, she went away to college at Brandon Dells.

He drove her to the station that night in his newly-purchased coupe, and the purr of the new motor, the dark isolation of the autumn night, the small cushioned enclosure in which they sat, all brought to him more poignantly the delightful consciousness of the girlish figure beside him. An exultant feeling leaped somewhere within him. She was with him, he was taking her to the station, and for a few moments she was dependent upon him. The dimness of the yellow dash-light hid the glowing of his eyes as he gazed longingly upon the firm young face beside him.

A sharp regret seized him when the train came thundering into the station with a long line of dusty yellow coaches. Amid the hurrying of passengers and the blowing, biting acridness of engine smoke as he assisted her into the train. She was very excited when he placed her black leather bag in the brass rack above her head and arranged a place for her near the window.

It was Elizabeth's first train ride.

Having no excuse to remain longer he moved away hesitantly, turning to say in a carefully chosen tone: "Goodbye, Elizabeth." And as he moved away again he saw her wide frightened eyes staring at him uncomprehendingly, appealingly, from under the brim of her large grey hat.

Standing on the red-bricked platform of the station he caught a glimpse of her as the train rumbled away, her white face pressed close against the car window. A strange tension gripped him. She was almost crying.

The ride back, alone, through the long streets of Stevens Point seemed endless and dreary.

HULKINS stopped now before the heavy swing gate of the Loye home. Mr. Loye he found in the parlor, his frowsy head buried deep in the Hardwareman's Age, a trade paper relative to his store. Above him a hanging gas lamp sizzled monotonously. He heard Mrs. Loye in the kitchen. Noises of dishes being rattled drifted to him.

Loye greeted him with a nervous anticipation in his movements and Hulkins made a mental note that he also knew. They had received word, too. That would help some. He sat down stiffly in a narrow, creaky rocker, a relic of former days.

"I just heard from Elizabeth," he said in a careful tone, gazing at the other's silver-rimmed spectacles.

The father was visibly embarrassed. "So did we, Thomas," he said regretfully. "Mother and I were very surprised at the news—very surprised."

Continued on page 36

Their Life Along the Red

By John McLean

*There's the old Red River proudly roaming in a northern clime,
And it murmurs on its journey with an interesting rime;
It is rambling through a fairy dell beneath a genial sun,
And it's story's ever telling what this fertile land has done.*

*In this vale of life's contentment not a vestige yet remains,
Of the ancient savage customs when the Red Man ruled the plains;
For the Red Man's sleeping yonder where the dead are long at rest,
And the modern man's improving in the garden of the West.*

*As the savage roamed in freedom, still he wandered with his fears,
But the world's advancing onward in the measured course of years;
For the modern man is living in a world he sees unroll,
And he knows his fears are groundless by his own enlightened soul.*

*The historic old Red River car that squeaked across the plains,
In a wailing howl for axle grease to stop its grinding pains;
Its discordant music now is dead and gone with ancient lore,
And the automobiles whizz along the old Red River shore.*

*On the scenes of old Fort Garry where the hardy Selkirk band,
In a search for greater freedom settled on this fertile land;
And they spread their moral living like the prairie's sunset glow,
In the model homes of comfort that this valley now can show.*

*There was sporting in the settlements with ample room for all,
And around the vale the pioneers their gloried life recall;
They will tell you all their wondrous times on prairies long ago,
And the battles with the savage tribes, and chasing buffalo.*

*As a radiant flare of Northern Lights through darkness brightly gleam,
So the joy of pioneering on the prairie's like a dream;
And has left its mark triumphant with a toning atmosphere,
On the style of modern living in the world's progression here.*

*In the dreaming hours of Northern night old-timers still may feel,
The insistent call for them to dance the old Red River reel;
And around the floor their feet will go as often they have sped
To the tunes of old, rejoicing in their life along the Red.*

on his coat sleeve. Beside him was a faint stirring.

He looked up. It was Elizabeth, wide-eyed and sympathetic, gazing at him. She was an insignificant little figure with long curled blonde hair, a knee-short pink dress full of ruffles, white stockings a little soiled, and black shoes. To her breast she was clasping a small rag doll.

A sad inquiring look came into her eyes.

"What you cryin' for, Hollyhocks?" she asked.

Hulkins hurriedly wiped his eyes again and smiled wanly at her earnest solicitude. That was her pet name for him.

Hollyhocks. Even now he saw her rag doll hung limply on her arm, forgotten for the moment.

Hulkins' long finger traced heavily the band of his grey felt hat.

"Tell me, Hollyhocks," she pleaded again, the whole attention of her little face upon him.

Hulkins swallowed a heavy oppression in his throat.

"Molly doesn't want me any more, Betty," he said, once more aware of the deep sorrow and solitude in his breast. Again he was painfully conscious of the heavy tumult of his misfortune. Elizabeth was a mere figure in the distance.

Intent with purpose Elizabeth clambered upon the boarded cross bottom of the swing, and edged between his knees. "Don't feel so bad about it, Hollyhocks," she whispered, putting one of her small hands on his knee.

Only a grim bitter smile played on Hulkins' lips. He said nothing.

a stop to it. But at that moment a customer entered and, business being business, Nobody's children ceased to alarm him.

Sandy Magee and Bud lingered near the red glow of the stove and it was remarkable how speedily the two multiplied into a group of eight or ten each of whom, after sidling into the shop, held his hand significantly behind himself on the small of the back and his right over the pit of the stomach until he had sneezed thrice. Whereupon Sandy Magee and those already in the mystic circle would repeat, solemnly, the gestures and the triple sneezes. The store grew so vociferous that Ben Collins ousted the whole bunch.

"Bud, ain't I said for you to beat it home?" he demanded. "You got a cow to feed an' water—an' don't you let all the kids in creation tag you into here again, neither."

As the boys cleared out they formed a guard of honor around Sandy Magee who plainly was a kind of hero to them.

"Guess they got a fool lodge," Ben grinned at Ed. Pettit, "an' that runt of a Sandy Magee seems to be the High Chief Sneezer. Who be the Magees, Ed?"

"Search me. They don't deal with us. The boy struck me for a job but I didn't have nothin' for him. See here, Ben, when you comin' across with my turkey? Everybody 't steps into my store compliments me on havin' the han'somest tree on the block, so I aim to collect that prize."

"Yes," Mr. Collins retorted, "an' Mike Jones swears his'n is, an' Mis' Warner swears it's her'n. To listen to 'em take on, there's as many winners as there is trees. 'Tain't reasonable I got to donate a bird to whoever claims the prize. Puts me up a stump. We was mutts not to 've appointed judges to begin with—though where in the whole town we could've somebody that wasn't interested in some particular tree I can't figger out."

THAT evening Ben Collins was late locking up.

He enjoyed puttering among his shelves when nobody could interrupt him. Furthermore there was a curious and steady leak for which he was anxious to account. Each morning on the seven-thirty train he received, from a larger neighboring town, five dozen loaves of bread, not one of which was left at night. Yet, glancing over the sales slips to correct an error in charging, he had discovered that only five dollars and ninety cents worth had been disposed of on a certain day when there should have been an even total of six dollars. This discrepancy between bread and dimes he would have attributed to the clerk's carelessness had he not chanced upon it a second and then a third time, after which he always tallied up the bread sales with special pains.

He wanted the satisfaction of being able to set his finger upon the disappearing loaf. The tantalizing fact, however, remained: in the forenoon he counted sixty loaves into his glass case and at night all of them were gone through but fifty-nine had been sold. This was getting on Ben's nerves, together with the possibility of other petty losses less easy to detect. He had wondered whether the orange and apple boxes were as full, always, as they should have been, and he would have taken his oath that a crock of butter had been missing during the week.

From the street, close to the thickly frosted grocery window, sounded a furtive, scraping noise. Dropping his pencil, Mr. Collins hurried to the door. His tree had vanished—or rather, it was in the act of vanishing down the otherwise deserted sidewalk as fast as a pair of overalled legs could carry it.

Ben should have realized the folly of rushing back after his coat and cap, but the thermometer, after an exceptionally mild early winter, had dropped to a crisp and tingling thirty below. One did not chase vagrant Christmas trees in one's shirt sleeves in weather like that.

Although he fairly jumped into his wraps he was too slow. Those nimble young legs with the tree a-top them were nowhere visible. The thief could easily have dodged in either direction at the corner or he might have scurried on over a slight rise in the ground where he would be out of sight. The street lamps winked out, leaving the world dim gray and white, with panels of vivid orange wherever lights shone through frosty panes. Above the roofs a lavish garlanding of stars twinkled in-

scrutably. On the hard, packed snow were no footprints. Mr. Collins turned homeward.

"Tomorrow," he muttered, "I'll trace that tree if I haf' to swear out a warrant for every house in Storm King!"

But justice was not to be thus gratified. On the morrow he halted in blank amazement before his grocery, as well he might.

Demurely mocking him, not a bauble disturbed nor twig damaged, the tree was there where it belonged. He rubbed his eyes. He pinched himself.

"I'll be everlastingly blessed!" he ejaculated, stamping inside to replenish the fire in the heater. "Must've suspicioned I'd be Johnny-on-his-tracks an' made up his mind to fetch it back. Hm! Sensible of him."

THAT afternoon he counted his loaves twice. There were

sixty as there should have been. He redoubled his vigilance. It simply wasn't possible for an article the size of a loaf of bread to escape from that case under his very nose, and yet—it did. At night he was short, as usual, that single baffling dime. When, finally, at eleven o'clock, he again gave up the puzzle, he was relieved to observe his Christmas tree standing at its accustomed post as though rooted to the cement. Passing Ed. Pettit's dry goods store, however, he brought his chin out with a jerk from his cosy sheepskin collar. Ed's tree, sure as shooting, had been spirited away!

That's what you get for tryin' to do somethin' for the community," he grumbled.

He could not resist telephoning to Mr. Pettit before breakfast.

"You've said goodbye to your tree, Ed," he sympathized into the mouthpiece. "No. 'twasn't there when I quit. Mine was stole yesterday but whoever done it got cold feet an' hustled back with it."

"Who'd you say it was?"

"Some kid. The tree was acrost his shoulders an' hid his face from me. We'd ought to get together an' ketch the smart-Aleck. Too bad, Ed, you haf' to lose out on that turkey."

If there was a drop of malice in Ben's condolences it rankled. Mr. Pettit hastened without delay to the scene of the reported robbery and when Ben appeared he was embushed behind—the missing tree itself, waiting to bob out and gloat over him.

"Said goodbye to my tree, have I?" he giggled. "Said goodbye to the turkey! Huh!"

Bewildered, Ben stalked around the tree.

"I'm a-layin' for that pesky scamp," he stated grimly. "I'll get him yet, an' when I do—"

More than ever determined to make it hot for the miscreant, he accordingly mapped out a programme which allowed no imaginable loophole for miscarriage. He sent word to his wife—by Bud—that he should not dine at home since someone was monkeying with the Christmas trees. When the other stores closed he, too, switched off the electricity and sat alone until the stroke of twelve. If he had expected to foil the villain red-handed he was disappointed, and was obliged to end his vigil with the trees undisturbed. The next night it was the same, and every night thereafter, until Christmas Eve itself arrived. The desire to steal Christmas trees apparently had died a natural death.

Meanwhile one loaf of bread daily continued to melt away into thin air.

Suddenly, during a lull in the immediately-before-Christmas shopping, when people were ransacking diminished displays for tardy gifts, Ed. Pettit rushed into the grocery.

"Ben," he exclaimed, dancing with rage, "It's gone! My tree's gone!—right in the broad daylight too! What—what you done with it?"

Deliberately Mr. Collins prolonged a discussion with Mrs. Mike Jones on the relative merits of turkey and goose before deigning a reply to the fidgety and indignant Mr. Pettit. To run off with

a tree before dark was a daring piece of brigandage, indeed.

"What you done with it?" repeated Mr. Pettit.

"What you hintin' at, Ed?" Ben inquired, witheringly.

"My tree ain't there," babbled Mr. Pettit. "Not that I care a hoot about the tree—I promised it to the Presbyterian Sunday School, so 'wasn't nothin' to me no more. But it does make me sore 't anybody'd pull a trick like that to sneak out of payin' a prize. You never meant to award it, Ben Collins. If ever there was a low-down, dirty, put-up job—"

A faint duet of triple sneezes attracted Ben from the irate Mr. Pettit to two boys, gesturing over the small of the back and pit of the stomach even as they slipped out of sight. With a flash of intuition he connected this ritual with the stolen tree, and as quickly linked the latter with Sandy Magee. Those boys were often with Sandy. They had heard Ed. rave and were about to warn their confederate—that's what they were up to! If Sandy had swiped Ed's tree it would go hard with him. He couldn't bum around Storm King any longer corrupting the decent boys.

Ben consequently ignored the imputation against his own integrity and led Ed. into the alley at the rear of the building whence they perceived the pair dodging across the street between beb-sleighs and autos.

"Cool off, Ed," he said, his eyes following the boys. "I'll scout after 'em an' learn where they're bound for. You get a bunch of the men an' meet me at the bank. This here deviltry winds up before I'm an hour older."

When Mr. Pettit had assembled his company to uphold law and order Ben already was at the rendezvous.

"They're in one of them barns on the edge of town," he whispered. "Sounds like there's mebbe a dozen of 'em—an' by what I could make out they got the tree. We better skirt around an' creep up on 'em from the country side."

In the early winter dusk they detoured through the fields and were approaching the barn by way of three or four of those deserted shacks, relics of booming, wheat-rich days, which always fringe forlornly about a Dakota town. A glimmer in the least dilapidated of them illumined a rag-stuffed window.

"Gosh," commented Mr. Pettit, "you wouldn't believe folks could live in them shanties, would you?"

"S-sh! Shut up, Ed," Ben admonished. "Them young rascals has ears a foot long. We mustn't scare 'em away. They've cached the tree in that shed. Come on."

But Mr. Pettit, being of an investigating disposition, tip-toed up to the house and peered through a chink in the rags. His companions, who had no chink, grew impatient. Finally he beckoned them to join him and they crowded up to squint through his peep-hole.

What they beheld was the barest of rooms—dingy, cob-webby plaster falling away from the walls, floor rough and uncovered but swept clean of rubbish. A cot, sagging, but spread neatly with odds and ends of quilts, was opposite their window. A rusty stove furnished heat, and close to its warmth, in the sole chair the room boasted, a little girl, pinched of feature and thin of frame, was wiping broken bits of dishes as a boy washed them.

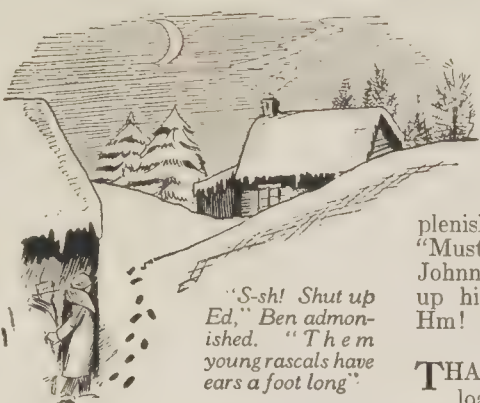
There was a manner about the boy of being decidedly the man of that house. He moved the lamp to a position on the rickety table where the girl's towel was in no danger of flicking against it. When she rose, limping, to stow away the dried dishes, he very gently forced her back and wrapped a scrap of blanket about her shoulders. Ben Collins, who chanced to be at the peep-hole then, was unaccountably ashamed of the hearty supper he knew was waiting for him, and of the heavy coat he wore. He was still more ashamed of the banquet with which he and his wife were to

celebrate the Christ Child's birthday on the morrow.

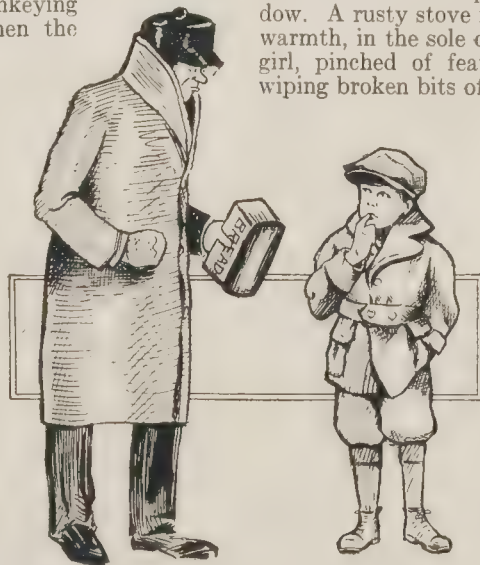
"That's—that's Sandy Magee," he muttered.

Sandy was arranging meagre supplies in a cupboard of shelves behind the stove. As he lifted the curtain of newspaper, Ben, accustomed to inventory at a glance the contents of his own shelves,

Continued on page 100



"S-sh! Shut up Ed," Ben admonished. "Them young rascals have ears a foot long!"



"So it was you who stole one of these every day!"



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Vision Versus Routine in Nation Building

By Prof. W. F. Osborne

University of Manitoba

THERE are two chief elements to be distinguished in the functioning of any institution or collective entity. One is the End aimed at, which may naturally be supposed to determine the Spirit in which the enterprise operates. The other comprises the concrete problems—matters of policy, expediency, method—which inevitably arise in the life of the institution. The questions included under the second heading are, normally, soluble if the first element referred to is properly posited and clearly conceived—that is, if the ultimate objective and the spirit of the organization are what they ought to be.

A nation, naturally, is such a collectivity as I have just referred to. Indeed, until the world graduates into some organic pooling of national efforts such as is foreshadowed by the League of Nations, the Nation is the largest and, in a sense, the most representative type of the organized institution. Canada, then, may be considered from this point of view, as an institutional enterprise.

The vitality and import of concrete problems should always be capable of being estimated by and related to the general End aimed at by the organization as such. Now, the predominant feature of contemporary Canadian discussion is the prominence, one is almost tempted to say, the undue prominence, assumed by individual and concrete problems. In general it may be remarked that the keener and the more vivid the consciousness of ultimate Aim, the less depressing and harrassing will be the individual and executive problems. When the sense of the grand object aimed at is blurred or understressed, the number and difficulty of administrative questions tend to become distressing. I repeat that the foreground of Canadian public life is predominantly occupied today by concrete and, for the most part, material problems. If one were to exclude from contemporary Canadian political discussion four problems, there would not be much left. These four problems are: the Tariff, the Hudson Bay Railway, Immigration, and a variety of questions that might be gathered up under the caption, the conflict of interest between the East and the West. These problems are all difficult if the nation is, as it were, vegetating, marking time without the exhilaration of momentum. They are in differing degrees comparatively easy of solution if the nation takes on the buoyancy that is the inevitable accompaniment of momentum. Now no great national momentum is possible unless the people at large has a keen sense of the national end which we desire to achieve. Such a sense the people is not likely to have unless the national goal aimed at is defined clearly and commandingly by the directing minds of the country. The national momentum—the sensation of progress—that is needed for the satisfactory settlement of problems represented by the four mentioned above, cannot be acquired unless an imaginative vision of the future of the country animates the directing minds and the shaping agencies of the Dominion. Can such an element be imported into the life of the nation with a view to putting an end to bickering and with a view to launching the Dominion on a career of genuinely unified and co-operative effort?

I am going to try to answer this question in a simple, and, it may be, rather naive way. I shall give a summary of a rather characteristic Canadian discussion of one of the questions mentioned above, and I shall cite and describe an example of what may be called a national experiment selected from the history of a people other than our own. My hope is that the collating of the two things may be found suggestive with regard to our own situation.

Imagine a discussion by a group of Canadians with regard to immigration. About the importance of the question as it affects Canada there can be no question. We urgently need a much larger population. We have a machinery vastly in excess of our numbers. Broadly speaking, we languish because there are not enough of us. This statement would be capable of indefinite application and illustration; but these are unnecessary because the general fact is almost unanimously accepted. A discussion, then, on a subject of admitted importance. It at once becomes apparent that in the group referred to there are two divergent views. One section says: Let us aim at keeping Canada British by virtually limiting admission to immigrants of British origin. The other says: Throw the door open freely to people from it matters not where, provided they are sound in body, mind and morals. The contention is advanced that limitation to

immigrants of British stock is not feasible, and for these reasons: (1) That those generally who talk about admitting only people of British stock almost invariably associate with these, immigrants of American origin. What advocates of this view really have chiefly in mind is, immigrants speaking the English tongue. It would be extremely difficult to find any considerable number of English-speaking Canadians who would think for a moment of putting any bar on influx from the United States. Thus one only needs to raise the point to see that

the object ostensibly aimed at, namely, keeping the Dominion British by the device of limitation to British immigrants, breaks down because nine out of ten of the champions of this policy include along with it an element which, whatever other influence it would exert, would not have the effect of strengthening the British tie, inasmuch as by this time the differentiation between the British and the American elements is, so to say, complete. (2) We cannot, if we would, limit ourselves to British influx because the British source will not give us the numbers we need. Great Britain has, admittedly, nearly twice the population it can adequately support, so that, in mere point of numbers, it could release a sufficient quota. But everybody knows that for a very considerable time at any rate, there is little field in Canada for the industrialized, and often highly specialized, population of British cities. What we almost exclusively need and could absorb, is British agricultural population. Now everyone, similarly, knows that this element is relatively very small in number. This source of supply is ridiculously inadequate to meet Canada's crying need of a largely increased population. (3) In the third place, even if the exponents of this view meant literally what they say, that they would desire to keep Canada British by limiting influx to that of British source; and even if the suitable potential British population were large enough to meet our needs, the advocates of this view overlook a stubborn but undoubted fact of our Canadian political situation. The French Canadian element is very powerful, and is destined to be very powerful, in the functioning of our national institution. Now it is simply incredible that we could get an immigration policy adopted for the Dominion of which the dominating feature should be: Keep Canada British by limiting immigration to British elements. I am dealing summarily with the matters raised in this article, so that I am not free in point of space to go into detail with respect to the consideration here urged. Suffice it to say that almost any instructed Canadian will see that there is here a point which cannot be blinked and which must be accepted.

The other section of the group makes this contribution: We need large numbers of new people. Throw the door open. Let the only limitation be: sound bodies, sound minds, sound morals. Keep Canada British, not by tying it down, or trying to tie it down, to a race of British origin, but by maintaining in Canadian political and social practice what we esteem to be the British spirit. The British spirit is of more importance than the British race or than the English language. What is the British spirit? Broadly speaking, it connotes Tolerance, Catholicity, Hospitality, Justice, Fair Play. There is no danger for Canada in a multitude of races if the predominant attitudes, the prevailing currents of opinion, the shaping and operative forces of the nation, are what they ought to be. The genuine British spirit, really applied in our political and social practice, is the best possible solvent for the problem constituted by the desirability of evolving a composite nationality from a great variety of racial elements. Suppose we had a great imaginative view of our Canadian future. Suppose we entertained, as the energising and controlling principle of our development, the vision of a many-stranded race, linked in affection to Britain and the British Commonwealth by practical experience of the thoroughgoing application of the British spirit of justice, tolerance, and fairness in the commercial, social, religious and political relations of all elements in the nation, and fused into moral, though not mechanical, unity by a unanimous effort on the part of all those ethnic elements to pool in the interests of Canada the best that each could bring in the way of practical, aesthetic, and cultural traditions. To realize this programme imagination and vision—genuine spirituality—not materialism, not routine, not bureaucracy and what it implies, would have to be the master words of the nation. Suppose the text books used for reading in our schools were repositories of the noblest elements in the literatures of all the peoples at all conspicuously represented in our population. Would the heart of the young Pole, of the young Frenchman, of the young German, of the young Ruthenian, of the young Jew—the heart, in a word, of the youth of all the nationalities—glow in affection toward the new land which, in addition, to offering him new hopes and new opportunities materially,

The First Christmas

By John McKay

The glory of the vast unseen
Sweeps down to flood the earth
Where, in a manger, bare and mean,
A little child has birth.

The awe-struck shepherds thrill to see
Their hills aflame with light,
To hear Heaven's rapturous melody
Flood through the silent night.

"Glory to God," the angels sing,
"Good will on earth" the strain,
"Peace and good will" Heaven's arches ring
Earth echoes the refrain.

"To Bethlehem we'll haste away,"
The wondering shepherds cry
"For there has dawned on earth to-day
Our Dayspring from on high."

Within a stable's lowly walls
The new born babe they find,
Where wide-eyed cattle, in their stalls,
Look on with faces kind.

And Mother, Mary, pure and fair,
Her birth pangs turned to joy,
With swelling heart, in grateful prayer
Brood's o'er her wondrous boy.

The shepherd's bow to praise and pray,
Where lies the babe asleep,
Then, filled with gladness, go their way
To tend their helpless sheep.

The wise men come with treasures rare
For one of royal birth;
They find, within a manger bare,
The poorest child of earth;

With swaddling clothes alone to grace,
Rich only in the love
That glows, through gentle Mary's face,
Down from the throne above.

Awed into silence forth, they bring
Their spices and their gold
To offer to their new born King
By prophets long foretold.

Back to the sunrise lands again
They wend their joyful way
To herald to the sons of men
The dawn of Heaven's day.

And e'er as the rolling years
Bring round His natal day
The sons of men forget their fears,
Look up and love and pray.

In kindly thought and loving deed
Help heal a sad world's pain
And, as they share a brother's need,
They crown Him King again.

He who within a manger lay,
A little helpless thing,
Rides on with e'er widening sway
Our Saviour and our King.

Earth's tyrants fall, its glories fade,
To dust return our gains.
In robes of radiant light arrayed,
He lives, He loves, He reigns.

Oct. 3rd 1926

Continued on page 64

The Sign of the Rose

By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay



"We were not rich, no, but of great content and there was no room for any third—"

appreciation, voiced in "Gertie's got it!" from the tall blonde at the table's end.

"You see," went on Gertie modestly, "she ain't never said why she took it away. What's the matter with us naturally thinkin' that it got its little insides broke? As a small and thoughtful act of kindness we pervide another. What could be sweeter?"

"And, oh say!" piped up Corra with true creative joy,

IT WAS only four o'clock but the lights in the workroom of Miss Martin's select dressmaking establishment were already lighted. Outside it was storming and a fierce wind drove the snow against the windows in soft assaults of white. It was a day when no one worked well. Miss Martin's young ladies yawned, broke their thread, kicked their shoes under the table with an irritating noise and glanced repeatedly to that corner of the room where a shelf had once supported the work-room clock. There was no clock there now, for Miss Martin had decided some weeks ago that her young ladies were far too fond of looking in that direction. Luckily, Corra Smith had a new wrist watch which kept real time, and, as one after another of the asking eyes glanced her way, Corra would stop embroidering Miss Forsyth's party frock to signal with her fingers. She had just signalled "four o'clock!" Whereupon several pairs of asking eyes fell resignedly.

"A little more attention to work, young ladies!" said Miss Martin, looking up from her cutting at a side table. She said it mechanically for she knew that on a day when work goes badly it is useless to try to better it. With an effort she kept her own eyes from straying to the clock-shelf and presently she left the room.

A general shuffle rounded the long table. The girls paused, yawned and stretched their arms.

"Did anyone say it was only four o'clock?" asked an aggrieved voice.

"Feels like five, anyway," protested another. "Maybe Corra's tin-ticker dropped an hour somewhere."

"Looks like six," declared a third with nervous exaggeration. "Gee, it's dark!"

"Peach of a blizzard," said the head skirt-maker, "I see where our elegant shuttle-car gets stuck and little Clara has to snow-plow it home. If it's only four o'clock now, what'll it be in two hours?"

"Six o'clock, if the wind don't change," said Corra of the wrist watch smartly. "And say, I'm fed up on tellin' you kids the time every five minutes. How d'you expect I'm ever goin' to get this beadin' done?"

A chorus of derision greeted this. "Oh, come off, Corra," and "Ain't she the hard-worked che-ild, though!"

"Say!" exclaimed a bright-eyed girl halfway down the table. "What'll you give me if I pass along a Big Idea?"

"Better keep it, kid," advised someone kindly, "Guess you need it worse than we do."

"Don't be shy, Gert," encouraged another.

"Well, listen, then. Let's do a kind deed. Let's be real forgivin' and give the Madam a Christmas present."

Under the shock of this, the table stopped stitching altogether.

"Something she'd like," went on the encouraged one virtuously. "Something useful." Her eyes strayed casually to the empty clock-shelf.

The eyes of the table followed and the big idea wirelessly rapidly. There was a general giggle of

"Let's make up a speech to go with it. Gee! She just couldn't turn it down. 'Touchin' tribute from grateful workin'-girls—she just couldn't!'"

The table buzzed appreciation and helpful suggestions.

"Let's get a good strong one."

"Let's ask the man to fix it on the fast side."

"Let's get the kind you can screw onto the wall."

"I don't suppose they cost very much," said someone a trifle faintly, answered by, "Oh, well, you've got to pay something for all the fun you get in this world."

Then, the small excitement over, the table yawned once more. The sewing machines whirled.

SUDDENLY a tall, dark girl with the stately figure of a princess and the name of Mabel Brown threw down the strip of georgette she was beading and sent her chair back with a discordant scrape.

"Gee! I wish the next week was over!" she declared. "I hate Christmas. It just makes me sick—everybody grinning!" There was a world of sullen protest in her voice.

A low "Oh-o" of surprise drifted across the room. But the table was shaken for the moment out of boredom.

"Say, our Mabel's got a real grouch!" murmured Mabel's nearest neighbor. But the rebel went determinedly on.

"It's all a fake," she said, "a sort of frame-up that's wished on us. People begin talking about it and working up to it months ahead and thinking what they'll give and what they'll get and planning dances and parties—keeping us working past our time at nights for their new clothes—and you kind of get to believing that something big's coming. And you get sort of excited and waiting—and waiting—but nothing ever comes. It's all as dull as ditch water and next day you feel like a fool for ever thinking it could be anything else."

As most of the conversations at Miss Martin's were composed of isolated sentences, this connected discourse was met with the wonder it deserved. A somewhat embarrassed silence followed it.

"There's turkey," said the little apprentice presently.

"Is there?" and "Not where I live, there isn't," came promptly from several places.

"What's turkey?" asked a scornful voice. Evidently someone at Miss Martin's had a soul above dinners.

"Well, I dunno. It's nice for the kids—Christmas, I mean. They like it." The thin girl with the electric iron offered this.

"Because they're told a raft of lies," said Mabel Brown. "It's a cheat for them just like it is for us. You just watch them. The day after they're all like pricked balloons."

"And cranky as the devil," said one of the older girls with evident feeling. There was a general

assent to this, and then, as is always the case in mixed company, the point of view veered.

"All the same we'd miss it if we didn't have it," declared a short dark girl known as "Bunty" Blake. Bunty's opinion was entitled to some respect in view of her excellent taste in arranging drapery. She was draping a skirt on the "judy" now and the reason for her not speaking sooner had been pins in her mouth. "What if it does leave you a bit flat afterwards? Better be flat for a week or two than flat all the time. Ain't that right, Frenchy?" She turned with a certain air of deference to one who had not spoken yet—a small, delicate-featured girl with black eyes and very straight eyebrows, unmistakably foreign. The girls around the table glanced up with fresh interest. They were inexhaustibly interested in this quiet French girl who said so little, yet who always said that little differently. Under Bunty's direct question she had flushed a little.

"If it is of Christmas you speak when you say a flatness—I do not understand," she said with a hesitating smile and a fascinating rolling of the "r." It is a day of itself—but what would you? Is it not the day of the Great Gift?"

There was a slightly embarrassed silence. That's the worst of Frenchies. They say things!

"Oh—in a religious sense, of course—" admitted Clara, the head skirtmaker, loftily. She was rather proud of having people who were "high church" and was therefore bound to make reservations. But the rebel Mabel, whose relations were free thought, was not so fettered.

"If it ever made any difference," she complained. "But it never does. What's the use of going on and on with a thing when it never makes any difference?"

She looked sidewise at the French girl as she spoke and perhaps something in the restless hungry look banished the other's usual diffidence. Her straight black eyebrows raised themselves, her small hands gesticulated.

"But it does not need to make itself—that difference," she maintained eagerly. "It is there already—it announces itself. To everyone the Day will bring the Gift; sometime—the beeg Christmas to remember always!"

"Say, there's something in that, too," agreed Bunty Blake, removing the pins from her mouth to say it. "Sounds kind of churchy the way Frenchy puts it, but I know several folks that have had something extra happen to them on Christmas—me, for one."

"What was it, Bunty?"

"Tell you some time, maybe," Bunty smiled secretly and restored the pins.

"The Christmas I always think of," said the youngest apprentice timidly, "is the one when Uncle Tom came back from the prairies. He had a coonskin coat for mother and an Indian squaw doll for me and he went out and bought the biggest turkey in town and took us all for a sleigh ride. He said there was nothing like being alone a bit to make a man appreciate his relatives."

"It's about time you quit talking and started picking up your pins," said the head skirtmaker coldly. The head skirtmaker did not approve of apprentices being admitted to the conversation of their betters.

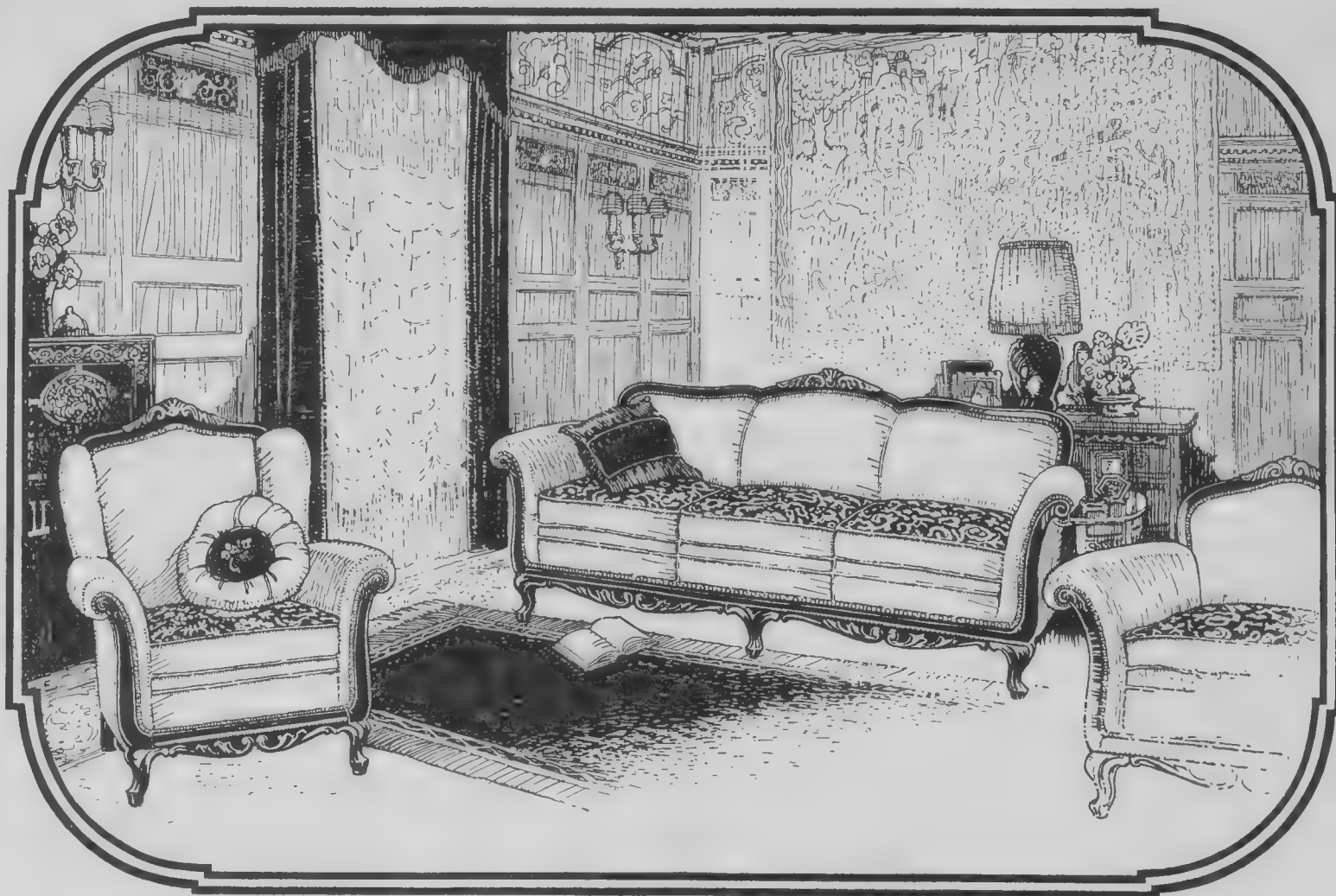
"Aw, why can't you let Frenchy talk," demanded the girl with the electric iron. "She's going to tell us all about her best beau—I mean her best Christmas. The Madam's got two fittings, and won't be back for ages."

To resist the murmur of approval which followed would have been equivalent to *lese majeste*. The French girl looked appealingly around, but the table was too bored to be merciful.

"But it is a story of such smallness," she faltered deprecatingly.

The table expressed itself as pleased to accept small offerings. "Only hurry up," it advised impatiently.

IT IS of my brother, Henri, and one other that the recital is," she began nervously. "But how shall I present my brother Henri to you who did not have his acquaintance? To you he can be but



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a name. To me, my brother Henri was—"A gesture which gathered up the world and everything in it showed what Henri, her brother, had been to the embarrassed speaker.

"Well—tell us what he looked like anyway," suggested Gertie helpfully.

This was apparently more possible. The eyes under the straight brows kindled.

"Tall," she said, with another movement of swiftly shaping hands. "And of a handsomeness! Figure to yourself eyes like the brownness of the chiffon upon which Miss Gertie works—a moustache so small, so delicate—a voice to which one could listen forever without weariness! Does it not present an attractiveness?"

"I'll tell the world it does," said Gertie, chewing hard upon her gum.

The story-teller smiled gratefully and warmed to her subject.

"THERE were but the two of us," she went on.

"It was in Montreal we lived then, in an apartment where all was of the most genteel, yet of a smallness so that, between us, Henri and I might keep it neat after our day's work. We were not rich, no, but of a great content and there was no room for any third until the day that Henri (being without doubt fated) saw that one other at Mass—she was taking the Holy Water from his hand. As for me, I knew nothing. Not until he ceased to sing each morning the air by which our breakfast eggs were accustomed to time themselves did I even suspect. But when at night there was no longer the whistle upon the stair which the whole apartment knew—then I understood. There is but one thing which so can change the spirit in a man.

"Still, Henri was silent. But what are eyes for if not to use? One day at the church door I saw her, knowing her by the look on my brother's face. She was not a girl of our country, but pale with eyes like the winter sky when there is deep blue between the clouds. She was in fur always—dark fur that made her hair more yellow and her hands more white—hands that had never used themselves, one could see that! Yes, and other things. For—consider! Was it not a misfortune this? What to my poor Henri could she ever be—this winter rose who could not work, whose parents could so cherish her with dark furs? Yet, because of her, our home was silent for he who had been so gay could laugh no longer.

"One evening he spoke. 'Now that you know all, my sister,' he said, 'Let us speak of it and then forget. It is indeed this Mademoiselle Sinclair whom I adore. She is to me like the moon in the low sky when there are no stars. But more than this she may never be. For who am I? Even the chauffeur who drives her father's car is nearer her than I.'

"And yet," I said, 'and yet—Henri?'

"And yet," he said very low. 'She does not forbid me to look, and she has taken the Holy Water from my fingers.'

"One must wait," I said. (It is not wise to say all that one thinks.)

"What more there was beside the looks and the passing of a swift word before Mass I do not know; but more there must have been, for presently he knew her name. 'Clarice'—a cold name. Yet love has warmed a colder. And nowhere was there a lover like Henri when his voice was like a song singing in your heart.

"That was the year when everyone danced. The year before the great war—everyone remember? All the world was dancing, round and round—it was a dizziness, a madness so that none could stop. And Henri danced! Ah, but there was one who could dance indeed! If you could have seen him!" As Mademoiselle raised her eyes, bright with ecstasy, at the memory of Henri's dancing, more than one of the girls gave a sighing gasp of envy. "It was for a wage that he danced, in a cabaret—in the evenings after his work, that there might be more money in the bank account which was beginning. And one night she came—she, Clarice—all in silver with white fur upon her cloak and the yellow of her hair above it like the gold about a slim young moon (that is what Henri said). Her party did not stay long, for they had come only to see and to pass on. But, figure to yourself—the despair, the heart-break of my poor brother—the floor of the dance hall between them was even as the great gulf of which the Bible speaks.

"For weeks he was as one in the grip of a fever—and then again there was a lightening—a calm—for she had gone away—and she had looked at him before she went, so he had that look to live on though the city was empty and nothing mattered.

"She came back in the fall—but the war came too and the young men who had danced were wearing army boots and there was only one color now that leaped to the eye, that dull khaki which was everywhere. Ah, but that was a winter! The sadness of it! Even to speak of Christmas hurt the heart. Yet even then to someone doubtless the Great Day brought a gift. To me it brought only loss—for Henri must go. It was of a certainty and I knew it before he spoke, for once more he began to whistle on the stair and to hum the morning tune by which the eggs could boil themselves. Why? Who can tell why—unless perhaps it was that there was that to do in which all men were equal.

"Perhaps, too, he saw that Other more often. Too speak to a young soldier in khaki is surely permissible—are they not all alike to the uncaring eye?



"And Henri danced. Ah but there was one who could dance indeed! If you could have seen him!"

But what was said I do not know, only it must have been that, in words at least, no vows were spoken, no promise, no avowal made, nothing that a man might take to warm him in the winter trenches.

"It was not known when the regiment would depart—only that the time was near. And one evening, while we spent his last leave together, Henri spoke. He had not seen her that day—for a week past he had not seen her. And with the time so near he could trust to chance no longer. So he had written to her and next morning he would know his fate. All his pride, call it false pride or true, was gone; and in the letter he had said no word of difference between them, he had made no talk of wealth or poverty or position but only of love and of their own hearts. That, he felt, was all that mattered—until the war was won. So he had arranged it. She, if she loved him, was to send a token—a Christmas rose. She was so fine, he felt, so maidenly and delicate, she could not be expected to do more—he asked no letter, no words of avowal. Just the one white rose to take with him where every rose was turning red. Then he would know she loved him—and that was everything."

MADemoiselle paused for a moment. Her quick, light hands fell idle in her lap. Her gaze went far away—out across the night and the storm to that other winter's night when she and Henri had waited together for a morning and the postman's knock. The girls around the table were very still—shoes had ceased to scrape under impatient feet, the little apprentice had forgotten to pick up pins and sat cross-legged on the floor.

"It was terrible—that night!" Mademoiselle's voice took up the tale again. "Every moment counted itself in hours. For how could one sleep with a thing like that unknown—and yet so near! 'But I do not fear,' said Henri to me, 'Have I not seen her heart in her eyes? And could they lie, those eyes of hers like the eyes of the Madonna?' Then doubt would come, horrible tearing doubt and he would cry, 'Who am I that I should dare to ask of her a favor! She will not answer—and I am already dead.' 'One must pray to the Saints,' I said—and he whispered, 'I have prayed.'

"Yet in the morning confidence came with the sun and behold my Henri, bareheaded in the cold and away down the street to meet the postman. (We do not feel it a shame, we of France, that others may know of our emotion). And behold me also, watching from the window, breathing hard upon the frost I could make a little space quite clear and, with an eye which almost feared to look, I saw the postman stop—and then go on. It was only a word he stopped for. There was no letter.

No little white letter with a Christmas rose, soft and pale, within.

"Henri returned. So quietly he came, it seemed a ghost had entered. But he took me in his arms as if it had been I for whom no rose had come. 'That is an end, my little one,' he said, 'for we have the truth now.' But it was not my Henri who spoke. It was a stranger with ice in his voice and hard blank eyes. I could not bear it. To see him thus was impossible, no less, and in a moment I knew what I must do. There came as by inspiration the one idea—just the one—there was no room for more. And with that in my heart I shook myself from his arms and called him, whom I so loved, a poor lover and a man without faith.

"Is there no other post?" I cried, 'and does a postman never err? And is a letter never late in the posting and does everyone have a Christmas rose for the stretching out of a hand?' I laughed at him and stamped my foot in scorn.

"You think there is still a little hope?" He spoke, but there was no song in his voice—my poor Henri!

"I turned aside as if impatient of such poverty of trust, fetching my coat and basket for the morning's market. Oh, it was hard to leave him with that look in his eyes—but, once away, how swift I was, how untiring and of an inventiveness incredible! First, there was the envelope—of the right kind, thick and white, like she of the dark furs would use. Then the rose, a little bud, folded and shy like his thought of her, and then the writing of his name—that needed consideration, but there was a friend I knew who could write in that large writing like one sees on such an envelope. 'It is a joke,' I told her and we laughed as she wrote it. And then—an inspiration! The delivery special! Never before had the delivery special come to the apartment of Henri and Marise Lysette. But now—why not? It was an occasion—this!

"When all was done I had no more haste. For it was not my plan to be there when the letter came. But it was cold, and the impatience in my heart was hard to discipline. Besides I had begun to fear the thing that I had done. What would you? For to take the place of all the saints is no light thing. And to give what God has withheld is to make the heart like water.

"Not that I realized my sin as yet. There had been room but for the one idea, as I have said. Moreover, to repent with the glad fruit of my sin before me was not in nature possible. For the light was alive again in my brother's eyes and his voice held the music of the spring which had come again freshly to his heart. And oh, how glad he was, and how brave, and how ashamed that even for an instant he had doubted!"

"WHEN the order came (as we had feared it might, that very afternoon), it was not even sad to say goodbye, so high was his spirit with the wonder which had come to him. But when I saw him kiss the envelope which she had never seen

Continued on page 62

Christmas Gifts

Enshrine The Spirit of Xmas In Gifts That Endure

THE bestowing of gifts on friends at Yuletide is an ancient and pleasing custom which should be perpetuated.

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Christmas is a Prophecy

NOT yet has a Christmas come to this world and found that mankind has carried into actuality the angels' song of peace and good-will which, as the gospel narrative tells us, was heard on a night nineteen hundred years ago by shepherds watching their flocks by night in the fields near the village of Bethlehem. Not yet has the Christmas spirit been carried into the everyday lives of us all. Not yet is that heavenly music made everyday practical fact in our living. But still it haunts humanity, and its power grows even greater. Century after century of strifes and hatreds and slaughters have not driven it out of human hearts. We know that its meaning stands above us in the heavens, like the stars shining above the night mists that may obscure their shining to mortal eyes, but will pass away. It is a song out of the heart of the world. Through age after age of the history of humanity, grim facts and grey fears have failed to still that music. Could there be a better proof of its immortality? Not in our time, not for ages yet, perhaps, will its message be fulfilled. Christmas is a prophetic day, looking not so much backward as forward. The morning of the world is still young, and mankind is only well started on the march to the City of God. The Christian era lies ahead of us.

"All This Christmas Bother"

SOME few there are who affect to regard the observance of the Christmas festival by the sending of remembrances as an annual bother, a troublesome, tiresome business to be gone through. But for most of those who grumble in that way, their grumbling is but a cloak to hide the response which their natural humanity yields to the appeal of the Christmas spirit. Though they may say they are glad that Christmas comes but once a year, they are none the less glad in their hearts that it does come. If there are any of them who, for all that they grumble, are not in reality secretly glad, if there are any of them who are betraying their real feelings when they complain sourly about "all this Christmas bother," the rest of us can only feel pity for them. No bitter experience of life, no loneliness, can excuse such narrowness of heart as theirs—but at this season, at any rate, what else can we feel towards them but genuine pity? No matter how circumstances may have gone against us, no matter how lonely we may be, there is always some one more lonely than we think ourselves to be; someone against whom circumstances have gone more hardily, to whose life we can add that touch of brightness which will make Christmas a reality both to that person and to ourselves.

Would You "Dominate Your Sphere?"

WE HAVE all read the advertisements of books which will teach us, so the advertisements proclaim, how to make our will-power strong. Who has not aspired at times to be of strong will and always have his way? Like a spoiled child. Even the meekest of men sometimes like to imagine what a fine thing it would be to have a massive, determined chin jutting out like a Mussolini's, and be able to frown heavily and impose his will on others. In fact, it is altogether probable that it is the meekest people who occasionally have that desire the strongest. These reflections passed through the mind of The Philosopher as he opened the package which came to him, containing, as the label on the outside of the package announced, one of those books on Will-Power. On opening the book, he read on the title-page that it was "A Series of Studies in Self-Development." Here, said The Philosopher to himself, was a valuable book. He thought of sending for another copy, to give a friend at Christmas. And then he settled down to read it. Each of the first ten chapters deals with "a historic example of a man of dominant will." The first is Alexander the Great, "who desired to conquer the world, and did so." But The Philosopher has no desire to conquer the world. Moreover, he remembers the cases of Napoleon and the Kaiser. However, "Alexander had that type of will—the greatest known." Julius Caesar comes next. He, it appears, had "the will to be and to do." Then we come to Napoleon, "who mastered men"—but did not conquer the world. Napoleon, the book says, had a Dynamic Will. "When faced with a crisis, his Dynamic Will won the day, until at Waterloo he found himself opposed by Wellington, a man with a Persistent Will, which dominated and overthrew Napoleon's Dynamic Will." The chapter ends with instructions how to have a Persistent Will. If Napoleon had only had a chance at that Chapter V, and not made the mistake of cultivating his Dynamic Will and neglecting his



Persistent Will, who knows that he would not have won at Waterloo, and changed the course of history! After the other "historic examples of men of dominant will" are dealt with, Chapter XI begins: "Do you think determinedly? Pull the abdomen in and push the chest out. Lift up your chin, and say to yourself: 'I am growing a strong will. I am strong in action. I am dominating my sphere.'" The Philosopher has decided that he will not give his friend a copy of that book at Christmas. It might result in his friend growing both a Dynamic Will and a Persistent Will and taking to dominating his sphere and becoming an altogether objectionable person, instead of the agreeable person he is now.

Bodily Activity

SOMETIMES, when standing on a street crossing and waiting humbly for some limousine, a vision of costly, shining elegance, to glide magnificently by, the Philosopher sees a little dog gazing out in a bored way from behind the plate glass, aloof like the other occupants of the limousine, from the workaday world. He tries to catch the little dog's eye, which disdains him. On the last such occasion the only other occupant of the limousine was a lady who was gazing ahead with an even more bored expression than the little dog's. If she had been walking; if she had not got into the way of considering that her dignity demanded that she should ride in a costly limousine instead of walking, she probably would not have looked so bored. There is too much sitting down in the world. The rich, indeed, are in danger of losing the use of their legs. But a more immediate danger, which overcomes many a rich man, is that by riding instead of walking he helps the development of a paunch and the development also of internal conditions which shorten his life. Walking briskly, with a good stride and swinging arms, keeps the circulation active, prevents congestions, keeps the weight down and conserves good health. Did you ever stop to think that most of the really important work in the world is done by men and women who are on their feet, not sitting down?

"Fun-Makers"

STROLLING along Portage Avenue one evening recently The Philosopher stopped before a shop window in a corner of which there was an oddly assorted collection of things under an oblong placard which drew attention to them as "Puzzles, Tricks, Fun-makers, Jokers." There were several large, rubicund false noses with walrus moustaches under them, like Ole Bill's, trick cigars (that blow up with a small explosion about half a minute after they are lighted), artificial lumps of sugar with artificial flies on them, a wineglass filled with solid gelatine or celluloid colored to look like ruby wine, imitation spiders and beetles on pins, to wear in neckties or stick surreptitiously on somebody's sleeve, a little flag rubber bag with a long tube ending in a bulb (you put the little flat bag under the tablecloth under somebody's plate, and then by squeezing the bulb you make somebody's plate jump), and other devices of like character. Presently two young men stopped before the window, and after chortles of delight over an imitation glass of beer and a plate with an imitation mutton chop and some imitation green peas on it, went into the shop. The Philosopher, strolling on, remembered how he and another boy at school sent to Chicago for some such things which they had seen advertised, and the joy they got out of beholding other boys trying to bite a chocolate bar made of rubber. He remembered with special distinctness the expression of pained surprise which came over the face of a boy whose nickname was Fatty, when he began to chew a caramel filled with cotton batting. To see another human being thus fooled must surely have been one of the most primitively ancient causes of human laughter. No doubt the cave men found it excruciatingly funny to see one of their number have a sudden expression of pained surprise come over his face on having some such experience as Fatty's with the imitation caramel. As we civilized people grow older we lose this readiness to find such things irresistibly mirth-provoking. We no longer delight

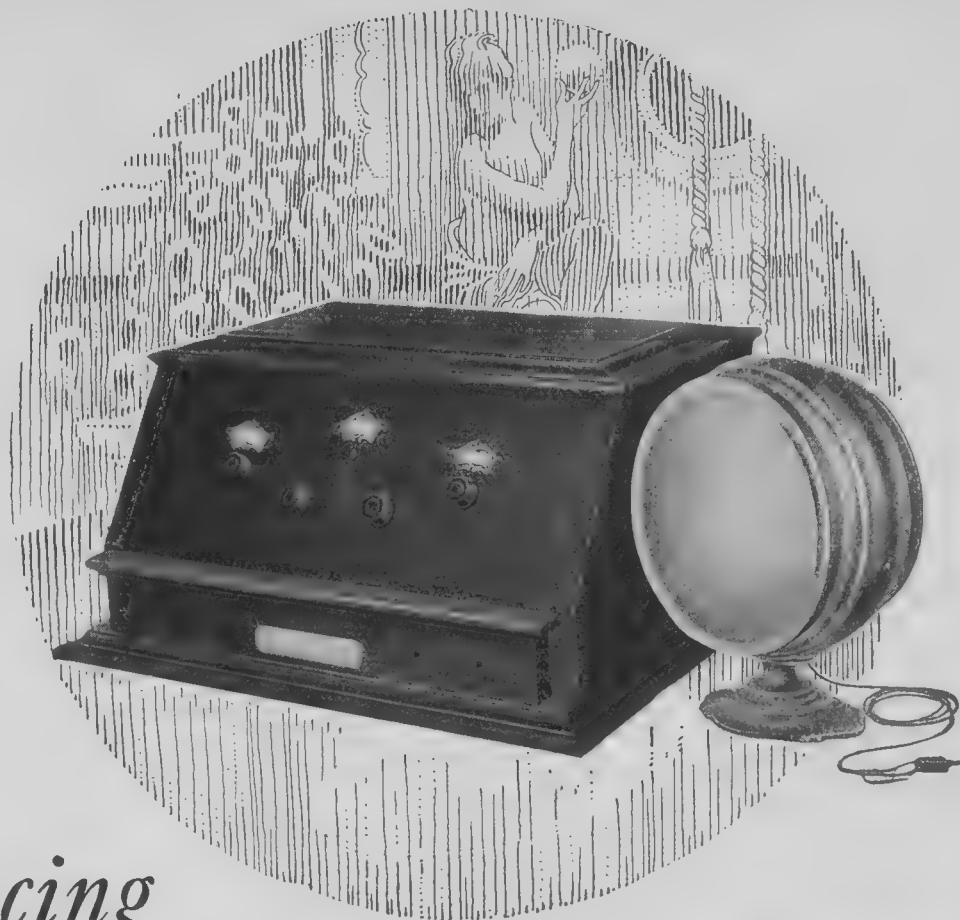
in seeing a fellow-mortal's discomfiture when the purse on the edge of the sidewalk which he stoops to pick up is pulled out of his reach by a concealed string with a small boy at the end of it. But who can doubt that after a thousand more years have passed, an elderly gentleman hurting his toes by kicking a hat with a brick concealed in it will cause unrestrained delight to all the small boys within sight of that spectacle and make them double up with laughter?

Children, Truth and Accuracy

IN WATCHING a group of children at play, The Philosopher has often had the thought suggest itself that not many of us grown-up people know very much of a child's mind and a child's outlook on persons and things. Did you ever listen to the talk of a group of small children at play? What they say means about as much as the motions of young birds. As a matter of fact, there does not appear to be any great amount of intention or purpose in most of the flying of birds. They fly, it would seem, just to keep in motion. A great part of the pleasure of life, for birds and for animals and for human beings too, is just that—keeping oneself in motion. But, of course, with all the bodily activity of growing children, there is a mental development going on at the same time. Many books are being written nowadays about that development, and many theories are put forth. One of these books, by Dr. John Hadfield, says: "If you have a child who is constantly 'angelic,' take him to a doctor and see what is wrong." There is a similar declaration in another book, by Dr. Elizabeth Sloan Chesser: "The goodness of the 'angelic' child often means that the child has no energy or spirit." Dr. Chesser even goes so far as to warn parents against reproving children for not telling the truth. "Accusing a child of lying and punishing the child for that as an offence," writes Dr. Chesser, "brings about repression, and repression causes internal conflicts and complexes, which cause neurasthenia." Every sane human being must agree that to punish a child for childish wrongdoing as though the child was deeply dyed in moral guilt and was a moral leper, is mere stupid cruelty disguised as morality. At the same time, it is open to doubt whether in the past many children were driven to repressions and inner conflicts and complexes and neurasthenia by being told they were fibbing. Sensitive, imaginative children require careful handling. But The Philosopher can remember a good many childhood companions who were liars, and whose parents, teachers and friends on just and proper occasion made no bones about letting them know they were liars, but that did not produce neurasthenia in them. It is hard to make generalizations that will apply in all cases. Among children, as among grown-up people, there are some who will lie gallantly, and some who will lie meanly. Truthfulness, after all, is one of the most radiant of virtues, and courage is another, and accuracy in observation and in statement is another. If we were all taught from our earliest childhood to be ashamed of lying and of being inaccurate, it would lead to truth and accuracy being achieved more often than would be done otherwise.

Friends

THE approach of the Christmas season quickens our thoughts of our friends and makes us feel that the friendships we have are our most precious possessions. There are people who apparently are so self-sufficient that they can be quite happy during long periods of solitude, communing with their own thoughts. Great minds, as we have all read, can shut themselves up and work out their thoughts alone, and so can accomplish great things. To great minds we must pay our respects. They are not to be judged by the same standards as the rest of us. But great minds are very rare. Ordinary people who have not great minds but appear to be so self-sufficient that they do not need the companionship of others are to The Philosopher a continual mystery. It is not easy to understand such people, or admire them. We can hardly help thinking them callous and insensitive. We can hardly help feeling that a person who has no need of companionship lacks something of our common human nature. Such a person may have a few friends. One without the need of friendship would be almost inhuman. There is a sense in which we live only when we are with our friends. Happy the person who has many true friendships. Who are our friends? They are those who inspire us to do our best, who make us live at our best when we are with them, and the reflection of whose glow makes bright the dark and quiet hours when they are not with us. They are truly a part of our best selves.



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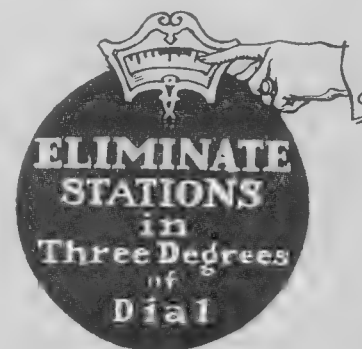
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By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

The Art of Saving

NOWADAYS when a young man comes to a bank to ask for credit, one of the most potent factors in his consideration by the bank officials is what he has saved. If a man does not acquire habits of thrift early he does not often acquire them later. Many young men who go into business for themselves break down. They start well, commence to make money, and then instead of being guarded in their expenditures immediately think they have solved the problem of being successful, and acquire expensive habits, spend six dollars when they are making five and their end is inevitable.

It is much harder for a young man to get his second opportunity than it was the first. There is the instinctive feeling on the part of those with whom he comes into contact that he had the chance and failed and that he would do so again if the opportunity presented itself.

In my younger days, I worked very long hours when attending to business, and I determined that I must have more at the end of the year than I had at the beginning. The following out of that policy confirmed habits of thrift.

One of my biggest helps, when I was a young man, was the counsel of older men who had been successful and to whom I could go for disinterested advice.—Alden Anderson in *Touchstones of Success*.

Exercise

LET exercise alternate with the rest.—Pythagoras.
It is exercise alone that supports the spirits and keeps the mind in vigor.—Cicero.

You will never live to my age without you keep yourself in breath with exercise.—Sir P. Sydney.

Exercise is the chief source of improvement in all our faculties.—Blair.

I take the true definition of exercise to be labor without weariness.—Johnson.

The wise for cure on exercise depend: God never made His work for man to mend.—Dryden.

There are many troubles which you cannot cure by the Bible and hymn-book, but which you can cure by a good perspiration and a breath of fresh air.—Beecher.

Praise and Punctuation

AN OTTAWA reader (*The Western Home Monthly* goes East) is kind enough to write as follows:

"Would you please send me a specimen letter containing all the punctuation marks in use?"

"I am a regular reader of your page in *W.H.M.*, 'The Young Man and His Problem,' and get much help from it. In fact, was helped considerably in passing a Civil Service examination at Regina in April, which brought me here. I intend taking another examination soon, hence my request."

As other readers may be interested in a letter containing all punctuation marks in use, a copy of the letter that was sent to this correspondent is reproduced:

Dear sir:

As we wrote you on the 9th, we are anxious to ship your order, but we are holding it in our files because we have not been able to procure a statement, setting forth the figures in regard to your business.

As we believe you are a good business man, and would appreciate our coming to you direct for this information, we are forced to the conclusion that our letter failed to reach you—or perhaps we did not make ourselves perfectly clear as to why we want you to make us this statement.

"I believe," says a leading banker, "that the *Credit Men's Journal* (April, Page 193) is right in saying 'Credit is based on confidence!'" You want us to place our full confidence in you, and we will gladly do this if you will place us in possession of the facts regarding your business affairs. Confidence is based on mutual trust; we are glad to refer you to our other customers as to our reputation for fair dealing, and we ask you to trust us with the figures regarding your business, so that we may use your own figures as a basis for our credit dealings both now and in the future. Isn't this fair?

Kindly let us hear from you promptly, so that there may be no further delay in handling your order.

Yours very truly,

This letter contains the following punctuation marks: Comma, semicolon, period, question mark, exclamation mark, dash, hyphen, quotation marks, single quotation marks, parentheses and apostrophe. It does not contain the square brackets, which are used but rarely in certain printed material.

Worth Pondering

EDUCATION is to the mind what polish is to a block of marble.—Addison.

There is no one but knows more evil of himself than he does of his neighbor.—Bishop Wilson.

Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar.—Wordsworth.

Idleness travels very slowly, and poverty soon overtakes her.—Hunter.

A good intention will no more make a truth than a fair mark will make a good shot.—Spurstone.

Nature has made occupation a necessity to us; society makes it a duty; habit may make it a pleasure.—Capelle.

The Stamp Collector

THE Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue for 1927 is just from the press of the Scott Stamp and Coin Co., Ltd., 1 West 47th St., New York, U.S.A. A number of our stamp collecting readers are interested in this publication, concerning which they may secure a circular of information on application to the publishers. Although this elaborate volume has been enlarged to more than sixteen hundred pages, it is still sold at the standard price of \$2.00 a copy.

The new edition gives the date of issue, color, shape and value of every known postage stamp that has ever been issued by any government in the world, according to the title page announcement, and also contains illustrations of nearly every type of stamp. A special illustrated section has been added showing every watermark that appears on the stamps listed in the catalogue.

During recent years, many foreign governments have issued special commemorative issues. Many of these stamps are of great beauty and historical interest, and according to recent reports recruits are daily being added to the ranks of stamp collectors.

The Young Man and His Bible

THE series under this heading came to a close in the November number but some comments are added this month concerning a quarterly publication, "The Bible Student," published by Pickering & Inglis, 229 Bothwell St., Glasgow, Scotland. This magazine should appeal strongly to Bible students and class leaders who are interested in "searching the Scriptures." A specimen copy can probably be obtained on application to the publishers. The present number contains interesting and thoughtful articles on The Church of the New Testament, Human Personality, Arguments for Belief in God, The Bible Student's Question Box, and many carefully prepared analyses of selected texts of Scripture.

Choosing Your Life Work

ARTICLE No. 10—For the closing article of this series, some quotations are given from a pamphlet recently written and distributed by Mr. D. W. Bole, a Winnipeg business man who, many years ago, as a school trustee, was instrumental in bringing about the introduction of commercial subjects into the public schools of Winnipeg.

Mr. Bole has now retired from active business life but still retains an interest in commercial students. Recently, he visited the large Winnipeg high schools, and gave a series of addresses on business topics. These addresses he has since reprinted for distribution to commercial students. The following paragraphs deserve the thoughtful consideration of young men, no matter what work they may be planning to take up:

"Punctuality, systematic thinking, regularity, right living, and even thrift are qualities of outstanding importance, all of which can be established during your school days or before you venture out into the world of business. What is needed is persistent practice of those qualities during youth in the performance of your daily duties. Shakespeare said: 'Use doth breed habit in a man.'"

"I will not dwell long upon personal and cleanliness and heatness of appearance. Very few but can afford neatness. There is no dishonor in old clothes, but even old clothes in the attention they receive in inexpensive repair, give a fairly accurate estimate of the habits and character of the wearer. But there is always dishonor in uncleanness. I do not refer to the grime incident to labor. The man returning with his empty dinner pail, black with the fumes of the furnace, has an honorable excuse. His fellow-passenger of the street car, from the office or behind the counter, unshaven and with a dirty collar is apt to be as slovenly in his work, with a salary in keeping with his makeup. The rest of the passengers will form a just estimate of the two men.

"The man in business who thinks he can afford to neglect his personal appearance is greatly mistaken. The public draws inferences from all traits of character and unfavorable inferences are unprofitable.

"Young people going into business will find it greatly to their advantage to develop at the very commencement the gentle art of resistance. Courage in business is a cardinal virtue, and the courage to say 'No' politely but firmly and at the right time is a distinguishing trait of business character. All through business life there are almost daily opportunities of wandering away into some unknown path under the guidance of some kind cicerone, who is willing to show the way to easy money if not a short cut to fortune or success. There are no sure short cuts to success. Only a small fraction of business men attain to great wealth, and a still smaller fraction attain to it suddenly.

Many years ago a young man worked during the winter months as a waiter in a Winnipeg restaurant. He served me as he did other business men in those early days at the mid-day meal. During the following summer he worked as a navvy on the Stonewall branch of the C.P.R., all the time keeping his eyes open for a job more in keeping with his desires and previous training. At last he found a place in a Winnipeg office as junior clerk and later in a Toronto financial institution in a more advanced position. The last time I met him was in London, not as a restaurant waiter, but as a partner in one of the banks of the world's greatest financial centre. He did not serve as a waiter or a navvy because the work was congenial; he preferred any job to no job at all, and was not afraid of the rough road nor ashamed of the tasks which gave him a living.

"I remember many years ago discussing a matter of some importance to myself with a prominent business man. I did not accomplish the purpose of my visit at the time, and returned to the subject several months after. On the occasion of my second visit, I was surprised to note that he had, as I supposed, remembered the proposition to the last detail, and I told him I thought it a great feat of memory. Putting his hand on his diary he said: 'This is my memory box; it lets me forget. When I heard you were coming in this morning, I looked up the subject and I am ready for you.' This incident will illustrate the use of a diary. It will let you forget, and clear your mind for new subjects.

"A great majority of business men in this country started at the bottom with little or no capital and no other special equipment except determination, a knowledge of essentials and the necessary patience to feel their way without discouragement. The success of men who by some accident are thrust into opportunity—and they are few—or men who multiply inherited wealth does not appeal to the imagination. We call them lucky and let them go at that. But there is no romance more fascinating than the final triumph of men who have trodden the rough road, with heads erect."

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No radio has yet received such instant acclaim as the DeForest & Crosley C-5 Console. Its outstanding performance and unapproached value have resulted in sales by the thousand.

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Drum control and graphic dial make operation remarkably simple.

All-metal chassis shuts out local interference and unwanted stations.

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Beauty and distinction combined in the Grand Master Cabinets by McLagan.

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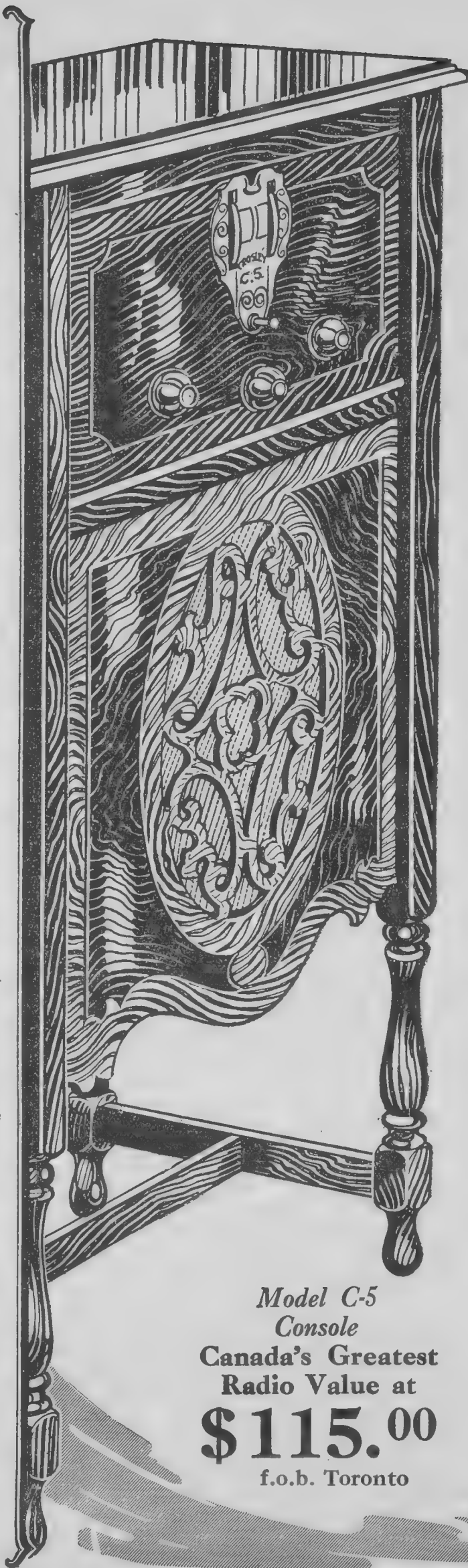
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There was a painful silence and Hulkins knew that the old fellow was at a loss as to a method of consolation. His heart warmed in sympathy; he was sincere anyway. At this moment Mrs. Loye entered from the kitchen wiping her wet hands on her apron.

Hulkins moved uneasily in his chair. This was no time for personal sympathy or expressions of regret. Elizabeth had asked him to help with the wedding arrangements. That was the project. Accordingly he launched upon the plans for the wedding with such great vigor and methodical attitude that he saw the quick consternation on Mrs. Loye's round motherly face. Again he told himself he didn't want sympathy.

The wedding, he found by comparing dates on the huge calendar on the grotesquely papered wall, would be about two weeks away. Elizabeth and Ralph Pender would be home Sunday, three days away. Well, then they would probably wait until Sunday before making final arrangements. The young couple perhaps might have some plans they wanted carried out, also.

After a brief constrained hour Hulkins rose to go. Mr. and Mrs. Loye rose with him, accompanied him to the door. Hulkins paused. They would, he was certain, say no word to Elizabeth about the plans that he, Hulkins, had made concerning marriage. Of course that must be silent now. Thomas Hulkins felt an odd uncertain hand in his grasp.

"I'm sorry, boy," said Mr. Loye in a husky voice, "damned sorry!" Behind him Mrs. Loye with an inaudible sound had vanished into the depths of her kitchen. With a heavy heart Hulkins stepped out into the night.

At the gate he almost collided with a woman. He raised his hat in apology.

It was Molly Barr.

"Why, Tom," she laughed, apparently delighted at seeing him. "What are you doing here so late?"

He noted with displeasure the coquettish note in her voice, and he remembered hearing vague rumors lately concerning her domestic troubles. He wondered if she and Barr were tired of each other. On several occasions he knew she had openly attempted to start an affair with him. As though he would be willing now!

"I've just been talking over Elizabeth's wedding with your father and mother," he told her in a guarded tone.

Molly was impatient. "Oh, Elizabeth," she said lightly. "She could never be serious about anything. I don't believe it amounts to much. Besides, is first love ever serious, Tom?" There was a faint query in her tone.

Hulkins felt a slow anger rise within him. She was mocking him. He touched one of the iron gate points with his long fingers. "I don't know," he answered uncertainly. He was remembering his own first misery, the long months of forgetting. Yes, it had been well worth it. Wearily he smiled to himself. Molly, heavy-breasted and a good deal too fat for her age thinking that she still possessed the charms of her youth. But he was not the one to tell her; let her live in her illusion if she wished. Before him in the gloom of the May night rose a vision of the firm young beauty of Elizabeth.

"I hope," he added in a deep, slow tone, "that Elizabeth will be happy, very happy." And he set off down the dark street half hidden in the shadows of the trees.

Once he looked back. In the distance he could just discern a figure standing at the gate. It was Molly. Thomas Hulkins hummed a sad tune, the long fingers of one hand tapping the knuckles of the other. Elizabeth could never be serious, Molly had said.

He attended the dinner that hot Sunday afternoon at the Loye home with a nervous irritable feeling within him. He greeted Elizabeth with a formal restraint in his manner. Couldn't do otherwise, he thought, with Pender, a pale scholarly looking chap, standing near at hand.

He noted the look of dismay in Elizabeth's eyes, saw a queer perplexed expression on her face, and he yearned to tell her so she would understand.

Lovely, he murmured to himself, more lovely than the last time he had seen her. A gentle awe stole into his heart. He must maintain that outward social demeanor until it was all over, for her sake at least. Then he would drop out of the affairs of the family; he would go away. He needed rest, for he was getting old. It was only natural that youth should want youth.

At the table he was grateful for the presence of the others, Molly and Billy Barr, Elizabeth and Pender, Mr. and Mrs. Loye. Beneath the spasmodic social chatter he could feel the air of restraint. It was well known in the family that Barr's over-assured manner was none too well liked. His lean face was extremely pliable in expression, but cruel, too, Hulkins could see. Young Pender, too, he felt was a great deal of a stranger. Once Hulkins saw Elizabeth meet his eye inquiringly and he felt a deep embarrassment take root within him. His ease was partly restored by a tall glass of grape.

Elizabeth and Pender found him after dinner in the secluded porch swing, smoking one of his habitual black cigars and talking to Mr. Loye. At the approach of the young couple Mr. Loye rose and went into the house. Evidently the old fellow didn't care so much about young Pender, thought Hulkins. But the young fellow wasn't so bad; had some sense, anyway.

It developed during the conversation that Pender must leave for Brandon Deils the next day to be away until Wednesday. Had some affairs to be arranged before the wedding. And he wondered whether he could get Hulkins to act as best man. Elizabeth had said that he was such a good friend of the family. With a strange sinking of his heart Hulkins assured him that he would.

He was aware of Elizabeth's intense eyes watching him, and he remembered a phrase of her letter: "I can't wait till you see him. I'm sure you'll like him."

"Molly tells me you're renovating the old Walhauser place?"

Hulkins started. His long fingers moved slowly at his cigar.

"Why yes," he said in a cautious tone, "it's all completed now."

"I think you're planning on getting married, you old bachelor," she chided him. "Tell me who it is." He laughed and shook his head.

"At your age, too," she taunted. Then her hand traced a seam on the arm of Pender's blue serge coat. "But we'll all hate to lose you, Hollyhocks. You'll show me that house some time, won't you?"

He nodded.

"Tomorrow?" she insisted. "Ralph's going to Brandon in the morning, but I'll have plenty of time around sundown."

Again he nodded.

They rose to go, and Hulkins saw her arm linked in Pender's. In the house he heard their young voices, clear, untroubled. An old bachelor! At his age too! Thomas Hulkins' long fingers crushed out the fire of his cigar. Youth! Youth!

"Thomas Hulkins!"

He turned quickly. Molly Barr had appeared from behind the white lattice-work of the verandah and stood looking at him. A few quick steps and she came and assured herself beside him on the porch swing with hasty little movements of her hands.

"You were very rude to me the other night, Tom," she said in a plaintive voice.

He looked at her deep, brown, experienced eyes, and a hard grating rose in his throat. "I don't think so," he said slowly; "I acted as I felt."

She flushed a deep red at that. Then she leaned forward, her eyelids drawing closer until her eyes were mere brown slits.

"I hate you, Thomas Hulkins, I hate you!" she said in a low intense tone.

Hulkins remained silent. The heat of the warm noonday simmered from the boardwalk, the air lay quiet; high above in the tall poplars only a slight breeze was stirring in the leaves.

"You can fool Elizabeth about that house on the river," Molly continued bitterly, "but I knew all along that you meant it for her. I'm glad I never married you. I've always hated your domineering attitude, your patronizing, your playing good friend to father and mother."

Hulkins' hand shot out and his long fingers closed cruelly over her wrist. "If you dare—"

He dropped her wrist and leaned back, composed. Molly Barr rose, the high color flaming in her round cheeks. "You'll never get her, I tell you, never!" she burst forth passionately.

The screen door slammed shut behind her and Hulkins heard her afterwards, talking to her

mother in low, subdued tones. Then again, he heard Mrs. Loye remonstrate, it seemed to him, effectively.

A short time after he took his leave of the guests, and proceeded through the heat of the afternoon, home.

The old Walhauser site had been one of the historic spots of Stevens Point for many years. Walhauser, the brewer, built the house in the '90s for a son who was killed in the Spanish-American War. The structure rose now before Hulkins and Elizabeth, a low, white building in the midst of an insurrection of maple trees, bordering the sluggish river.

A large lawn, broken by an irregularly placed hedge, and a goodly number of wide sumac bushes gave it the appearance of seclusion. Above the heavy, twisted green tiling of the roof three dissimilar white brick chimneys, capped by a border of bright red tile, rose pretentiously from each of the three wings. Below, the white stucco of the walls loomed gracefully from the green lawn. At the roadway was a ribbed lamp-post, topped by a sloping, heavily studded iron casing, and at the foot of the post was a narrow stone walk leading through the lawn and maples, and ending in a small pier at the river.

When they reached the stone walk Hulkins stopped. "I'd rather you go in there alone, Betty," he said slowly. "The doors are all open and you'll have time to look it over before dusk. In the meanwhile I'll walk down to the river and smoke."

He watched her as she disappeared, a tall, lithe figure in a white dress flitting through the sumac bushes. A few moments later alone, by the almost noiseless river and the red disk of his cigar glowing in the half dusk, he became acutely aware of his misery, the knowledge of his loss. In less than fifteen minutes it would all be over. Elizabeth would leave, never to know of the things he had planned for there—with her. They would go back home; tomorrow he would make plans for the disposal of his property, and then he would go away. It was the only thing to do.

The low throbbing of a motor disturbed him. In the distance he saw a woman make her way toward the house. It was Molly. In his dull consciousness the thought came to him that she was going to tell Elizabeth, to make her leave him, to make his lot harder.

After what seemed a long time he heard again the quick throb of the motor and he heard a dull roar as it sped down the road. A sharp panic went through him. Had they both driven away? The thought maddened him. In the ever-increasing dusk he could see nothing distinctly. A great loneliness was everywhere. Before him the huge, knobbed trunks of the maples loomed disproportionately, the river was a long murmuring ribbon. And beyond, toward the road, the house was a vague white outline among the trees. Thomas Hulkins felt the lonely gloom of the night bear upon him. His life was like that—lonely, long, to suffer the oppression of a loss. His law practice, his friends, his whole future assumed a singularly distant position; he was lost in the vision of a face with a firm, distinct beauty.

Suddenly he was aware of feet running along the ground, and he heard a voice calling his name.

A familiar tension gripped his heart and he raised his eyes quickly. Through the dark shadows of the trees he saw the white figure of a woman running frantically toward him.

"Hollyhocks! Hollyhocks!" she cried, a note in her voice like that of a frightened bird.

Hulkins ran forward, murmuring little incoherent words, and caught her just as she swayed wearily. In his arms she clung to him, all out of breath, and on her face he saw a frantic, intense purpose, an earnestness and desire that sent a choking joy through him.

"Elizabeth!" he cried longingly, a gentle awe and reverence seizing him at the sight of her half disheveled hair.

She raised a flushed glowing face to his. "M—Molly told me," she finally gasped. "S—she said you did all that for me; that you wanted me, Hollyhocks. She was angry at you and wanted me to come away with her, but I wouldn't. I—I just stood there, Hollyhocks, feeling all tight inside. Th—then I knew I wanted you!"

Her blue eyes glowed intensely as she eagerly took in every line of his lean strong face. To Hulkins it seemed that her beauty shone like an immortal, indestructible thing. And for the first time in his thirty-six years he kissed her.



All Saints Church, Winnipeg

ON the 27th of September, the foundation stone of All Saint's new church, was well and truly laid by his Lordship the Bishop of London.

The ceremony was made more impressive by the presence of numerous visiting bishops and clergy from all over the Dominion, who were attending a conference in Winnipeg at the time.

The church completed, will hold its first service on Christmas Day, God willing, and a short history of the second oldest church in the city may be interesting to the many readers of the Western Home Monthly.

All Saints' is one of Winnipeg's historic edifices. Although the old church soon to be torn down to make room for the new Osborne Street, is only forty-two years old, it is just eleven years short of the whole life of Winnipeg itself.

The congregation of All Saints, broke away from Holy Trinity in 1884, because its members desired a more ritualistic

service. One of the chief movers being the late C. J. Brydges, land commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company. It was nicknamed St. Brydges-in-the-field, as it was verily in the fields at that time, and Osborne Street was only a prairie trail, not a house being built on Broadway.

South African War. The original church was enlarged in 1906. The first congregation consisted of some sixty members, among them: C. J. Brydges, W. T. Kirby, W. R. Allan, Col. H. N. Ruttan, F. L. Patton, W. J. Tupper and many other prominent citizens.

Among the organists and choirmasters, we find A. J. Tuckwell, L. H. J. Minchin, Nelson Barber, Oscar Braddock, C. E. Blackett.

The old choir boys claim Travers Sweatman, George Killam, Harry Ruttan, Arthur Stead among their number.

THE first services were held on February 15, 1884, assisting in those services were, Rev. O. Fortin, Dean Grisdale, Canon Coombes, Rev. C. W. Pentreath.

The first rector, Rev. J. R. Seaman followed by Rev. C. A. Lane. Later Rev. H. H. Barber, Rev. H. A. Tudor, Rev. F. V. Baker, Rev. F. B. Smith, Rev. F. C. C. Heathcote, Rev. W. M. Loucks and the

The Rev. H. R. Ragg

present rector Rev. H. R. Ragg. Among the churchwardens and vestrymen of bygone days, we note: W. P. Sweatman, W. F. Kirby, F. H. Brydges, M. Aldous, D. J. Goggin, J. S. Tupper, Lansing Lewis, and Col. H. N. Ruttan.

The new church is designed in early English style with a Clerestory. The plan of the church is cruciform, with



All Saints Church, Winnipeg

A few years later All Saints' became the Garrison Church of the district. Every Sunday the clank of swords and spurs could be heard in the aisles. The rector of All Saints' became ex-officer the Chaplain of the Royal Mounted Rifles.

The present altar in the old church was a gift of thanksgiving after the

chancel due east and a chapel in the south arm and organ in the north arm. The chancel which will accommodate a choir of fifty is 43 feet long by 30 feet wide. The nave which will seat approximately 750 people is 104 feet long by 50 feet wide. The building is of rough dressed limestone with cut stone jambs.

The tower will not be erected until some time in the future.

The River

By Gordon Stace Smith

Why hurry, little river, on your journey to the sea? Ah! your journey is like mine, little river; while we go
Just linger where the lilies are along the shores with me. We must work and serve and carry and part from friends, you know.
And all the flowers of April, how they beckon you to stay, Yes, from those we love the most we must hurry to our Fate,
And I who am your lover too—but still you run away. There to suffer our sea-changes—for Time and Tide won't wait.



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THE older generation likes "Wear-Ever" because it is a reminder of girlhood days when things were made to last.

There are years and years of satisfaction in "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Kitchen utensils.

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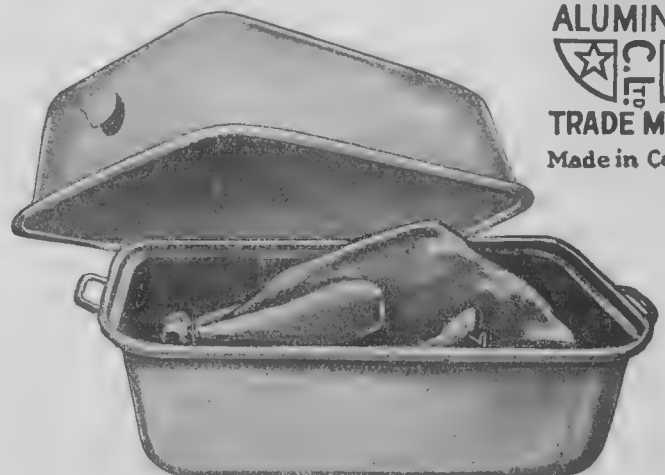
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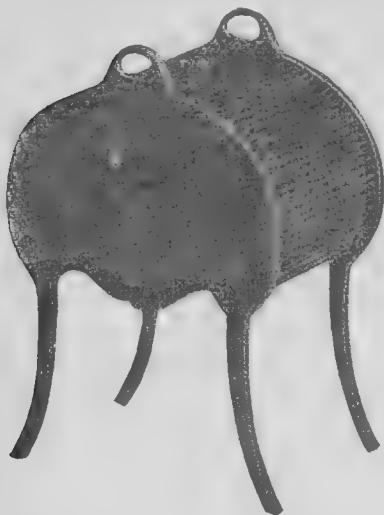
TRADE MARK Made in Canada



The Gift for the Home Lover

Choosing the Present That May Bring Double Pleasure

By Katherine M. Caldwell



Unique Type of Sewing Cabinet

THE Christmas season is so essentially the Home season, that when we are giving "the top of our thoughts" to the great question of gift-making it seems more than reasonable that we should consider the gift that will add something of comfort and charm to the home. Often, such a gift will be to the family, from the family—an idea worth dwelling upon. Again, it will be of greatest significance to some one member of the family, and will be especially a gift to her or to him, a gift with a double mission, as it were—its ability to give pleasure or to help the recipient, and at the same time to add a little to that person's love for, and appreciation of, home.

These gifts that carry the home suggestion are limitless in number and kind. If the gift is important from the point of view of value, perhaps it will be given to the whole family—a radio set from Father, for instance, or some addition to the set the family is intent upon improving. Or perhaps the whole family will unite to give some one of its members a present too ambitious to be achieved in any other way. It is often worth while to go into executive session and consider the possibilities of combining forces to give to Mother or Dad something that has been cherished, perhaps for long, as a heart's desire. Real thought, real study beforehand, will sometimes bring miracles to pass; and if ever a season of the year should bring true thoughtfulness, surely it is Christmas.

There are any number of things that will add to the home-lover's pleasure in home itself, and so make indeed the Gift of Thoughtfulness. We sometimes grow so accustomed to our rooms as they are, that we do not think definitely of changes or additions that would improve them or add to the enjoyment of any or all of the family. But this is a good time to give them a little critical consideration, and see what might be added that would mean comfort or pleasure.

Has Mother a pretty tea-table, that would bring added joy to the pleasures of hospitality, when she has a few friends to tea now and then? And between-times, she would enjoy it, placed beside her chair in the evening, to hold sewing-

basket or books. Or perhaps one of the trim little sewing-tables, that open on top or have a drawer or two to hold all the little conveniences together, would be very acceptable. There is the popular Martha Washington type of sewing-table developed in polished woods, that has considerable capacity; others will follow the slim square lines which are so neat and satisfying; another excellent type is of wicker or reed, with a deep basket-top and perhaps a handy little shelf below. And if possible, see that a full equipment of scissors, needles, thread and the like, are included—for it is a fact known to every woman that a really complete sewing kit is something of a luxury, something that even the woman who requires it most does not always provide for herself. But let me sound this warning also—having provided the small tools for the convenience of one person, leave them to her! Consider them sacred! If that is not made the family rule, the contents of the handy and pretty work box will soon be scattered, family fashion, and the gift will be no longer a gift—it will cease to function.

If a tea-table should happen to be of interest, let me mention some of the most beguiling types that are offered in the shops just now. Since the small

table that is meant to be useful at a given moment is rather likely to be defeated in its chief purpose if it is at all times used as the catch-all a table in the living-room is apt to become, there is often a special argument in favor of the tea-table that drops its leaves or folds one neatly under the other, in the manner of the old-fashioned card-tables. Such a table is also to be recommended if space is at a premium—it can be reduced to very narrow proportions indeed, and will slip into a most insignificant bit of space against the wall, helping to make a pretty grouping, if it is placed below a picture or mirror, or a colorful wall-hanging, and yet wide enough only to hold a plant or a bowl of flowers.

Another much-liked type of table is the revived "pie-crust" table of our grandmothers' day. Its fluted edge, delicate pedestal and tilting top (which at the mere loosening of a bolt, may be tilted up against the wall, a little picture in itself) make it very lovable. The "butterfly table" has also been taken up by the manufacturer of modern furniture, and with its two spreading leaves, or "wings," becomes quite commodious when its services are required, and equally retiring when its leaves are lowered.

It may be that one of these suggestions will fit delightfully into the plans for some member of the household—or it may be that you have a young housekeeper on your Christmas list who will be doubly delighted with a gift that will help to furnish the new home.

THE person who loves to read or delights in fine stitchery in the long winter evenings, brings the thought of a table lamp to mind. Or perhaps one of the not-too-tall floor lamps, that were first made, it seems, at the behest of the bridge players who needed a low-hung lamp to light the card-table—and so go usually under the name of bridge-lamps.

The stand is some fifty or sixty inches high, as a rule, with an adjustable arm that raises or lowers the light to the exact point of greatest comfort and usefulness. They are a great improvement upon the first of the pedestal lamps—soldierly affairs, tall and rigid and far above companionable adjustment at the arm of one's chair or over the table used for work or games.

New shades for old lamps, is perhaps a timely suggestion—it is amazing how much magic can be wrought in a room by such simple means. The materials for pretty shades for the side-brackets in a bedroom or for a well-shaped shade for a favorite reading-lamp, are inexpensive, and the person who is clever with her needle can fashion from them a very worth-while gift indeed.

Turning for a moment to interests that are distinctly masculine—is there a smoker in your house who would value a sensible ash-tray on a pedestal, that could be moved alongside a favorite chair, bringing matches and tidiness with it? Sometimes the smoker's stand is a more elaborate affair, built somewhat along the lines of a sewing-table, with a humidor in the top; again, it will be no more than a slim pedestal, supporting a removable tray and a match-box.

Walnut and mahogany are most used, or their finishes are given to softer woods. Gay little stands are also cut out from light wood and painted—some of them taking the shape of an admirable butler, holding the ash-tray in an ever-attentive hand; a dainty or a Chinaman sometimes takes the place of the decorous "Perkins."

I have seen these quite cleverly made by a boy who is handy with tools; a paper pattern is first cut, showing the figure in profile; this is traced on light wood, cut out, and appropriately painted.

Another triumph of a manual-training-class student that aroused my admiration not long ago, was a delightful tray, with a folding stand on the old "sawhorse" principle; it had been sandpapered to a glass-like smoothness, then given coat after coat of lacquer in a delightful shade of green; the proud mother who received it would not have traded its distinctiveness and charm for the handsomest tea-table that could be offered her.

A CHAIR often makes the best of gifts—a really comfortable reading chair for Dad, a wing-chair or small tub-chair, well upholstered, for Mother. Again it is necessary to study the needs and likes of the individual, to settle upon just the right thing; one must think, too, of the furnishings it is to consort with; arrived so far, we shall find a broad choice—deep-cushioned over-stuffed chairs, small and large; trim, high-backed, narrow-armed chairs, with or without wings, that are quite distinctive; inviting, low chairs of the "tub" variety, or straight, small, but very comfortable chairs, with polished legs and comfortable cushioned seat, back and arms. Then there is a whole world of adaptable wicker, reed, rattan and the like, to fit into our requirements of cost and service.



Smoker's Stand

Have you thought of a charming hanging bookshelf, for the book-lover who never has quite enough housing space for his possessions? Or for the school-girl whose pride in her own room will be greatly increased when she is the owner of say a pair, of very narrow, slim, tall sets of shelves, to hang on either side of her study table or her bed-head? In her case the shelves will perhaps be painted a soft blue or an apple green or dull rose, to match the color scheme of her room.

For the flower-lover—what of a wicker stand that could be placed in a sunny window, and would hold in its metal liner a whole row of pots? If the pots were already in place, with well-started bulbs poking energetic green shoots above the earth in them, the gift would be sure of a welcome anywhere! Returned soldiers have gone in for basket-weaving very extensively—all Canada is now familiar with the charming "Hope-brand" woven products that are the work of the blind, and besides the wicker stands for flowers, there are baskets made in all lengths, to set upon the window-sill—with metal liners that make them quite complete. Jardinieres for a single pot are also made—and an endless array of baskets and hearth-brooms (delightful affairs like a tufted witch-broom with handles stained orange or blue or green) and sandwich trays etcetera.

Is there one member of your family who would truly appreciate a pretty little writing-desk? Or is a sturdier desk or writing-table just the thing that would fill a long-felt want if it were sent to the family, with love from itself? There is much to be said, sometimes, for a plan

Continued on page 98



A Decorative Tea Wagon



A Delightful Table Lamp

Simplicity

By Nellie McClung

IN these critical days when all established orders are being assailed we sometimes wonder if Christmas will endure. Will the divine essence of love and goodwill be so diluted by the artificial ice-water of commercialism that the blessed flavor will be entirely lost?

We wonder sometimes how many mothers there are who, worn out with sewing and cooking, sleepless with trying to make one dollar do the work of two, heave a sigh of relief when it is over? How many fathers dread that blighting ingathering of "please remit" bills which come as a result of its extravagances. So often the standard of Christmas spending is set by childless couples or those whose family is one-twelfth of a dozen—that it comes hard on the parents of real families to hold the pace; and it is hard to disappoint the children we love when their little hearts are set on the sort of train their friend (the only child) got last year.

What do the people in the stores think of it? With their aching feet and whirling brains, and their long hours? Do they see any reflection of its Blessed Founder in the endless throngs of nervous, tired, unreasonable people, hunting wildly for offerings to present to other tired and restless people?

Will the girl at the Notions Counter wake on Christmas morning with a song of "Peace on earth—goodwill to men" on her lips?

We hazard the guess that she will not.

The trouble seems to be that in our observation of Christmas we have lost our simplicity. Indeed, simplicity is getting to be just a word, a pleasant woodland echo, something of the nature of lavender and old lace. "Penny Plain" has a poor chance of being chosen these days against "Tuppence Colored." We like our roses long stemmed and in two dozen lots, and candy in a six pound ivory box. In our decorations we prefer banked ferns, bowers of flowers, ropes of smilax. One orchestra is not enough, we want "massed bands." We rush to the pictures that are described as "overwhelming," "stupendous," with millions of dollars spent, and much property destroyed to obtain one scene. If a few people were killed in getting this scene, the advance advertising will tell us and it will help to bring the crowd. We like realism, smashing and prodigious, something that is the biggest the world has ever seen.

Who dares to advocate a return to simplicity to us who have tasted the delights of wealth and magnificence and high life?

THE movies have brought the wealth of the world to us. No longer is it merely glimpses of crimson carpets and graceful stairways that we get through opened doors. As the guests assemble we wander through the homes of grandeur, we stand beside the carved tables, and bask in the gleam of the crystal chandeliers, and sit with our hero at the glittering banquet table.

No wonder when the little girl at the notions goes home to her father's modest little house on the 25-foot lot, and goes up the narrow stairway to her room at the head of the stairs, and turns on the light that hangs on the head of the iron bed, revealing the painted floor (worn in front of the elm dresser) with its one rag rug which never will lie straight, she feels the contrast bitterly, and in her mind refers to the little house, which has given her shelter, as "this dump."

You see, the satsuma vases, the palms, the carving, the sweeping vista of more rooms, more palms, dwarfs her little

home into something mean and shame-worthy. Something of this spirit is showing itself in the tendency of people to entertain their friends at the hotels and restaurants. It is not because the women are not capable or willing to cook. Almost every woman likes to cook and likes to entertain her friends. But our inflated standards make the ordinary person's means of entertaining seem poor and unworthy.

We are in danger of forgetting that the essence of hospitality does not lie in the china or the cut glass or even in the food. It is in the coming into our life, even for this brief space, of our friend. We want our friend to feel the vibrations of our house, and all that is in it, and to know that every chair and cup is friendly.

I HAVE a friend who cooks for workmen on the railway. For four years she has had the same car, where she feeds a gang of the men, ranging in number from eight to fifteen. In this car she has every convenience to make her work light and her life pleasant. She has been stationed in many parts of the province and has learned to cook at her small stove with the car in motion. She is well paid and lives happily with ample time to read and pursue her own inclinations. Twice I have been invited to her car for a meal, and on these occasions I have tasted the real delight of hospitality. If she had been cursed with a false pride she might have taken me to the hotel for a meal, but she is a woman of poise and culture, who dignifies any position by doing her work

joyously. I will always remember the two occasions when I had dinner with her, and the men, with great pleasure. Poles and Swedes, Canadians and Englishmen (my friend is an American), we sat and ate together, and the conversation would compare quite well with the conversation heard at the ordinary tea, where the lights are shaded and the air sweet with the perfume of flowers and the rustle of silk.

NOW, I am not trying to prove that the pictures are doing us an injury in showing us the homes of the rich. Far from it. Beauty is nourishing and healing to our souls. If the sight of beautiful rooms and lovely gardens leaves us discontented and cast down and disturbed indicates a lack in our own souls. Beauty belongs to the eye that sees it.

The trouble with us is that our material advancement has gone far ahead of our spiritual progress. We are still rather breathless over the rich treasures that have come to us in the last few years, and a time of adjustment is always fraught with danger.

Christmas time, with its sweet memories, its heart-warming associations, is a good time for us to lay hold again of the things which endure; to hold to the substance forsaking the shadow.

Humanity has a way of coming back to the things that are sweet and sound and true.

Beating Dad to It

"Halloa, Jimmy, where are you going?"

"I'm going home. Ma is going to spank me."

"But why are you in such a hurry?"

"Because if I don't get home there soon pa will be in, and he'll do it."

Don't trust a Water strange to you
Or sign a Paper not read through.

HELP YOURSELF TO HEALTH

H. K. Kellogg



Takes pep to make your
sax out-talk the banjo!

JOYOUS music! Lots of Pep! Up and down the scale. Takes pep to be the life of all the party! Pep in tune and player!

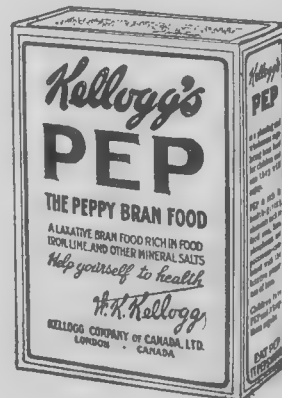
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Christmas Music

By a Winnipeg Musician

DEEPENING snow, the early twilight and long wintry evenings bring us to the realization that soon we shall be celebrating the greatest event of the whole Christian year—the Nativity. As the joyous season approaches our hearts dwell increasingly on the old traditions that form a link with that romantic past of long ago, out of which emerge the dim figures of artless, unlettered forefathers, who felt very vividly the significance of the Birth. Around the cradle of the glorious Infant has arisen an endless song; music has paid tribute in some of its grandest and also some of its simplest yet most enduring and vital forms. And it is in the simplest forms that our dearest associations lie. In an over-sophisticated age before whose fierce materialism many a sensitive soul must shrink the ancient folksongs take us back through the centuries to a young red-blooded world, inclined to be crude and boisterous in its pleasures but eager in its sympathy and tender and child-like in the presence of certain aspects of its religion. We have a heritage of Christmas customs which are the strangest mixture of Paganism and Christianity. They are colored by the merry old heathen Yule upon which the early fathers of the church grafted the solemnization of the Lord's birthday.

"Yule" to those Saxon and Nordic races denoted the feast of Thor—a time of mingled banqueting, drinking and dancing with sacrifices and other religious ceremonies. Due largely to the influence of this extensive holiday is the purely festive character of many of our best known Christmas songs. They reflect the feelings of a populace that was even more interested in the actual festivities of the season than in the event the church was busy commemorating. On the other hand there are a lot of Christmas carols, among them some of the most ancient, which refer exclusively to the incidents of the Incarnation. They are picturesque attempts of a plain, rustic people to present in verse and song the legendary versions of the Gospel narrative.

About Martlemas, November 11, our sturdy ancestors began their winter revels, with especial jubilation for the twelve days prescribed by the current law. They evidently had a reputation for good living. The Italians have a proverb which translated, runs: "He has more business than English ovens at Christmas." One reads of a "glutton-mass" which took place in 1415 during the five days of the Festival of the Virgin. The people rose early and attended mass, throughout which they ate and drank furiously. As in France, the very altar held rich puddings and other choice viands. On Christmas Eve carol singers tramped the rural districts filling the air with the old songs of the heavenly gift and earth's comforts, impartially mixed. Towns and cities had their waits who visited benevolent patrons.

In one form or another the same thing may be traced throughout Europe. Martin Luther writes that in his youth he sang from door to door with a carol-party who could perform in parts. In common with the English waits were the German Zinkenisten (or Zink-players). France seems always to have had carol singing as an important feature of her Christmas ceremonies. In church, home and hostel her peasants sang their Noels and she has a great number of ancient as well as comparatively modern ones. Italy's Christmas pieces were the product of her church composers some of whom had no qualms about using popular, secular tunes and adorning them for sacred purposes.

BRIEFLY we follow the history of our Christmas music down through the centuries. It is St. Luke who tells of the singing of the first Noel out in the Judean hills. That hymn of the angels, the Gloria in Excelsis was destined to become in the year 129 the first carol of

the church. Among the early outpourings we still treasure a quaint concoction from mediæval France which was sung as a prominent part of the ceremony of the annual Fete de l'Ane. The custom was to have, on the Feast of the Circumcision, a maiden with a child in her arms and riding an ass—recalling the Flight into Egypt—advance through the chief streets of the small towns of Beavais and Sens, followed by a motley crowd chanting the "Prose de l'Ane." We still sing this famous air (Orientibus Partibus); it is also associated with the Rev. J. H. Clark's translation from the Latin, beginning:

"Soldiers who are Christ's below
Strong in Faith, resist the foe—"
which is in the Anglican "Hymns Ancient and Modern." Also to be found in that hymnal is the tune Corde Natus ex Parentis (a 13th century manuscript preserves it so it is much older) sung

allowed to indulge in such frolics only at Christmas time. The 16th and 17th centuries saw folk song melodies treated in polyphonic style, due principally to the genius of Palestrina. He used them as a basis for his austere beautiful masses and motets. Under this influence ecclesiastical music was uplifted from the artificiality and trickery into which it had fallen and such men as Byrd and Tallis and Marbeck in England, Du Caurroy of France and Sweelnick of the Netherlands wrote noble, full anthems. Bach and Handel ascended like stars on the horizon and left imperishable Yuletide music for us in the Christmas Oratorio and the Messiah. But mighty as those developments were they left the carol untouched. It remained a thing of the people and it had now reached high tide. It could be the product only of rusticity and simple thought. Though folk song is not neces-



Answered

By Jean Mitchell Smith

*I saw an aged beggar woman at a holy tryst,
Before a cathedral window, alone;
She knelt and prayed to the pictured Christ,
Earnestly, on the cold grey stone.*

*"If 'tis Thy will, let sweet release be mine,
And in the sunshine of Thy love,
May I pass thro' the vale to a garden divine,
With jasmine, pinks and foxglove.*

*I pray Thy priest will save the sacring oils
To ease a wayward heart a-dying.
I have seen starry places in my earthly toils,
Mother love passeth understanding."*

■ * *

*"Ah, Sweet Madonna," sighed a well drest passerby,
My mother rests on yon hill by the sea,
Silvery was her tresses, and her voice a lullaby,
Wilt thou let me love and succor thee?"*

to "Of the Father's Love Begotten." Tempus adest Floridum is another fine early carol, originally meant for spring which we sing happily to Rev. J. M. Neale's piece about "Good King Wenceslas."

Latin was still used for prose. Those were the days of the Troubadours in southern France—light-hearted, irresponsible fellows with a song for every occasion and who in contrast with the conservatism of the ecclesiastical musicians, brought to life a new, living art; of the Trouveres of northern France the Minnesingers of Germany, of England's gleemen and minstrels and of Italy with singers in her own language.

One of the treasures from the 14th century is the splendid "In Dulci Jubilo" which is familiar to us in Dr. Neale's paraphrase "Good Christian Men Rejoice" and there is also the Advent hymn "Creator of the Starry Heights" to the tune Conditor Alme Siderum. Fifteenth century England is remarkable for the rise of the Moralities and Mysteries which were played at Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide by choir boys, monks and minstrels. From this period the carols, used as interludes of the plays, are supposed to have originated. Masques, pageants and all kinds of revels were in high favor though by a decree of Henry VIII's the working classes were

sarily ancient, our modern society is too self conscious and complex to generate much of it.

Typical of the Tudor period folksongs on Christmas themes is the good old "God Rest You Merry Gentlemen," the complete essence of which can be heard only when it is sung in polyphonic harmony with the melody in the tenor as at first intended. The Boar's Head carol is still sung each Christmas at Queen's College, Oxford. This illustrious combination of tune and verse was immensely enjoyed last winter at the dinner held by the Winnipeg Centre, Canadian College of Organists. An imposing procession led off in traditional style with the boar's head lighted with tapers and borne on a platter. Among other old carols sung on that occasion were the striking "Wassail, Wassail," the beautiful "In the Ending of the Year" written in the Doric mode, "Holly and the Ivy," the key to which is the eternally old, eternally new clash between master and mistress as to who shall rule the roost; "This Endres Nyght," a 15th century English carol (No. 47 in the excellent "Songs of Praise" compilation issued by the Oxford of University Press); and the well known "Non Nobis Domine" (Grace after meat).

ONE must mention too that fine ancient carol of the Christmas waits "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night" (tune, Winchester old), "The First Nowell," such a quaint effusion as the Cherry Carol with its:

"Joseph was an old man
And an old man was he
When he wedded Mary
In the land of Galilee

and the old German, "I Heard an Infant Weeping" which one may find in one of the valuable little Cowley Carol books. In this same collection is the exquisite "A Virgin Most Pure" in the Mixolydian mode with the traditional words, beginning:

"In Bethlehem Jewry a city there was," and concluding:

"Then presently after the shepherds did spy
A number of angels that stood in the sky;

They joyfully talked and sweetly did sing,
To God be all Glory our Heavenly King"

Hymns are taking the place of the traditional carols which year by year are heard less and less. Modern carols in the strict sense of the word usually follow the type of the ordinary part-song. English musicians lately, however, have been showing much interest in the ancient Christmas folk song and composers are arranging or using them as models for new works that choirs and individual singers delight in. At the date of writing preparations are being made for a Yuletide performance by Holy Trinity Choir in Winnipeg, of a Vaughan Williams composition entitled "The Shepherds On the Delectable Mountains." The composer allots solos to four tenors and one baritone; the major portion of the composition is occupied with a dialogue between three shepherds, a pilgrim and a messenger. Against the one chorus which comes at the very end rises a woman's solo and in turn the trio of the shepherds singing a counter theme with extraordinary effect it is said. There will be an orchestral accompaniment. Greatly prized are Walford Davies' settings of "The Holly and the Ivy," Geoffrey Shaw's simpler arrangement of the same carol, R. L. de Pearsall's settings of In Dulci Jubilo and the Boar's Head Carol. Healey Willan, an English musician who has been living in Toronto for several years has written the extremely effective, "There were Shepherds Abiding in the Field." His Christmas song of the 14th century, Dickens's arrangement of "From the Heavens the Angels Come," the carol, "A Child is Born," Chadwick, Jungst's Christmas Hymn of the 17th century and "To Us Is Born Immanuel," by Praetorius, are all held in esteem by choir-masters who seek a fine type of music for this season in contrast to much that is unworthy. Our larger choral bodies everywhere will be rehearsing the "Messiah," and excerpts from Bach's Christmas oratorio one of the best-liked numbers of which is the "Break Forth O Beauteous Heavenly Light."

Out of the continually growing body of Christmas hymns that Yuletide congregations would not willingly forego are Mendelssohn's "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," Sir John Goss's, "See Amid the Winter's Snow," Perkins, "Carol, Sweetly Carol," "Holy Night," from 19th century Germany, "O Come all Ye Faithful," (tune Adeste Fidelis) and even E. J. Hopkins' much maligned, "We Three Kings of Orient Are" with its "terrible rhythm and chorus that begins with a cry of pain," according to one disdainful Winnipeg choirmaster.

CANADA'S Christmas is an inheritance of almost every country in Europe. England, however, has given us most since in no part of the world has Yuletide been welcomed more wholeheartedly than in that "green and pleasant land" and a natural result of this is the affectionate hold her carols have on the

people. We must remember that tradition alone perpetuated most of them. Scotland and Ireland and the Scandinavian countries have given us little in Christmas folksong but you may hear that of France, Germany, Russia, Poland and Italy in the homes and churches that their sons and daughters have made for themselves in this new land. The Russian may dwell longingly on colder, happier Christmas in his country, when the peasants—parents and children—and the church choirs sang their traditional songs under the windows of the well-to-do and responded gladly to the offers of hospitality and coopeks within. Holiday-makers flying along snowy roads in little sleighs with horses in brave trappings, would smile or shout merrily at them. The German talks of bells across the sea pealing out sweet messages early on Christmas eve and of rosy-cheeked families trooping solemnly to church where stands the big Christmas tree, two trees, perhaps, one on each side of the altar and decorated from top to bottom with tall white candles. But the practise of singing carols, he regrets, has passed away.

To what extent is Canada absorbing this legacy of the nations within her Dominion and what is she adding to it of her own? I leave these questions for the reader to answer.

Music Language for the Children

IN its last analysis, music is a language, and it grows to the fullness of form, color and content, very much as do the materials of language itself. It would be absurd to teach children to speak by starting them on the alphabet, yet that is what too many people still try to do with the language of music. We let children gain their first vocabulary and considerable fluency of speech entirely by imitation, and in exactly the same way we should let them, and adults as well, pick up the essentials of musical language "by ear."

After they have become accustomed to the sounds of music, and can perhaps utter them with some confidence, there is time enough to begin the study of musical spelling, grammar and rhetoric. They will find the notes of music literally corresponding to the letters of the alphabet, and chord combinations corresponding to words of varying simplicity or elaborateness. They will find that these letters and words can be built up into phrases, clauses and whole sentences; that sentences grow naturally into paragraphs, and paragraphs into chapters.

The language of music is universal, for it is delivered through tones that everyone can hear, and in symbols that anyone can understand. And it has the vast advantage over any and every spoken language that even when it is imperfectly comprehended, it rewards the listener with a direct thrill of pleasure that no one can take away from him, and for which there is no substitute.

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Ad Infinitum

By Albert Wilton

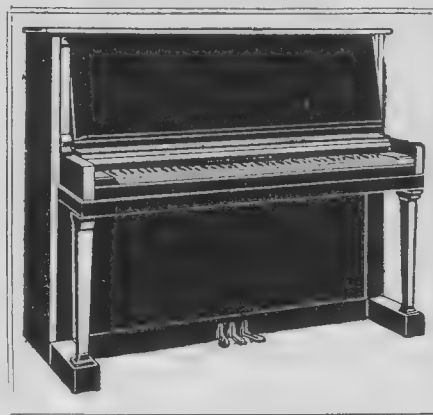
When Twilight falls
I live the years in seconds,
While diamonds in the purpling sky
Come twinkling one by one,
To ask me why
I see a hand that beckons;
When Twilight falls,
From out the velvet stealing
Come spirits of the veiling Night
Soft whispering one by one
To clear my sight,
This soul of mine finds healing;
Soft voices call
From both the past and future,
A-searching out the paths I grope
For joys that I have won,
To bring me hope
That He may say, well done!

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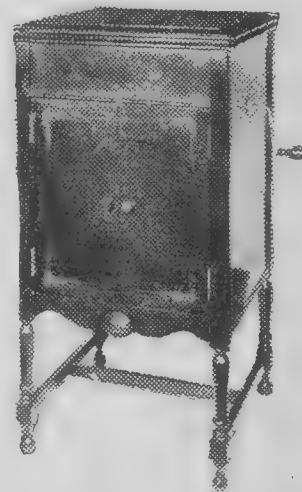
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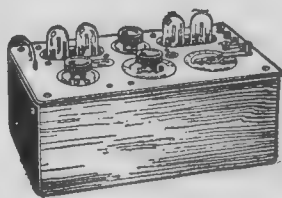


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The Flying Prairie Premier

Hon. John Bracken, Premier of Manitoba, Has Made Flights Over Great Northern and North-eastern Areas of the Province and Has Had a Swim in Hudson Bay in the First Week in September

By W. J. Healy, Provincial Librarian of Manitoba



PREMIER BRACKEN BEING ACCOUTRED FOR A FLIGHT (SHOWING THE PARACHUTE FASTENED TO HIM, THE UMBRELLA PART BEING FOLDED UP TO BE SAT ON IN THE SEAPLANE)

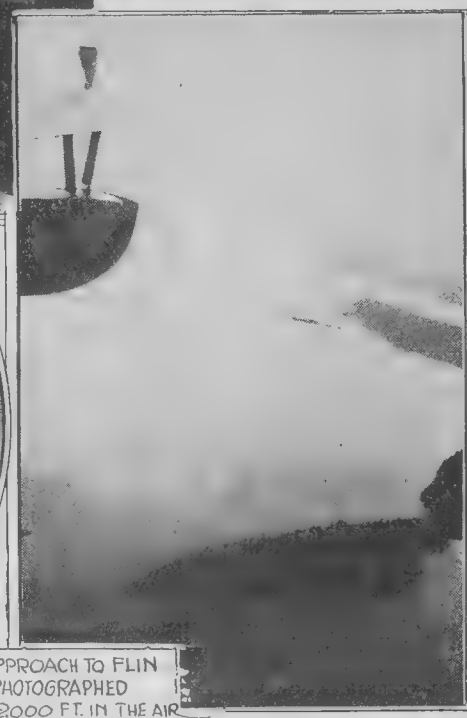


PREMIER BRACKEN & BRIG-GEN. R. W. PATERSON SPRINTING ON THE BEACH AT NELSON, AFTER A SWIM IN HUDSON BAY ON SEPT. 2, 1924



THE APPROACH TO FLIN FLON PHOTOGRAPHED FROM 2000 FT. IN THE AIR

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: H.E. BENNETT, E.L. MASTERSON, GEORGE McLELLAN, OF THE PAS; LUKE CLEMENS, NEPHEW OF MARK TWAIN, FREIGHTER FROM MILE 214 TO THE BAY; MRS. H.K. CLEMENTS, OF THE CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD STAFF; PREMIER BRACKEN, TOWN POLICEMAN OLIVER KLUTZ, OF THE PAS.



THERE may be other Premiers in Canada who have gone up into the air, but there is no other Canadian Premier who has a flying record comparable with that of Hon. John Bracken, Premier of Manitoba. He began his flying experience in the summer of 1924, when he went up in a Vickers Viking seaplane from the Forestry Patrol Sub-Station at Norway House, with Flying Officer L. R. Charron. On that flight he circled round Playgreen Lake, north of Lake Winnipeg. Later in the same year he travelled out from The Pas to the end of the steel on the Hudson's Bay Railway, and from there by canoe to Nelson, on Hudson Bay. On September 2 of that year he swam in that great sea, the Mediterranean of this continent, on which Manitoba has a long coast line—the only prairie province with a salt water frontage. No other premier of Manitoba ever saw Hudson Bay. Sir Rodmond Roblin, in 1912, the year in which his government secured the extension of the boundaries of Manitoba to Hudson's Bay, visited The Pas. Hon. T. C. Norris, who before he became Premier had visited The Pas in 1914, made a visit to that section of the province as Premier a few years later; in 1914 he travelled some distance on a gasoline jigger from The Pas on the Hudson's Bay Railway, and on his visit as Premier he travelled from The Pas towards Flin Flon as far as Sturgeon Landing.

When Mr. Bracken made his second visit to The Pas in 1925 he went on an extended flight from the Forestry Patrol Sub-station at Cormorant Lake, 42 miles north of The Pas, with Flying Officer Stevenson. On that flight he travelled over a great area of mineralized territory, in which there is much pulpwood. In the past summer he made a long flight from the sub-station at Lac du Bonnet over the eastern mining area of Manitoba and the routes of the proposed two railways in that part of the province; on that flight he went over all the power developments on the Winnipeg River, at Pine Falls, Great Falls,

Pinnawa and Point du Bois, then, going east to the Ontario boundary, he flew north over that boundary and circled over Rice Lake, Bulldog Lake, Long Lake and the other eastern mining districts and followed the Manigotagan River to Lake Winnipeg, and then back to Lac du Bonnet. Another flight he made from Lac du Bonnet last summer was at the inauguration of the aerial flight service from Kenora to the Red Lake mining areas and the other mining areas in North-eastern Manitoba and Northern Ontario.

Still later in the summer he visited The Pas region again and flew from Cormorant Lake to Flin Flon over the present water and wagon route and the line of the proposed railway from The Pas to Flin Flon. On that flight he was accompanied by Mrs. Hal Kane Clements, of the staff of the Chicago Record-Herald, who had already made flights from all the eastern sub-stations of the Dominion Forestry Patrol Service. One of the accompanying photographs shows a group of The Pas on the occasion of Premier Bracken's arrival there. Standing next to Mrs. Clements in the centre of the group is a big dark man, who is one of the best-known figures in Northern Canada. He is Luke Clemens, the nephew of Mark Twain. He carries on the business of freighting from Mile 214 of the Hudson's Bay Railway to the Bay. From The Pas to Mile 214 on that railway freighting is done in ordinary railway cars drawn by an ordinary railway engine. From Mile 214, where Pikwitonap Station is to Mile 332 at Kettle Rapids, Mr. Clemens does his freighting by gasoline jigger. The steel ends at Mile 333, with 92 miles of steel still to be laid in order to complete the line to Hudson's Bay. Over that 92 miles Mr. Clemens does his freighting by canoe.

Of all the flying Premier Bracken has done, no flight was made over a travelled route of more historic interest than his flight along Winnipeg River, over the route the explorers and fur-traders travelled from the east to the west.

When Premier Bracken flew over Pine Falls a few months ago he saw the Manitoba Company's mill, a structure 800 feet long, with its roof in some parts more than a 100 feet from the ground, being hastened to completion. He saw the many buildings which make the beginning of the town of Pine Falls. Over that route the Red River Expedition, under Colonel Wolseley, travelled 56 years ago last summer, on its way from Lake Superior to Fort Garry, which stronghold Louis Riel and his associates had seized and over which they had raised the flag of their "Provisional Government." It was a journey of heavy toils and hardships through a wilderness of streams and lakes and forests. The boats, the cannon, all the stores and provisions had to be dragged over no less than 47 portages in that journey of 600 miles.

It was on August 20, 1870, that the expedition made its last portage at Pine Falls. In the narrative published in London the following year by Captain G. L. Huyshe, who was Colonel Wolseley's chief-of-staff, there are thrilling pages about running rapids on the Winnipeg River, and portaging past the waterfalls and cataracts, from which electric power now streams into Winnipeg, leaping from tower to tower of skeleton steel along the transmission cables. At Pine Falls, it is plain, Captain Huyshe was not sorry that there were to be no more portages around rapids too perilous to run in a canoe. He hastens to the end of that chapter of his book:

"The volume of water (at Pine Falls) is very great, and the scenery magnificent and picturesque; but we were in such a hurry to get on that we had little time to admire these beauties. The lights of Fort Alexander, visible some distance down the river, stimulated us to renewed exertions, in the prospect of food and rest. We arrived there late in the evening, tired, wet and hungry. 'No more portages, thank God!' we exclaimed, as the boat grounded on the sandy beach, and we answered the hail

of the men of the 60th, all of whom, with the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers, had arrived before us. Fort Alexander is prettily situated on the left bank of the Winnipeg River, about a couple of miles above its junction with Lake Winnipeg, standing on high ground forty or fifty feet above the river. From the top of a wooden tower thirty feet high, built in front of the post, an extensive view can be had of the surrounding country; to the right, the broad river is visible for many miles winding amongst the thick pine woods; to the left, the vast expanse of Lake Winnipeg spreading out like the ocean itself, as far as the eye can reach. Mr. Donald Smith, who was awaiting the arrival of Colonel Wolseley, kindly gave us supper, to which we did ample justice. Seldom have I enjoyed anything more thoroughly than the fresh bread and butter which he set before us, or the pipe of peace which followed the meal."

A year ago last summer Pine Falls and the surrounding country looked the same as on that August day 56 years ago when Donald A. Smith, the future Lord Strathcona, saw to it that supper was ready at Fort Alexander. In July of last year the present writer was at Pine Falls, and looked about him at "the scenery magnificent and picturesque." He saw what the Red River Expedition saw at Pine Falls.

When Premier Bracken was there last summer he saw in the bays of the broad river, which with their wide accommodation for pulpwood help to make the site such an admirable one for a paper mill, acres of pulpwood tethered by booms. He saw the water tumbling down over Pine Falls after it had been turning the great turbines at the three big power developments far up the river. He saw a great and wonderful invasion of the wilderness, whose most impressive aspect is that it is a presage of greater things to come in the developments of the vast and varied natural resources of the immense northern regions of Central Canada.

Home Doctor

Influenza

TRUE influenza, or la grippe, is caused by a very minute germ known as Pfeiffer's bacillus, which lodges and multiplies in the mucous membrane of the nose and the throat. The bacilli are often present without giving rise to any symptoms, and the persons who harbor them go about coughing and sneezing occasionally, as well people sometimes do. By that means they scatter the germs into the air to be breathed in by more susceptible persons, who thereupon fall sick.

As a rule influenza begins suddenly with a chill, fever, headache, limb ache, eye ache, and a general feeling of illness; there may or may not be the symptoms of an ordinary cold in the head or the chest in addition; if not, those will come later. In the epidemic of 1889 the symptoms of the influenza were most pronounced in the head, the ears especially being affected; in the present epidemic the lungs have borne the brunt of the attack, and most of the victims have died from pneumonia or broncho-pneumonia.

Influenza epidemics are usually most severe at the beginning; they first attack the large number of susceptible individuals, always found in a community that has been free from the disease for a long time. Then they subside; but, like a fire that has spent its force in a fierce blaze, they smoulder along, picking out here and there those who escaped at the beginning of the outbreak. It is probable that after the first great danger has passed we shall have occasional cases of the disease for several months, if not for several years.

It is imperative, therefore, for everyone to observe the necessary precautions not only for his own good but to avoid endangering his neighbors. The germs are on the surface of the moist mucous membranes, and are expelled enclosed in minute droplets of fluid every time the person sneezes, coughs, or even talks rapidly and forcibly. The obvious thing to do, therefore when coughing or sneezing, is that which common decency always demands—to hold your handkerchief in front of your mouth and nose. In talking, keep at a reasonable distance and do not "sputter" into your listener's face. Spitting in public places should be absolutely forbidden, and the laws on that point should be rigidly enforced. Any secretion that is coughed up should be deposited in the handkerchief or in a piece of soft paper; indeed, it would be well if everyone used paper napkins, which can be burned when soiled, instead of handkerchiefs.

The things to remember are, that influenza is a dangerous disease, and that any person taken with the symptoms above mentioned should go to bed and stay there until the doctor gives him permission to get up; that the disease is spread chiefly if not wholly by germs thrown out into the air by coughing, sneezing, expectorating and talking, and that the precautions we have outlined should be observed by everyone, whether sick or well.

Infantile Diarrhoea

TO give anything to check the diarrhoea is very dangerous. Instead of that, let us follow Nature's lead, and give a laxative as soon as the stomach is emptied. Castor oil is an old standby because it is thorough and is soothing. For a baby of one year or less give a teaspoonful; from one to five years give a dessertspoonful; and to older children give a full table-spoonful.

If the looseness continues or the bowel movements are not yet normal it may be wise to follow the castor oil next day with eight or ten drops of spiced rhubarb every three hours for several doses. If the child is over a year old, give fifteen or twenty drops according to age. If fever or diarrhoea still continues, a physician should be called as he will probably think best to give calomel as this sweetens and disinfects very

thoroughly. Of course the doses are very tiny and should be followed next day by a saline laxative. A doctor who has examined the child's condition should indicate what these should be.

When baby is again put to the breast, the nursing intervals should be at least four hours and the amount limited to about one-fourth the usual quantity. The barley or rice water may be given between nursings. Work back very gradually (taking several days) to the regular nursing schedule.

If baby is artificially fed, much the same course is pursued. First, all milk is taken away and withheld for several days after the acute symptoms have disappeared. Barley water, boiled water, rice water, and whey may be given to quench thirst.

Give the castor oil and rhubarb as previously mentioned.

Barley water is made by taking one level tablespoonful of prepared barley flour, rubbed smooth with sufficient cold water; add one pint of boiling water and a pinch of salt; cook for three-fourths of an hour in a double boiler, strain through clean muslin; add as much hot water as has boiled away.

Tuberculous Joints

ALTHOUGH tuberculosis has a special affinity for the breathing apparatus and is generally associated in the public mind with the lungs, it will nevertheless attack any part of the body and is known by different names according to the part it attacks. The old-fashioned popular name, "consumption," is generally applied and limited to the lungs; the meaning is that the disease is literally consuming. When the trouble appears in the brain it is called "meningitis," or "tuberculous meningitis" to distinguish it from other forms; and when the spine is the seat of the disorder it is known as "Pott's disease."

But the tuberculosis does not always select vital organs or the larger bones. It often appears in the knee, in the elbow, in the ankle or in the wrist. When that happens it is most important that it should be treated early, not only because the constant wearing pain causes a decline in health, but also because delay is almost sure to mean permanent injury to the joint. A neglected case naturally goes on to form an abscess, and an abscess means inevitable loss of sleep and appetite. After it has ripened and discharged there often ensues a long period of weakening discharges that ends in an operation for the removal of diseased bone. In that case the patient will be left in a more or less crippled condition.

One reason why medical advice should be sought immediately when a child has something the matter with one of the joints is that rest—and complete rest of the affected part—is urgently needed. While the adults in charge may be saying, "Oh, it is just a little rheumatism," or "just a little temporary stiffness and needs a good rubbing," the mischief may be done.

Putting a joint to rest means fixing it in such a way that it cannot be used. That is to say, it must be immobilized by the use of splints or casings of plaster of Paris, which must be kept on until the physician orders their removal. Furthermore, one must remember that a child who is suffering with tuberculosis of a joint is sick generally as well as locally and needs the best of hygienic care; he particularly needs nourishing and easily digested food and a life in the open air night and day, especially at night.

"Yeast and Vest"

A party of young people were amusing themselves by guessing the answers to conundrums. One of them asked, "Why is a pancake like the sun?"

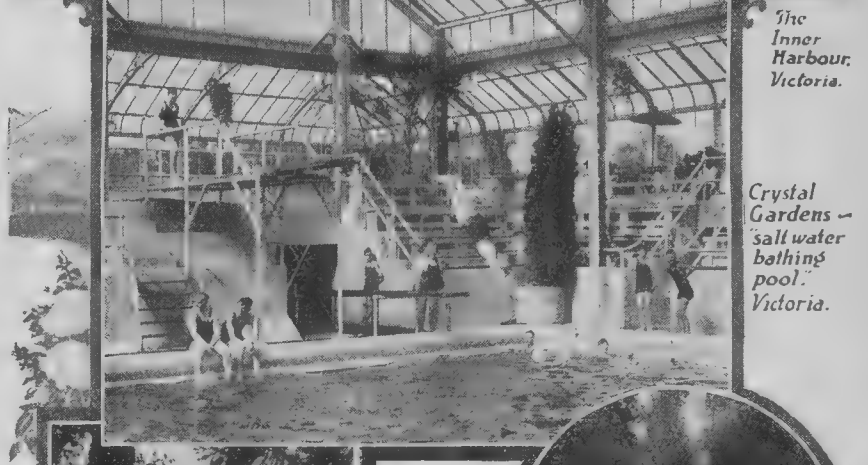
"Because it rises in der yeast and sets behind der vest" was the answer given by a brilliant young Swede.

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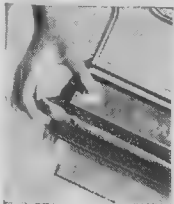
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COME LET US READ A WHILE

BY W.H.M. LIBRARIAN

I WAS prepared to loathe "The World of William Clissold," by H. G. Wells. The publicity stunts prior to publication annoyed me. Who was William Clissold? Was he Mr. Wells? Was Mr. Wells William Clissold? Was the book a novel? Wells said it was. His publishers hinted it was not. I anticipated another propaganda tract flirting with the frills of a novel. It happened that I was in St. Malo when the first thunder from the publicity cannons reached the public ear. It also happened that being without reading matter I selected from the shelf of the Tauchnitz edition "Love and Mr. Lewisham" congratulating myself that here was an old Wellsian novel that I had not as yet read. That afternoon sitting in a bright, sunny room, made still gayer by the green, red and blue wicker tables and chairs, I opened "Love and Mr. Lewisham" and began to read. My delight was punctuated with irritable moments when there floated to me bits of conversation from two fellow-countrymen discussing the forthcoming "World of William Clissold." Such scraps of conversation as these fell upon ears that would have preferred to listen to Mr. Lewisham making love—"He brings in Shaw and Dean Inge and Dr. Jung." "Every-one says that of course William Clissold is Mr. Wells himself." "All admit that it is not a novel at all," and so on. I was in London on the day of publication: I do not remember any atmospheric cataclysms. If my memory serves me, the day dawned peaceful and fair. I went out and found the London traffic running as usual, yet the world of William Clissold was for us to enter! I entered the book department of a very large store. The buyer of the department received my 7s 6d with more than customary joy. "So glad you've bought a copy, we have not sold any yet. That's the trouble with Wells. He's got his admirers, but he never goes off with a bang!" I carried home William Clissold, or H. G. Wells, I know not which, and after dinner began to read aloud: and I may say at the outset that I am convinced that this is a book to read aloud, for reader and listeners alike get full flavor of the beauty of language. I bit off the first few sentences with viciousness. "Of course it's Wells himself," I ejaculated, as if my husband were to blame for William Clissold's game of hide and seek, or charades, or I know not what. But after a few pages all irritation had fallen from me, and I was thoroughly enjoying the sound and flavor of the beauty of Mr. Wells' English. At page 35 I had to stop: a lump in my throat prevented me from reading any more. Never again shall I see Forget-Me-Nots without thinking of Wells' description of their treachery to him as a boy. That night we agreed that it was nothing but a publicity stunt, and a foolish one at that, that had aroused all the silly discussion as to whether or not "The World of William Clissold" is a novel: as to whether or not H. G. Wells is describing himself, or has indeed created a separate identity known as William Clissold. All this discussion is beside the mark. Here are some 244 pages worth reading, and beautiful to read. What does it matter that Wells may have expressed in other books some of the ideas he now puts into the mouth of the brothers William and Dickon Clissold? All that matters is that, when reading this book, we are in touch with a mind that has looked far and thought deeply and perceived with sensitiveness. What does it matter

that William Clissold most quaintly comments upon a book by his cousin Wells? All these quaint and rather foolish tricks to make copy for journalists with heated brains melt into nothingness when "Viewed from a window in Provence." Three times we have read aloud the section of the book bearing this title, and each time our enjoyment of its beauty, its truthness and its significance has been borne in upon us. Indeed I think that this survey from his villa windows near Grasse is the finest panoramic vision in modern literature, starting as it does with primitive man and ending with the painted lady. Looking through his windows in Provence Clissold-Wells views the future. "In-

has its significance, but to quote it as giving an index to the character of the book under review is rather like saying "I read 8 pages—found this—I think it will startle—I need read no more." For curiously enough not one of the reviews now on my desk (no less than eight, all from leading papers) have commented upon the section "Viewed from a window in Provence." Most of the reviewers, like those tiresome botanists who give us pages and pages of orders, genera and species, have been so busy quarrelling with Wells as to how to classify his work that they have been blind to the beauty of the flower. . . . I have been interrupted by the telephone. It was a bookseller informing me that the second volume of "The World of William Clissold" was out! Therefore I can write no more, but must hurry off to procure the sequel to the first part of "The World of William Clissold" which, call it what you like, is not "a home of rest for tired readers." It is a book to read and read again and to ponder upon. For unlike Hugh Walpole I do not find "The World of William Clissold" to be "a helter-skelter, inchoate, infinite repetition of Mr. Wells' well-known opinions on religion, Socialism, Machinery, the State and the rest." Opinions: Yes! on all these subjects and more. All worth our consideration, each one urging thought and opening up new vistas.

A Jolly Tea Party

HAROLD MUNRO, poet, publisher, bookseller, has moved his poetry bookshop from Devonshire Street where the language, so he reports, was vile and vulgar! to a venerable and sedate spot within sight of the British Museum. I am rather sorry for this. I liked the opportunity to hobnob with the bad words and evil sounds of Devonshire Street! One fears for the future of poetry if inspiration is to flow from Egyptian mummies and broken-nosed Socratic busts, but we must hope for the best. The color scheme of the new poetry bookshop is

alarming enough—pink and purple, no less! I shall miss also the dangerous cold stairway that led to the old Lecture Room. Now we walk through the shop into a pink and purple room without a stair to slip upon. The formal opening of these new premises was quite a jolly affair. Long before Harold Munro began his address on the past and future of the Poetry Bookshop there was an overflow audience standing tiptoe, and hoping that Harold Munro, like Edith Sitwell, would use a megaphone. Everybody was pretending to know everybody else. I heard one lady say excitedly "There's May Sinclair" to which her American companion replied "Is that so? Now, that's very interesting." It certainly was, for May Sinclair had suddenly taken on the height and features of Sheila Kaye-Smith, for Sheila Kaye-Smith it was and May Sinclair was nowhere to be seen. A young man with a black velvet coat over a V-shaped cardigan, unsurmounted by tie or collar, was pointed out to me as Sturge Moore. Now I happen to know that this poet is at least 60: has a flowing white beard and would rather die than be seen without a collar. But what's in a name? Nothing at all when one can spot for oneself most genial of editors St. John Adcock: the unfathomable poet Gonnoske-Komai, and W. H. Davies, with all the afternoon to spare, leaning against a pink and purple post staring

Continued on page 75



Perfect Love

Radio News

WHEN Santa Claus comes along this year, bringing his token of gifts for all the good little boys and girls, it is a pretty safe bet that his bag will contain many radio sets. Nothing appeals to the younger generation like radio. In the old days a boy had a wide diversity of favorite amusements but now ask any boy what he would rather have and it is radio every time and it is good that it should be so, because radio offers a plethora of keen wholesome amusement, and although we sometimes hear hard criticisms levelled against books, moving picture shows and the stage, no one has ever had a disparaging word to utter against the radio. Studio directors are very fussy about their programmes and you can listen in night after night for months on end and never hear any remark that might in any manner be possibly construed as vulgar. Radio has unmistakably shown that it is not necessary to go out for amusement.

THE month of November showed a considerable improvement in the reception of long distance stations and once again those of us who are lucky enough to live up here on the prairies, find ourselves right in the centre of the radio world. It is a pretty poor night when static interferes with getting KDKA, KOA, WCCO, WOC, WHO, all the Chicago stations and a host of other high-powered ones located in the middle West. And then, now and again a particularly good evening entirely unhampered by static comes along and the radio fan gets sumptuous fare indeed. Stations a thousand miles away he disdains as only being local and he amuses himself listening to concerts transmitted from both sea-boards. A very wonderful thing indeed, if you come to think about it, that a slight twist of the dials will carry you so faithfully from New York to Los Angeles: a few notches more and, if it happens to be Wednesday or Saturday night, PWX (Cuba) may often be heard, while Mexico City is no stranger to many. Surely the marvel of the century that we can listen to high class entertainments from such far flung centres for two or three hours and still be able to crawl in between the covers by midnight. (If we want to—which sometimes we don't).

Congratulations are in order for Miss Lillian Shaw, assistant announcer of CKY, Winnipeg. Every year the Radio Digest of Chicago offers a gold cup for the most popular United States announcer and a silver cup for the most popular Canadian. In 1925 Mr. Coates of CKY station took first honors for Canada and this year he withdrew, lending support and encouragement to his assistant. Miss Shaw won the contest very handily indeed, having many thousand votes more than her nearest competitor. While we are on the subject of women announcers it is interesting to note that in spite of the fact that the average radio listener prefers a male announcer, Rosaline Greene, until a few months ago leading woman with the WGY Players, was declared the winner of the perfect voice contest at the Radio World's Fair, held recently in Madison Square Garden, New York. Miss Greene was graduated last June from the New York State College for teachers and was preparing to take a job at teaching. Now along comes authoritative recognition of her vocal qualifications and it is more than likely that she will hold the attention of an air full, instead of a room full, of people.

EVERYONE has heard the traditional "stage whisper" that carries to the furthest reaches of the peanut gallery, and which to the auditor in Row C would appear powerful enough to blow the heroine across the footlights. But the stage whisper is as the merest zephyr when contrasted with the far-reaching whisper of Little Jack Little, traveling radio artist, whose whisper travels several thousand miles to arrive unimpaired and

clearly understood. Every radio fan knows Little Jack Little and they all know his "whisper" song with its chorus intoned in a whisper of the most confidential sort.

That Jack's whisper has something behind it is indicated by a letter received at station WGR, Federal Radio Corporation, Buffalo, from whose Hotel Statler studio he broadcast several programmes recently. A listener in Winnipeg over a thousand miles away, wrote into the studio to say "the whisper song came through as if from a local station."

The secret of the carrying power of Jack Little's whisper is also the reason for the success of many radio artists who know something of the limitations as well as the possibilities of radio. For when Little Jack Little sings, playing his own accompaniments, he places the microphone on the edge of the piano top, close above the keyboard. Then he simply leans over and in the softest tones imaginable sings or whispers into the "mike." It may not be possible to hear it at the other side of the studio, but from the loud speaker in Boston or Regina, the whisper comes through as though the performer were telling his story from the other side of the tea table.

ALTHOUGH no new circuits of startling or revolutionary designs made their appearance at the recent radio exhibitions there was evidence of many refinements in construction and simplicity of operation.

The long heralded day of stabilization and standardization has about been reached and just as the automobile business settled down into four, six and eight cylinders, the radio industry has settled to tuned radio-frequency, neutrodyne, and superhetrodyne. The crystal set of course is still present just as the motorcycle still follows the auto game.

Overproduction, poor management, and unwise investments have reduced the radio field by three. Where there was formerly three or four sets of the same general type put out at a similar type there is only one today. And in narrowing down the field, prices did not jump. The price level on standard and reliable radio equipment is lower this year than ever before.

Good Reception Paramount Now

While no new steps were taken on the circuit perfecting path, many were taken toward better reception. The day of the DX and freak reception bug is passing, and call letters no longer weave a magic spell on those standing in front of a loud speaker. Almost every radio fan has either heard KFI or has given up the desire to do so. Fidelity of reproduction is the feature of radio that is taking it into more homes today. Good clear music coming through with enough volume, and the existence of a means to control this volume, is making a place for a radio receiver in every progressive home.

In securing fidelity of reproduction great advancement was made in the shielding of sets, in the means of audio-amplification and in tube construction. Sets are now shielded scientifically and not merely "canned," as heretofore. New types of transformers are now in use, and the full value of the broadcast features is carried clear through the set from the aerial to the loud speaker.

The greatest improvements were made in tubes, and there will probably be more developments along this line during the coming year. Many radio engineers predict that the set of the future will not contain any two like tubes. Each tube will be constructed for one specific purpose.

Operation is Simplified

Refinements in furniture have also taken place during the past year and while the majority of the sets are now housed in neat and attractive cabinets

Continued on page 65



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Magnavox—creators of the original loud speaker and with a background of fifteen years in radio development—offers choice models ranging from \$112.50 to \$390.00 including one that converts your phonograph into a radio-phonograph. Sold on easy terms. Let the Magnavox dealer demonstrate. If you don't know him, write us for full information.

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This department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

MANY public and private enquiries arising out of the interpretation of contracts or as they are more popularly called "agreements," have led us to the conclusion that the elements which go to the making of a contract are not well understood and that some advantage might be gained on the part of our readers by an analysis of the different ways in which a contract may be formed, the parties who are competent to enter into a contract, the subject matter of a contract, the manner in which it may be completed, rescinded, repudiated or waived and the damages arising from breach of contract. We therefore propose in the next four or five issues to discuss these different matters as far as space will permit.

Before doing so it will be well to give a definition of contract. Probably the most complete is as follows: "A contract is an agreeable enforceable at law made between two or more persons by which rights are acquired by one or more to acts or forbearances on the part of the other or others." This definition involves a number of elements and unless all these elements are present there is no contract in existence which the law will enforce.

In the first place we must never confuse the realm of morality with the realm of law. It is true that morality does enter into the plan of law, but the terms cannot be used interchangeably. There are many moral principles of which no cognisance is taken by the law, just as, conversely, there are many rules of law which do not fall within the sphere of morality. The habit of telling falsehoods may constitute a grave moral wrong but it will not be dealt with in a court of law, except under special circumstances such as would give rise to an action for fraudulent misrepresentation or perjury.

In the second place, as we have pointed out in a previous article, many agreements come into force merely by verbal undertakings. It is a very common experience for a lawyer when endeavoring to elicit the facts of a case to be met with the statement "that there was no agreement arrived at because there was nothing written." This simply arises from a confusion as to the rights of the party and the manner of proving those rights. Many thousand contracts, perfectly valid, are entered into daily without any of the terms being reduced to writing. Of these we shall speak later at greater length.

In the third place, we always bear in mind the difference between the civil and the criminal side of law. In civil law, of which contract is a species, the agreement is between two or more individuals or subjects and if an action be started the claimant is called the plaintiff and the party from whom it is claimed is the defendant. In criminal matters it is, generally speaking, the Crown which prosecutes and the person prosecuted is called the accused. A breach of the law may involve a person in a civil action as well as a criminal prosecution. For instance, a person might libel another and be sued civilly and prosecuted criminally. Again, he might misappropriate moneys and be liable to a civil action for accounting and a return of the moneys and also find himself in the criminal courts.

Finally, if a person has any right under a contract he must exercise those rights in a speedy fashion. Courts will only give assistance to those who are active in the obtaining of their rights. Most contracts become unenforceable at the end of six years from the making but the right, for instance, to repudiate a fraudulent transaction may expire much more quickly, especially if the rights of third parties intervene, e.g., if a person has signed a note under a mis-

representation it is too late to repudiate liability if the person to whom the note is payable becomes bankrupt. In that case the rights of the creditors of the bankrupt are paramount to the rights of the maker of the note.

Answers to Enquiries

Edmonton, Alta.

Q.—Being a subscriber to your magazine, I am taking advantage of your Legal Information Department. Would you please tell me if the—Company of —, Winnipeg (year 1914 address), is still there and would shares in that company be of any value?—J.E.C.

A.—We are informed by the Provincial Secretary that the charter of this company was cancelled in 1922. The premises in question have been occupied by other parties for a considerable time. Shares in the company would not be of any value.

Calgary, Alta.

Q.—Can you give me, through your column, definite information on the following question relating to fire insurance? In July, 1923, my husband took out a fire insurance policy, dating from July 24th. This year, naturally, it expires, having been taken for three years. For private reasons we did not wish to renew. After a number of notices had been sent us I went in person and told them to cease sending them as we did not wish to renew at present. Today we have a notice telling us our policy has been in force since July and threatening to hand an account against us to their solicitors for collection unless we send them a cheque. First, is this legal in Alberta? Second, how much indemnity do you think they would give us if a conflagration broke out here without our having renewed our policy. —A Subscriber.

A.—Insurance is a matter of contract. If you did not make any contract for insurance, either verbally or in writing, the company cannot force you to pay the premium for the policy they saw fit to issue. We do not know what plan the insurance company would adopt in event of a loss under your policy, but we believe they would be justified in refusing to pay the loss. It would depend partly upon the wording of the policy.

Q.—Please let me know through your legal column what you would advise me to do. My husband and I did not get along well and we have a separation agreement. He has not been keeping up his payments to me. Can I get a divorce for non-support? What should I do to make him pay me?—R.V.B.

A.—You cannot obtain a divorce unless you can prove your husband has been unfaithful to you. There are several actions you may take to enforce payments. If the agreement gives you the right to proceed against him criminally, you can take action before two justices of the peace or a magistrate; otherwise you will have to sue him in the civil court.

A Shell Game

The sad looking customer scanned the menu card with a hopeless air. "You may bring me a dozen fried oysters," he said at last.

"I'm awfully sorry boss," the colored waiter apologized, "but de fact is, we's outer all shellfish 'ceptin' aigs."

No, Indeed

Flapper: "Tell me, vicar, why do you address your congregation as 'Dear Brethren?' You forget the ladies."

Vicar: "But the one embraces the other."

Flapper: "Yes, but not in church."



By W. G. Lamond

Crop Outlook

THE weather has been playing scurvy tricks with Canada's crops, particularly in the prairie provinces, just at a time when the country was congratulating itself that another excellent yield was assured. Only the threshing returns will disclose the exact amount of the damage which has been incurred, but it is quite plain that the farmers must be reconciled, unless prices rise sharply, to smaller returns than were in sight a month ago.

Ordinarily this prospect would have had a very depressing effect on business, but the feeling among merchants is that the farmers, having made great progress in recent years with the liquidation of their old debts, will still have a larger amount of money to spend on new purchases than last year. It is true that for the first time in nine months last week's car loading figure dropped below the figure for the corresponding week of 1925, but the decline is due solely to the lateness of the harvest, the loading of grain and grain products having fallen by nearly 5,000 cars. Indeed the movement of general merchandise, which has been increasing steadily since the year began, continues to show an upward trend. Both wholesale and retail merchants report reasonable activity in business and a good outlook for the future; orders for late autumn and winter delivery show considerable improvement over the volume at the corresponding date last year, and, since collections are much better, merchants are in a position to purchase ahead in larger quantities than before.

The Apple Crop

THE fruit crop is now being garnered, and, taken all round, is quite satisfactory. The distribution of the apple crop is unequal, for whereas Quebec reports an increase of 100 per cent. and British Columbia of 30 per cent., Ontario, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia report decreases ranging from 33 per cent. for Ontario to 15 per cent. for New Brunswick. The Department of Agriculture estimates that the total yield will be 2,771,000 barrels, a decline of 3 per cent. from last year's figure. The quality and cleanness of the fruit are, however, generally good, and it is expected that a larger quantity will be available for export than in 1925; the first export shipment from Nova Scotia was dispatched on September 15. British Columbia has been favored with excellent crops of pears and plums, and prunes, the former having jumped from 25,531 to 124,900 boxes and the latter from 100,000 to 250,000.

Pulp and Paper

THE lumber and pulp and paper companies are now preparing for their winter operations, and find in some places a distinct scarcity of competent labor. The present indications are that there will be less activity in the woods of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, where the lumber industry has been hard hit during recent years, but a heavier cut in Quebec, Ontario and British Columbia, largely as a result of the insatiable demand for pulpwood.

Fishing

CANADA'S sea harvest in September netted fish to the value of \$3,932,557. On both Atlantic and Pacific Coasts a total of 166,170,800 pounds of sea fish were caught in September, an increase of about twelve million pounds over September, 1925.

On the Atlantic Coast, there was a substantial increase in the catches of cod, herring, sardines, lobsters and haddock. The haddock catch was more than double that of September, 1925.

Coal Production

COAL production in British Columbia for the nine months of the present year totalled 1,658,678 long tons compared with an output in the corresponding nine months of 1925 of 1,777,965 long tons, a decrease for the present year of 119,287 tons, according to figures compiled by the Department of Mines.

Canadian Insurance Contracts

HIDDEN "jokers" have been chased out by policies or contracts made by insurance companies with the Canadian public.

This was pointed out recently by R. Leighton Foster, Superintendent of Insurance for the Province of Ontario, in the course of addressing the Life Insurance Underwriters' Association of Montreal.

Canadians consequently, it was stated, no longer need to exercise themselves as to whether insurance policies are fair and equitable, this being seen to by the Government insurance departments.

Supervision is also given so that companies at all times will be able to meet claims on their policies. Rates are also checked.

In Canada, the only thing the insurance underwriter has to do is to sell the prospect the idea that he needs insurance, said Mr. Foster.

O. E. Sharpe, of Quebec City, Superintendent of Insurance for this province, also stressed the benefits of Government supervision, particularly the confidence brought about between public and company.

Some interesting statistics were given to show the tremendous advance which insurance has made in Canada in last half century.

In 1869, the first year for which figures are available, there was \$35,638,000 worth of insurance in force. Today there is in force more than two and a half billions of life insurance alone in Canada.

Last year more than 850 millions of life insurance was paid for and delivered in Canada. The great bulk of the business is being done by Canadian companies.

During the last half century life insurance has multiplied 125 times in Canada. In the same period of time it has multiplied 35 times in the United States.

Commercial Failures

THE statistics of commercial mortality in the Dominion of Canada during October are favorable as regards the number of failures, but unfavorable in point of liabilities, says R. G. Dun & Co. Thus, defaults last month numbered 185 and involved \$4,628,355 against 306 insolvencies in October, 1925, when the indebtedness was \$2,374,098. The decrease in the number of failures for October of the present year is, therefore, a little more than 10 per cent., while the increase of the liabilities exceeds 50 per cent. Classifications of last month's statistics shows 49 defaults, involving \$2,238,467, among manufacturers, 119 for \$1,170,813 in the trading division and 18, with an indebtedness of \$218,906 among agents, brokers, etc.

Gauging Bank Credit

WINNIPEG credit men received some useful hints on banking practice on October 28 when they listened to Jackson Dodds, assistant general manager of the Bank of Montreal, deliver a paper on "Some Credit Suggestions from a Banker's Point of View." The occasion was the first of the monthly dinners held during the winter by the Manitoba division of the Canadian Credit Men's Trust Association. D. B. Sullivan, president, occupying the chair.

Continued on page 66



Henry Adkins Deliberately Reduced His Income \$9 a Month!

A NORTH AMERICAN LIFE man was explaining insurance to Henry Adkins, a young married farmer.

"Suppose you were working for a man who offered you a contract which provided for the payment of:

- (1) \$5,000 to your heirs at your death.
- (2) \$10,000 in case your death were accidental.
- (3) A monthly income of \$50 for life, if you became disabled and unable to work. At your death your heirs would still receive \$5,000.
- (4) A regular pension to fall back on when your working days were over.

"In return for these privileges he proposed to hold back \$9.00 of your wages each month."

"Would you accept such an offer?"

"Of course I'd accept," replied Henry Adkins. "Who wouldn't? I'd be ahead every way on that proposition."

"That," returned the representative, "is exactly what North American Life offers you in our Four Way Policy. You are your own boss. It's up to you to hold back the \$9 each month and deposit it as you would savings. Can you do it?"

Henry Adkins didn't even hesitate. He then and there reduced his income \$9 a month and, in doing so, contracted for the most complete protection a man can have.

Would such an offer interest you? You can apply part of your income as Henry Adkins applied his, in the Four Way Policy. Send for our booklet—"It Pays Four Ways."

Please send me your Booklet—"It Pays 4 Ways."

Name

Address

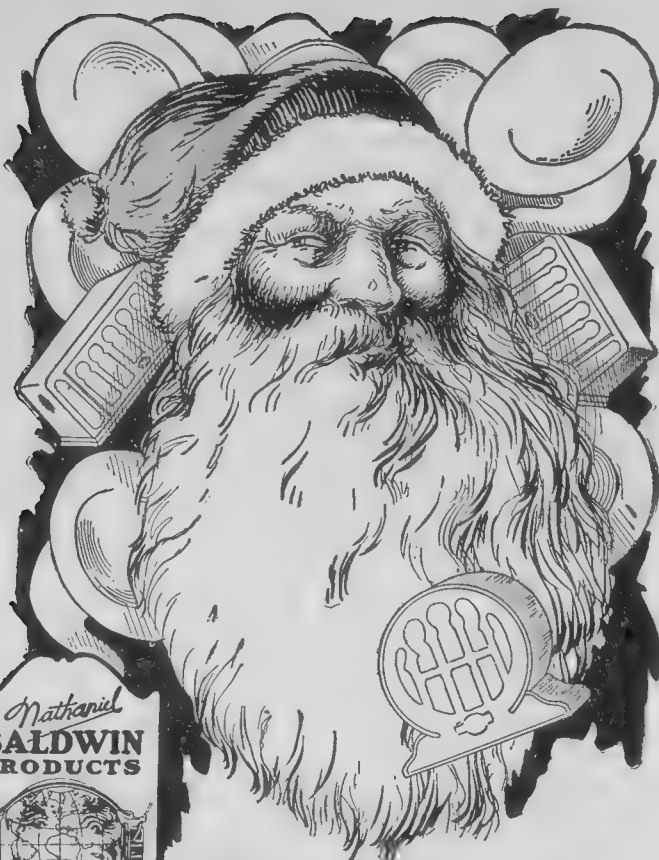
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Choose a Baldwin in horn, cabinet or cone type. Many of the leading manufacturers of the finest cabinet radio sets are installing Baldwin units as standard equipment. When buying such a set make sure it is equipped with Baldwin built-in unit.

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Women's Institutes

A Message to the Women's Institutes From the Honorary President, Mrs. David Watt

TO WOMEN'S INSTITUTE MEMBERS

As members of this nation-wide organization we must never lose sight of the fact that we stand for all that is high and noble. Into the activities which you may be called to take part—put the best effort, the wisest and calmest thought, the most enthusiastic and untiring devotion which may be yours to give; give, in the words of the poet "Give to the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you."

Yours for Home and Country,
J. M. WATT.

MANITOBA

THE fine work which the Women's Institutes of Manitoba have done in the past years calls for a word of appreciation and praise. The Annual Reports which are coming in every mail reveal, in the manner of a procession, the work the Institutes have done. In the spirit of the Good Samaritan they have fed the hungry, clothed the naked, nursed the sick, cheered the lonely. They have labored in many ways too numerous to mention to organize community life, that the members of the community may have life, and have it more abundantly. They have sought to develop themselves, that they may live more fully and enrich the lives of others.

May the Institutes realize the worth of the work they have done, and carry it on for many years!

Topics Discussed by the Members

"Holland"—Coulter; "Canadian Authors"—Decker; "The Care of Bees in Winter"—Ellenville; "Dutch Pottery and Porcelain"—Emerson; "Culling"—Guntton; "Good Pastry"—Hartney; "Japan"—Langruth; "Pictures and Painters"—Lenore; "My Visit to Quebec"—Manitou; "Newcomers" and "Some Canadian Women of Note"—Minitonas; "Four Great Painters"—Minnedosa; "Foods for Infants and Growing Children"—Oak River.

What some of the Institutes are Doing

Balmoral has purchased a first aid kit for the school. \$125 has been collected for the community hall fund through the Copper Drive.

Belmont has purchased a number of new books for the library, and has had a cupboard built for the library.

Birtle. The Red Cross Committee reports having made eight baby layettes; indeed, Birtle has been playing the role of the Good Samaritan in many ways. The secretary also reports that 14 new books have been purchased for the library.

Beulah. The Red Cross Committee has been busy making a layette for a little one in need of clothes.

Emerson. The members have finished the study of Pottery, and are now thinking of a subject for next year. The members are considering getting another library from McGill on whatever subject they choose to study.

Hamiota has decided to build a new rink next spring, and the Institute will assist to collect money for the rink fund.

Hartney. "How to Make Good Pastry" was demonstrated by a member; the other members exhibited pies which were judged by "a judge of pies." The secretary reports the meeting was both interesting and helpful.

Kenton held a shower; the members brought gifts which have been sent to the Children's Aid Society.

Langruth has earned our most hearty congratulations! The secretary reports that the Institute held a bazaar and made \$170, and that \$163 was given to the Community Hall Fund.

Lidstone is making an autograph quilt to raise money in support of next year's work.

Makaroff is again undertaking to provide a hot dish for the school children during the winter.

Manitou had a fruit shower for the Morden Hospital; 78 sealers of fruit were donated and sent on to Morden.

Minnedosa. "Four Great Painters" (Titian, Raphael, Michelangelo, and Da Vinci) were presented and prints of a number of their paintings were exhibited.

Oak River. The local doctor gave a talk on "Foods for Infants and Growing Children."

Pipestone. The Hon. Robert Forke addressed the Institute. "How Canada is Governed" was the subject of his address.

Ranchvale. The Institute entertained the grandmothers of the community. The musical programme of old songs, specially arranged for the occasion, was much enjoyed by the young hostesses as by the grandmothers.

Rosser, the home of the members of the Manitoba Demonstration Team, and their leader, Mrs. Beachell, who were sent to the Canadian National Exhibition, to tell the story of the work of the Women's Institutes of Manitoba, were entertained by the Institute and were presented with gifts.

Tummel. The secretary writes: "We had a cooking contest; the members were given a recipe (the same of course) and were asked to make a cake and bring it to the next meeting. The cakes were then judged and prizes were awarded. We are going to have this again with a different kind of recipe." This Institute has a pattern box and reports buying new patterns from time to time. These are, of course, for the use of the members. The secretary says: "You would be surprised to learn how often these patterns are borrowed."

SASKATCHEWAN

Reports of Homemakers' Clubs.

Aylesbury has had papers on "Removal of Stairs" and has held a tea and sale of Home Cooking. The Club finds that afternoon tea on certain occasions and sales of Home Cooking not only help to add to their funds, but are found a great pleasure and convenience to the neighborhood. There has been installed in the Rest-Room a hot water bottle, thermometer, etc., for emergencies. House plants were sold to add to the funds. A grandmothers day was held, the grandmothers giving the programme.

Bissell H.M.C. has purchased at Blumenhof four acres for a Community sports ground, and are purchasing swings for the same. They had classes in dress-making and millinery from the Extension demonstrator.

Cleveland H.M.C. held a joint meeting with the Prongue Club.

Consul is adding largely to its membership.

Colleston had reports from their convenors of several standing committees. They are arranging for a culler to cull their poultry flocks. A leather hand bag and cameo brooch were presented to the secretary, Mrs. George McBeath, who has filled the position for thirteen years. The gifts were accompanied by the following address:

"We, your sister Homemakers, feel that we cannot let another anniversary pass without expressing our appreciation of your long and faithful service in our Club, and it is particularly fitting that we meet, on this occasion, at the home of Mrs. Morton, as it was here our organization meeting was held thirteen years ago."

"We are glad that so many who were then present are here today—yet many of our members have gone, and we miss their familiar faces. Especially do we miss our first president, now our esteemed Honorary President, Mrs. Hutchison, who deeply regretted that she could not

Continued on page 61



Mother's Gift

EVERY girl may give her mother a beautiful Christmas promise. It will cost nothing every day of the year but is worth the price.

There is a flaw in every girl's disposition that her mother has tried to correct. Perhaps it is a bad temper, lack of self-control, hasty decision, indifference, or disobedience.

Now at this season of the year we may give something that cannot be purchased with money. I am sure no present would please a mother so much as a Christmas promise that would mean a correction of a fault which might develop into a handicap.

You know these faults weaken a girl at the very time she needs to be strong.

Let me suggest a thought to the girl who would give her mother a promise of a good temper.

A bad temper is the very acme of selfishness and leads to much crime and suicide.

A girl may have beauty, courage, culture, wealth—but if her temper is bad she lacks that key to popularity—charm.

Perhaps disobedience has been crushing a mother's hopes, and ages her. How that mother would value a Christmas promise of obedience!

Now, dear girl readers, all have it in their power to gladden their mother's Christmas.

How many will give her a Christmas promise?

Our Christmas Banquet

EVERYONE is hungry for something. It may be a young woman hungers for love, happiness, opportunity, friendship, learning, kindness, grace. It is not difficult to read in the face of girls the kind of food they lack. Like the little street girl who was taken sick one day and carried to the hospital. While there she learned the story of the Christ Child. One day Little Broomstick, as she was called on the street, whispered to her nurse: "I'm havin' real good times here—ever such good times! S'pose I'll have to go 'way from here just as soon as I get well, but I'll take the good time along—some of it, anyhow. Did you know about Jesus bein' born?"

"Yes," replied the nurse, "I know—Sh-h-h-h! Don't talk any more."

"You did? I thought you looked as if you didn't, and I was going to tell you."

"Why, how did I look?" asked the nurse, forgetting her own order in her curiosity.

"Oh, just like most folks, kind o' glum. I shouldn't think you'd ever look glum, if you knew about Jesus bein' born."

"Be of good cheer," is the message of Christmas. Peace—serenity of spirit—all come to the young woman who studies the life of Jesus. The more we study Him, the more do His blessings come into our lives and satisfy the hunger in us. Others respond to our personality. If they see in our faces love, happiness, kindness, grace, we shall not hunger for the greatest blessings of life.

If love is in our heart we see the best in others. We recognize beauty about us—like that messenger of beauty, Bliss Carman, who has revealed so much to us of the romance of common things and says:

*"This is the law of being
That links the three-fold chain;
The life we give to beauty
Returns to us again."*

Someone has said love is the tongue of the Christmas bell. This then is the bell that calls our readers around the banquet of peace and goodwill for the next three hundred and sixty-five days.

A Country Without Christmas

LAST year R. Manly Orr, a Western Home Monthly reader, won first prize for a story in a contest across the

line. It was a story of a city without Christmas. The word Christmas was taken out of everything. The picture was so realistic that no one could remain in the city.

How that story made me appreciate the Christmas spirit!

Think of a city without churches and all the organizations that give help to the needy—in the name of Divine Love. Everything that grows tells the story of infinite power. Can we deny the power of a Creator Divine when we know that hundreds of millions are fed every year by a Hand that converts the seeds scattered over the field into an abundant harvest? In a few months' time foods are multiplied. A miracle!

Then the miracle of the Christmas spirit! It changes a man's heart full of stony hatred to a fountain of love.

A country without Christmas! Who wants to live in it?

On Memory's Christmas Tree

*No soul can ever truly see
Another's highest, noblest part,
Save through the sweet philosophy
And loving wisdom of the heart.*

MY MIND sees a Christmas tree hung with memories. Lovely experiences on the highway of life! Faces of courageous women, kind women, encouraging friends, appreciative girls and sweet little children—all come before me as I write this page. Surely a woman is greatly blessed who has these memories.

Then there are the letters from friends I have never seen. Letters that came just in time to strengthen me for a new day's work. These letters are not filed away among a pile of papers. They are treasures. Many are from the readers of this page. For these gifts of love and interest I am sincerely grateful—may this Christmas strengthen every reader with rich blessings.

Master Builders

By G. Arthur Hallam

*It may not be my destiny to play
An enviable part on this world's stage,
I may ne'er gain the hero's wreath of bay,*

*Nor hosts of friends to cheer me in
old age.*

*I may ne'er be all that I desire to be,
Nor do the mighty things I yearn
to do,*

*It may not be my destiny to see
A single one of all my dreams come
true.*

*Perhaps 'tis not ordained that I acquit
Myself with signal honors in the race,
Still with the lowly God may bid me sit,
And never in the vanguard take my
place.*

*Upon the bank of some enchanting Nile
It may not be destined that I should
rear*

*A sublime and stupendous granite pile
Such as despoiling Time would fain
revere.*

*Yet though my gift be not a Parthenon.
Nor yet an Edfu Temple in the sand.
I still can cheer a faltering comrade on.
Or to a struggling brother lend a hand.*

*Ah! God forbid that I should e'er com-
plain,
Though this be all He giveth me to do;
Nor will I deem my life futile and vain,
For am I not a Master Builder, too?*

*Indeed the pyramids shall pass away,
And this great globe dissolve and cease
to be,*

*But that which I thus build from day
to day
Can perish only with Eternity.*



Nerves that Quiver in Shallow Sleep!

SHALLOW sleep. How useless. We know the strain of modern life is heavy. We know the demand for nerve stimulants is great. When the weary body begs for repose that is deep—sound—restoring—of what benefit is sleep that is shallow—restless—easily broken? Nerves whipped up by drug stimulants such as tea and coffee, simply can't relax. They only quiver in shallow sleep.

Tannin and caffeine found in tea and coffee are artificial stimulants which excite the nerves. Arch-enemies of sleep! With you these agents may work fast or slow. Yet sooner or later their poisonous effects are certain, sure!

Drink Instant Postum. There's not a taut nerve, sleepless hour or headache in it because it is free from all drug stimulants. Find out for yourself how good this rich full-bodied beverage is. Learn that Postum is an appetizing, satisfying hot drink for every member of the family every meal of the day. Instantly made in the cup at a cost of about half-a-cent. For those who prefer it there is Postum Cereal made by boiling or percolating twenty minutes. Ask for Postum at all grocers', restaurants, your club or on the train. Accept Carrie Blanchard's splendid free offer. Mail the coupon today.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your test by giving you your first week's supply."

"It seems to me that it would be a wise plan for mothers, particularly, to think of this test in connection with the health of their families."

"Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply right away."



CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., LIMITED, No. 645
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I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM ☐ Check which
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Instant Postum



"There's a Reason"



You know how many children do not like the taste of milk. You know how they like to have the same drink as the "grown-ups." You know, too, how good it is for them to have a hot drink! Make Instant Postum for them, using hot milk (not boiled) instead of boiling water. They'll like the taste immediately! And they will get the food value of the wheat, plus the nourishment of milk, in a hot drink that is economical and so easy to make.



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Loveliness

Low Cost and
Long Wear

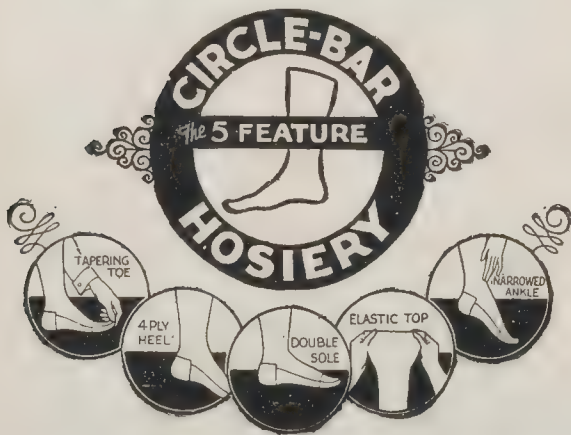
LOVELINESS lingers in every silken strand of the new Circle-Bar styles, and long wear lives there too. If you try a pair we know you'll be pleased. In Circle-Bar Silk Hosiery you'll like the way the silk extends well above the knee. You'll like the Pointed Heel, the "Anti-Run" Band, the ankle-clinging snugness and the lustrous clear silk.

4-ply "tapering-toes" (to resist big-toe wear) 4-ply mercerized lisle heels, double soles and elastic-knit tops (that fit snugly over the knee, yet yield easily with every movement) add still more to your satisfaction.

Try a pair today. If your dealer hasn't the size or style you want, send \$1.50, giving size and color. We will supply you direct, postpaid. Other Circle-Bar Hosiery is priced at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.75 and \$2.00.

Made for men, women and children in silk and wool combinations, botany wool, pure thread silk, rayon, mercerized lisle and cashmere.

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MOTHER'S PAGE



Favoritism in the Home

By Annie Sheppard Armstrong

ONE of the unhappiest pitfalls of domestic life is that of showing favoritism in the family. You would never see such an unfortunate state of affairs in the family of the domestic dog, cat, or hen, but in human relations it is sometimes seen, fortunately not very often; and, moreover, this favoritism always has existed, as in the case of Jacob and Esau, Joseph and his brethren, with many others.

One can discern the jealousy underlying the attitude of a step-mother but it is hard to understand the feeling of an "own" mother who can make a difference between, probably, two little daughters, one, to the impartial eye of an outsider, as attractive as the other. To the unobserving eye they are dressed alike in general effect, but, notice closely—one's clothing is a mere caricature of the other's—like yet not alike. There are little expensive, tasteful, studied touches in the one's every article that easily escapes a father's eye. Then the indulgent smile if one does a mischievous act, and the sharp reproof or menacing gesture if the unfavored does a similar thing. As time goes on the favorite becomes unbearably imperious from indulgence, the other shows dejection, a startled eye and a general inferiority complex that stunts her character.

It is certainly hard to account for this state of things. The child discriminated against probably strongly resembles some "in-law" that the mother has a morbid grudge against, and the favored one looks like one of her own family. Or the "pet" has a stronger will than the mother and has at some time or other "got her goat," as the slang phrase so perfectly describes it. At any rate the result is that both children's characters are warped, the mother makes herself unpopular, and, long years after, when wisdom and realization come to her, she suffers, without a doubt.

Then sometimes in a family the father is hard on all the sons and most unjustly favors the daughters. Especially on farms is this keenly felt where all work at home and the father holds the purse string. The mother, seeing the injustice, is forced to "take sides" with the boys, causing dissension between the parents; the boys are lined up against the girls, making an all round unlovely example of a "house divided." Often the sons work hard to develop and cultivate the farm, only to see everything handed over to some worthless son-in-law, through the influence of the favored daughters.

Seeing so many examples of the evil effects of this unnatural and cowardly favoritism parents would do well to watch themselves against this insidious poison. Home, should of all places, be a refuge from injustice. How a teacher is hated who has "pets" and favorites; but it is easy to handle that sort of thing, for teachers are not necessarily permanent things. Parents are permanent affairs. Favoritism in the home is a deadly and terrible thing, as much to be guarded against as scarlet fever or diphtheria—if not more so!

Care and Feeding of the Aged

SCIENCE has made enormous strides in the last quarter of a century in working out safe and definite rules for the care and feeding of infants and children. Child mortality has been greatly reduced, and children are constantly getting better care, better feeding and better health conditions in schools in public play grounds and in vacation camps.

But little has been done to acquaint the masses with rules for the care, and especially the feeding of the aged. Even in many very well-to-do, pleasant, above-

the-average homes all over the land, where a delicate elderly person is a member of the family, no special effort is made to see that suitable and digestible foods are provided for the old person. If Grandma knows by experience that she can't digest roast pork, she just says, "Not any for me, thank you, John," when roast pork appears on her son's table, and does without any meat that dinner.

Now old people need as carefully chosen a diet as babies and growing children do. Because old people are growing too—in most cases growing a little more feeble, a little more delicate, all the time, a little less able to digest and assimilate the hearty foods that young people and those of middle life eat. So they need a diet that is at once easily digestible, and that contains a lavish supply of vitamins, those mysterious food elements that build up and generate vitality and growth and "pep." As vitally as the baby, just starting its growth needs these precious vitamins the old person of gradually waning forces needs them to counteract the advances of age and to keep as long as possible what vigor remains.

Vitamins are found in milk, in fresh butter, in all fresh meats, and in fresh fruits and vegetables. But many of the meats are hard for the old person to digest; many, in fact, are strictly forbidden to the rheumatic, the high blood pressure patient and those suffering from other ills.

Chicken, fish, especially oysters and most vegetables, especially the leafy and watery varieties (celery, lettuce, spinach and squash) are excellent foods for the old. Of the fruits, two that are obtainable practically everywhere twelve months out of twelve, are as excellent for the old as for the young; they are apples and oranges. Some old people complain that they do not digest apple easily; this is perhaps because they cannot thoroughly chew the fruit. In such cases the fruit should be cooked, to soften it.

Orange juice is as excellent a mild tonic and laxative for the old as for the young, and indeed, should be considered a staple in the diet of the old. Since babies three months old are given orange juice, it is easily seen that the weakest stomach can digest this mild acid. The juice of one or more oranges at least once a day gives an elderly person a generous ration of Vitamine C, and if persisted in, should prove most invigorating. Orangeade and lemonade are also excellent, a beaten raw egg may be added occasionally to the glass of orange juice.

Milk is excellent for the elderly person, as it, also, contains valuable vitamins. Milk toast and milk soups are good and easily digested. Whole wheat bread, not white, should be eaten and well cooked cereals. Dates, figs and raisins are the best sweets for the old stomach. Cakes, pies, preserves and candy are pretty rich and should be eaten most sparingly after the age of fifty. Gelatine is an easily digested dessert.

Certainly, My Dear Alphonse

A spinster living in a London suburb was shocked at the language used by two men repairing telegraph wires close to her house.

She wrote to the company on the matter, and the foreman was asked to report.

"Me and Bill Fairweather were on this job," he said: "I was up the telegraph pole, and accidentally let the hot lead fall on Bill. It went down his neck. Then he said: 'You really must be more careful, Harry.'"—Everybody's Magazine.

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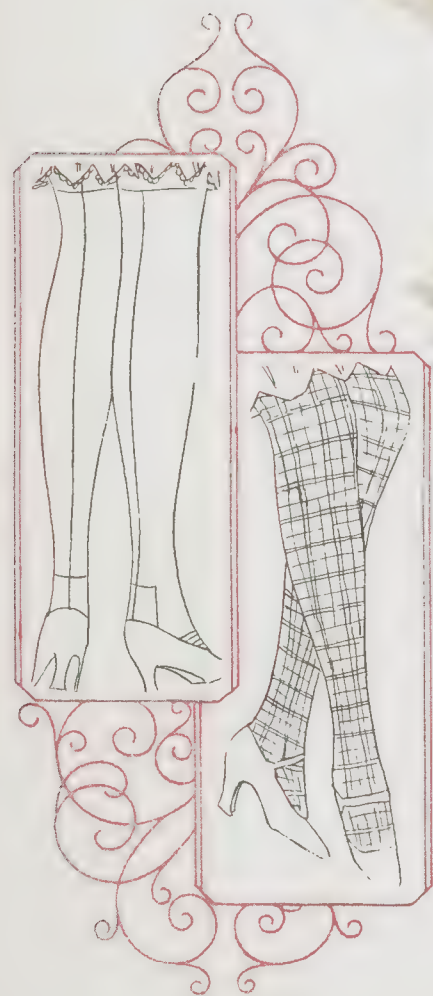
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YOU will find these charming Community *Gift Pieces* in every jewelry store of any consequence, reposing in their smart Community Blue Boxes, ready to carry your greetings in the true spirit of Christmas-time.

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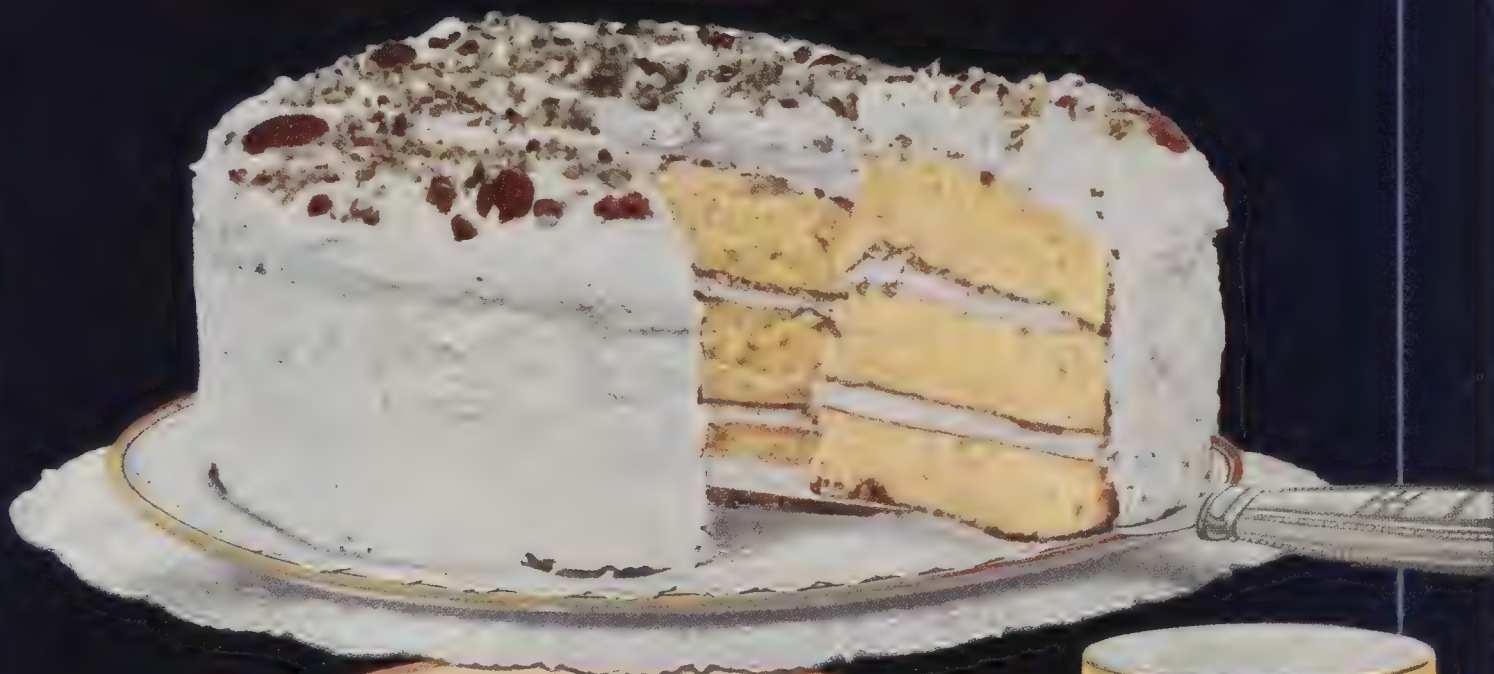
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Serving the Christmas Meals

MUCH of the delight of Christmas lies in carrying out traditions, and observing pretty customs, whether old or new. Decorations have a very important place, especially at mealtime. Dainty service can make a meal so enjoyable that the food itself need not be too elaborate. There is a temptation to spend more money and energy than we can afford. The children especially may suffer for weeks from too much rich food in addition to excitement and late hours. Fortunately the modern trend is toward greater simplicity in our eating habits, without sacrificing all the traditions which we cherish.

Breakfast on Christmas morning is an important meal but full of difficulties for the mother of small children. The excitement over the stockings which Santa Claus filled while they were asleep, crowds all else from the minds of little people and no doubt a number of candies from those same stockings have destroyed some appetites. Hunger later in the forenoon, if breakfast is neglected, will lead to the eating of more candies. Last Christmas, in a large family, a very successful plan was tried. On the table, centered with a tiny tree in a very small pot, were placed, at each cover, the necessary dishes—a plate, cereal dish, spoons and knife. The table only held a pitcher of milk, coffee, cream, and a glass dish of raspberry jam. But at each place was a large white net stocking full of interesting packages. Each stocking contained one person's breakfast, everything tied up in waxed paper, tissue paper, red and tinsel cord. There were sweet rolls in place of toast; small packages of cornflakes or shredded wheat, in individual cartons; squares of butter wrapped first in waxed paper; little packages of sugar, and in the toe of each stocking, an orange.

For the dinner table, there are innumerable ideas for decoration.

The centerpiece may be a small tree decorated; a Christmas star made of cotton batting, sprinkled with fairy "snow," and outlined with red and green; red candles are always pretty; small dolls may be dressed and grouped to carry out all sorts of Christmas and winter ideas. For place cards, tiny birthday candles in red, or white tied with a red bow, may be glued to stand on a white, or red and green card bearing the name. Santa Claus may be the most attractive figure. Toy reindeer may be available, or wreaths of holly.

If dinner is served at noon, a light supper will be sufficient. Soup is always good. Hot toast and tea, with a salad or brown bread sandwiches with the salad (one of apples and celery seems specially appropriate) with probably be all that most people care for.

The Christmas Leftovers

The day after Christmas, there are sure to be several leftovers which should be used. Nobody's appetite is particularly good, neither does anybody feel like spending much time preparing meals.

Giblet Omelette

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------|
| 2 or more chicken livers | 1 onion |
| 2 or 3 slices bacon | 1 c. canned tomato |
| 6 eggs | 6 tb. milk or water |

Salt, pepper, butter.

Chop the bacon and cook the onion with it till yellow. Chop and add the cooked chicken or turkey livers and the tomato, and salt and pepper to taste. Beat the eggs, add water or milk and one half teaspoon salt. Make an omelette of them in a pan in which the butter has been melted (About 1 tablespoon will be required.) Spread with the liver and tomato mixture when done, fold over and serve.

Curried Turkey

- | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 lb. cold turkey or chicken | 1 tb. curry powder |
| 1 tb. chopped onion | 1½ c. soup stock |
| ¾ lb. dripping or butter | 1 tb. flour |
| | Boiled rice |
| | Currant or cranberry jelly. |

Cut the turkey in cubes and heat in a sauce made of the fat, with the finely minced onion cooked in it, the flour, curry powder, soup stock (or vegetable

Turkey With Tomato Sauce

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 lb. cold turkey | 2 tb. cream |
| 2 c. canned tomato | 2 tb. butter |
| | ½ t. poultry seasoning. |

Chop the turkey quite finely, add the poultry then add the butter, melted. Brush the pieces of chicken or turkey with the sauce and let stand for seasoning and salt and pepper to taste. Heat the tomatoes, and strain them. Add the butter and cream. (Evaporated milk is quite satisfactory.) Arrange alternate layers of minced meat and sauce in a greased baking dish, cover with buttered crumbs and brown in the oven.

Chicken a la King

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------|
| 2 c. cubes cooked chicken | 4 tb. fat |
| 1 tb. minced onion | ½ green pepper |
| 1 pimento | 2 tb. flour |
| 1 egg | 1½ c. milk |
| ½ c. thin cream | Salt and paprika |

Melt the fat, which may be butter, chicken fat, etc., and cook in it the minced onion, green pepper cut in thin strips, and pimento cut in pieces. Add the flour, and when well blended the milk, and cook till thick. Season and add the beaten egg and cream, then the cubes of chicken and heat. Serve on strips of toast.

Christmas Gifts from the Kitchen

The busy housewives are so often worried about the Christmas gifts they do so very much wish to give, but which they have not the money to buy nor the time to make. How much those friends would appreciate receiving some delicious home cooked food, especially in these days of restaurant meals. When making jellies and pickles, one might fill a few glasses to put in Christmas baskets. Perhaps some child in the family would delight in making attractive labels to paste on glasses, bottles, and jars. We have memories of very attractive bottles of mint sauce, which apparently were originally tomato catsup bottles from the store, but pasted on them were labels which were clever little pen and ink sketches. Cookies of countless variety, home-made candy, Christmas cakes and puddings, jars of mincemeat, home-made sausages—the varieties of goodies is almost limitless.

The boxes or baskets may be made very attractive with crepe paper, scraps of wall-paper, bits of Christmas greens. One does not always care to buy an expensive basket for the purpose, although in some cases, it is desirable to give one which will be, later, welcome as a sewing basket, for holding flowers, etc. A box covered with wall-paper is quite strong and serviceable, besides being pretty and may give considerable service in addition to being a mere container of the gift.

A package of waxed paper is essential to proper wrapping of eatable gifts.

What girl away from home, would not be delighted with an inexpensive glass vase filled with jelly. Months after the jelly has become but a memory, the little vase will be useful in her room, for holding a few flowers. Gay little pottery bowls would be just as good.

FRUIT CAKES

English Fruit Cake

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 lb. brown sugar | 8 eggs |
| 1 lb. butter | ½ c. grape or orange juice |
| 1 lb. currants | 2 lb. raisins |
| 1 lb. citron peel | ½ lb. orange peel |
| ½ lb. candied cherries | |



Christmas Cheer

water or plain water) and salt and pepper to taste. Serve with boiled rice and tart red jelly.

Deviled Turkey

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Slices of cold turkey or chicken | 1 t. prepared mustard |
| 4 tb. butter | 1 tb. sweet chutney sauce |

Salt and pepper to season.

Mix together the chutney, mustard and salt and pepper, using a little cayenne to make it quite hot, about half an hour. Heat quickly in a hot frying pan and serve at once.



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TEA

Fine Quality

As in everything, else, Fine Quality in tea is necessary for complete satisfaction. "SALADA" for this reason always fulfills the expectations of even the most exacting tea drinkers. Its fine quality constitutes its real economy. You should use "SALADA."

When you want
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for Soups, Gravies,
Stews and Savouries,

use —

“OXO”
CUBES

The Goodness of Beef

Tin of 4 cubes, 15c.

tin of 10, 30c.



Continued from page 55

2 t. mace ½ lb. cut almonds
1 t. nutmeg 4 c. flour
1 t. salt 2 t. cinnamon
 1 t. soda.

Cream thoroughly the butter and sugar, beat in the egg yolks, then add the well-beaten egg whites, fruit juice and fruit and peel, and nuts shredded, then the flour and spices and soda and salt, sifted together. Mix the batter very thoroughly and cook in pan lined with heavy, greased paper. The cakes may be steamed for three hours then baked in a slow oven for one and a half hours. Or they may be baked in a slow oven for four hours. The cakes will be more moist if part of the cooking is done by steam. This recipe makes two large cakes, or six weighing about one and a half pounds each. They will keep for months, if packed in a stone crock when thoroughly cold.

from a teaspoon on a greased baking sheet, allowing about two inches between the cookies for spreading. Bake in a moderate oven.

Christmas Cookies

During the holiday season, the pantry should be well-stocked with cookies, to give away and to serve to company, whether invited, or the many callers one is sure to have at this time.

Chocolate Squares

4 tb. butter 1 t. vanilla
1 c. sugar 1/3 c. pastry flour
¼ t. salt 1 lb. unsweetened chocolate
2 eggs ½ c. walnuts (meats)

Cream the butter and sugar and add the melted chocolate, using enough chocolate to make the cookies of the desired strength. Add the other ingredi-



The Plum Pudding is invariably in demand during the festive season

Chocolate Fruit Cake

1 c. butter 2 c. brown sugar
3 egg-yolks 1 c. milk
½ c. flour 1 c. nut meats
2 c. raisins 1 t. grated
2 c. flour orange rind
1 t. salt ¼ c. to ¾ c. cocoa
½ t. baking soda 2 t. baking powder
 1 t. cinnamon.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the egg yolks, the milk and ½ c. flour, then the nut meats, raisins and orange rind. Sift the remaining ingredients with the other two cups of flour and add, mixing well. Bake in a moderate oven for one hour. This makes one large or three small cakes. It will keep for three or four days before beginning to dry out.

Southern Fruit Cake

1 lb. butter 1½ lb. nut meats
1 lb. flour 12 eggs
1 c. molasses 6 t. spices
1 t. soda 5 lbs. raisins
1 lb. currants 1 lb. citron
1 lb. figs ½ lb. candied
1¼ lbs. brown sugar cherries
 4 apples

Cream the butter and sugar, add the beaten egg yolks and flour, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites, add the molasses with the soda stirred in it, then the spices and the nuts and fruits which have been dredged with additional flour. It will take about 4 cups. Cut the figs, raisins and peel in pieces. Peel and chop the apples. Almonds or walnuts or pecans or a mixture of the three may be used. The cakes may be baked or steamed. This recipe makes about four two-pound cakes.

Light Fruit Cake

1 lb. butter 1 lb. almond meats
12 eggs 2½ lbs. pecans
2 lbs. citron peel 1 lb. flour
1 lb. granulated sugar
2 lbs. cocoanut ¼ lb. candied
¼ lb. candied pineapple cherries

Mix and cook the cake the same as those above.

Honey Cookies

Cream one half cup sugar and one half cup butter thoroughly. Add well-beaten egg, one half cup strained honey, one and a half cups pastry flour sifted with two teaspoons baking powder, one half teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and 1 cup chopped nutmeats. Drop

ents and spread on the bottom of a greased pan, large enough to make the sheet of dough quite thin. Bake in a moderate oven, and cut in squares before taking from the pan.

Date Macaroons

2 egg whites 1 c. broken nut-meats
1 c. powdered sugar
1 lb. cocoa 1 c. dates cut in
¼ t. salt pieces

Beat the egg whites till very stiff, fold in the sugar and cocoa mixed together, salt, nuts and dates. Drop by teaspoonfuls on a buttered baking sheet.

Candies for Christmas

Candied orange peel is very popular, especially to fill up odd spaces when packing boxes and baskets.

Remove the white membrane from the orange skin; cover the peel with cold water in a saucepan and bring slowly to the boiling point. Simmer till tender, which takes about half an hour. Drain and cool. Scoop out any remaining white membrane with a spoon and cut the yellow rind in strips with scissors or a sharp paring knife.

Make a syrup of one cup water and two cups sugar, boiling without stirring till it spins a thread. Drop the strips of peel in it and cook till they begin to look transparent around the edges. Skim them out and put on a platter of granulated sugar. Roll them around in the sugar till they are coated. Cool on waxed paper. Store in a tin box or glass jar. The leftover syrup is good in apple sauce.

Peppermints

¼ c. powdered sugar ¼ c. hot water
1 c. granulated sugar sugar
 3-4 drops oil of peppermint
 or wintergreen

Melt the sugar in the hot water, then put the syrup over the heat and boil without stirring for 3 minutes. Have ready the powdered sugar and oil of peppermint mixed together. If coloring is to be used, mix it with the powdered sugar. Stir this mixture into the hot syrup, remove from the fire and set the saucepan of syrup in a bowl of cold water to check the bubbling and drop from the tip of a teaspoon on a buttered platter or on heavy waxed paper, leaving plenty of space between the candies to spread. Let cool and harden.

Continued on page 57

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The ORIGINAL Malted Milk
Safe Milk and Diet
For Infants, Invalids, The Aged

Rich Milk—Extract of Grain. Prepare it at home, for all members of the family, by briskly stirring the powder in hot or cold water, no cooking. Use any time; when faint or hungry. A hot cupful, on retiring, induces refreshing sleep.

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CLARK'S TOMATO KETCHUP
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Sneezing!

The forerunner of colds and grippe.

Heat and inhale Minard's and rub it on the throat and chest.

The great preventive.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Better Cookery

Continued from page 56

Stuffed Dates

Dates are so easy to stuff, that a few should be included in boxes of candy.

The dates are wiped with a damp cloth, then carefully pitted. The cavity is filled with pieces of marshmallow, nutmeats, cheese and nuts, candied orange peel, candied ginger, fondant, or uncooked candy mixture. Then it is rolled in granulated sugar. A few stuffed dates may be dipped in chocolate.

Stuffed Prunes

Prunes may be washed then steamed, and pitted and stuffed like dates.

Fudge Sandwiches

Use your favorite recipe for chocolate and light colored fudge. Make three batches, the first and third being the same. Put the first batch in a pan to cool, while making the second, which is spread on top of the first, then, the last is put on top. When cool and cut in squares, you will have candy in three layers—either two dark layers with light fudge between, or dark fudge between two light layers.

"Plum Puddings" I

In a buttered pan put a layer of any nutmeats, almonds, walnuts, pecans, brazil nuts, etc., and fruits cut in pieces; dates, figs, raisins. Cook 2 cups sugar and 1 cup water to the soft ball stage, and pour over the nut and fruit mixture. When nearly cool, mark in squares and cut.

"Plum Puddings" II

2 c. brown sugar 2 tb. butter
4 tb. water

Make a syrup of the sugar and water, and when it begins to boil add the butter and cook to the soft ball stage. Have ready and add to the syrup.

1 tb. candied citron peel 1 tb. candied orange peel
1/4 c. fruits 1/4 c. nutmeats

The fruits may be raisins, currants, dates, figs or a mixture of them. Stir well, and as soon as the candy can be handled, form into balls and put on a buttered plate to harden. They may be dipped in melted chocolate if wished, as may also the "plum puddings" in the preceding recipe.

Salted Nuts

A few salted almonds or peanuts mixed with home-made candy are always welcome. Put the shelled almonds in a saucepan and cover with boiling water, let stand a few minutes, drain and drop into cold water, rub the skins off between the hands. Rub the skins from the peanuts. Heat to the boiling point, 1 cup salad oil, drop the nuts, a spoonful at a time into the boiling oil and skim out as soon as light brown in color. Drain on brown paper. When all the nuts are fried, sprinkle them with salt. Or they may be dipped in melted butter and spread on a pan then browned in a hot oven, then sprinkled with salt.

Ginger Creams

4 tb. thin cream 1 c. brown sugar
3 tb. chopped preserved ginger

Boil the sugar and cream to the soft ball stage, add the ginger, cool and beat till creamy then spread in a buttered pan till firm. Cut in squares.

Cheese Pastries for Christmas Parties

Cheese pastries are delicious for many uses, either for family meals, or for company affairs.

To make the pastry, sift together 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, a dash of paprika or

Continued on page 58



88%

of these Teachers of Domestic Science in the higher institutions say—

"Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is Best"



TEACHERS of domestic science in universities and technical schools of the United States have wide opportunities to test foods.

These women were asked—"What kind of baking powder do you prefer—and why?"

88% of those replying said unhesitatingly, "Cream of Tartar." "Good results"—"No bitter taste"—"More dependable"—were the points they stressed.

FOR half a century Royal—in which are perfectly blended pure cream of tartar and soda—has been the most familiar package in millions of kitchen cupboards, the first ingredient set out when fine cakes or biscuits are being made.

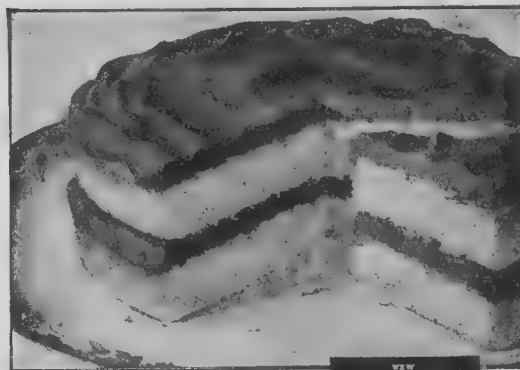
An experienced cook knows she can always depend on the unvarying quality of Royal. Inexperienced cooks have better luck with it.

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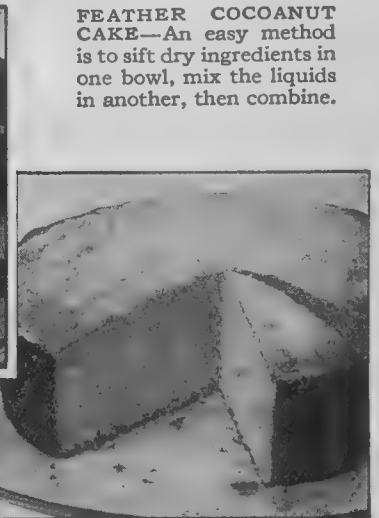
with expensive care, from choice grapes grown on the sunny hill-sides of Southern Europe, and pure soda—these wholesome ingredients expertly blended in Royal insure the fine, creamy texture and full, sweet flavor of your cakes and biscuits.

2 cents worth insures success of large layer cake

It is false economy to use anything but the best when 2c worth of Royal is all it takes to make a gorgeous layer cake you'll want to show your neighbors.



COCOA CREAM CAKE—Melting chocolate is often troublesome. With cocoa, this cake is easily and quickly made.



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Remember to use OLD DUTCH

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CHASES
DIRT

Made
in
Canada



Continued from page 57

black pepper. Rub into it 3 tablespoons shortening and one-half pound of grated cheese. A sharp, but not rank cheese should be used. Pastry flour gives better results than bread flour. Beat one egg and add to it 4 tablespoons of cold water, and mix with the dry ingredients to make a stiff dough. Turn on a floured board and kneed for about 2 minutes. For cheese straws, roll the paste in a thin sheet, and cut in strips $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide and 4 inches long, bake in a moderate oven till crisp and light brown. Or they may be fried in deep fat. They are delicious served with salads.

One strip may be baked in a ring, be twisted and baked, or three narrow strips may be braided together.

One strip may be baked in a ring, fastening the ends together by moistening one of them with water, then after the straws are baked, two or three may

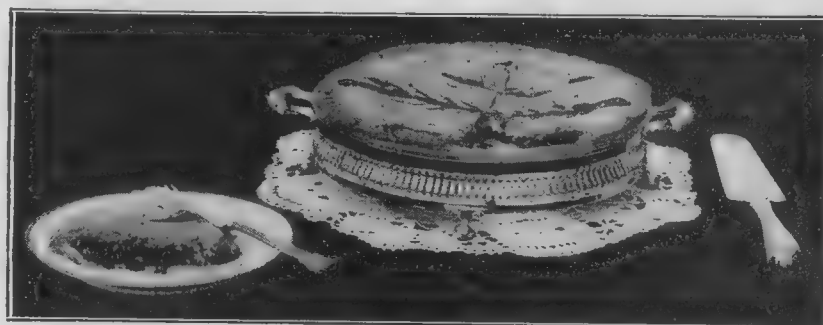
amusement, daintier, thinner sandwiches will be more appealing. The crusts may be removed from the bread. In any case, unless the sandwich is meant to be eaten with a fork, it should not be "mussy" and unpleasant to eat in the fingers.

Salted Almond Sandwiches

Whole-wheat bread
Cream cheese
Soft, creamed butter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Salted almonds

A little lemon juice.

Mash the cheese, and add about a teaspoon of lemon juice and the salted almonds, chopped or rolled till very fine. Work the mixture till smooth and well-blended. Spread on the buttered bread, lay another slice of bread on top and cut in any desired fancy shape. A half salted almond may be pressed into the top of each sandwich if one wishes.



To many people, Christmas would not be Christmas without the old-fashioned mince pie

be put in a ring for each serving, to accompany the salad for an afternoon tea or a luncheon.

Patty-shells may be made by rolling the pastry quite thinly, and lining muffin tins with it, or baking the shells on the outside of small separate pans.

The patty shells may be filled with any desired mixture. Fancy cut macaroni, cooked and creamed; creamed hard cooked eggs; cooked and flaked fish with cream sauce; creamed chicken; creamed, cooked, veal or ham or both combined; or creamed vegetables, such as peas, celery, asparagus, or broiled ripe tomatoes with cream gravy. The patties after being filled with the hot seasoned food, may be garnished with hard-cooked egg, cut in petal shapes, with the mashed yolk for centers of the "daisies," sprigs of parsley, sprinklings of paprika, pimentoes cut in strips, or chopped, green peppers, chopped, nut-meats, buttered crumbs, tender little green peas, fresh cooked or canned, celery rings, or bits of cooked beets. The cheese cases may also be used to hold a salad of fish, chicken or vegetables which blend with the cheese flavor.

In using the cheese pastry shells with hot filling for a main course, they may be put in the oven for a moment to re-heat them.

A Few New Sandwiches

Something a little "different" for sandwich fillings is always welcome when planning entertainments for the girls and boys who are home for the holidays.

Have the bread at least twenty-four hours old, using either white, brown or a fruit bread. Cream the butter, so that it will spread easily. If crusts are to be removed, cut them off before spreading the bread so that butter will not be wasted. The butter should be spread over the entire slice of bread, not in patches, leaving part of it butterless, and both slices of bread should be buttered. A sandwich of dry bread is very disappointing. For ravenous young people who have been skating, snow-shoeing or tobogganing, rather substantial sandwiches should be prepared, the crusts left on the bread and the slices not too thin. For a tea, dance, card party or any other form of indoor

Raisin-Cheese Sandwich

Cream cheese Salt and paprika
1 lb. cream Whole-wheat bread
2 t. orange juice Butter
4 lb. chopped raisins

Chop the raisins and let them stand in the orange juice for 20 or 30 minutes. Drain. Mix together the cheese, cream and soaked raisins, season with a little salt and paprika and spread between slices of buttered bread. Cut in desired shapes.

Banana Sandwiches

These sandwiches are liked by those who are very fond of bananas and may be served with tea, making cakes or cookies unnecessary.

Butter thin slices of white bread. Spread with some tart jam such as plum or gooseberry or currant, then cover with thin slices of banana sprinkled with lemon juice or mild vinegar to keep them from turning black; cover with a top slice of buttered bread.

Boston Brown Sandwiches

Cut cold steamed brown bread in thin slices, butter and spread half of the slices with cream cheese moistened with cream or rich milk and cover with the other slices of bread. Cut each round sandwich in half. If necessary, add salt and paprika to the mashed cheese.

Toasted Cheese Sandwiches I

Make sandwiches of buttered bread with thin slices of cheese between the slices, press closely together and brown in melted butter in the frying pan. Serve while still hot.

Toasted Cheese Sandwiches II

Toast thin slices of whole-wheat or graham bread. Butter lightly; spread half the slices with orange marmalade and the other half with cream cheese. Press one of the cheese on one spread with marmalade, cut in strips and serve while hot. Care should be taken that the marmalade is not used liberally enough to be sloppy.

Cheese-Olive Open Sandwiches

Spread whole wheat or graham bread or graham crackers with cream cheese mixed with butter, (the bread will not need spreading with butter in this

Continued on page 59



EDWARDSBURG

CROWN BRAND

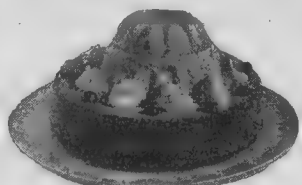
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CORN SYRUP

THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED - MONTREAL

C.B.14

TEAR OUT THESE RECIPES HAVE THEM READY FOR Christmas

Angel Charlotte Russe



ANGEL CHARLOTTE RUSSE

1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine.
1/2 dozen rolled stale macaroons.
1 dozen marshmallows, cut in small
1 pint heavy cream, pieces.
2 tablespoonfuls chopped candied
1 cup sugar, cherries.
1/4 lb. blanched and chopped nuts.
Vanilla, 1/4 cup cold water.
1/4 cup boiling water.

Soak the gelatine in cold water, dissolve in boiling water, and add sugar. When mixture is cold, add cream, beat until stiff, nuts, macaroons, marshmallows and candied cherries. Flavor with vanilla. Turn into a mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from mold and serve with angel cake. Or cut top from cake, remove some of the inside, fill with mixture, replace top, cover with frosting, and garnish with nuts and candied cherries.

- and delightful candy



HOLIDAY DAINTIES

4 level tablespoonfuls Knox Sparkling
1 1/2 cups boiling water. Gelatine.
4 cups granulated sugar.
1 cup cold water.

Soak the gelatine in the cold water five minutes. Add the boiling water. When dissolved add the sugar and boil slowly for fifteen minutes. Divide into two equal parts. When somewhat cooled add to one part one teaspoonful extract of cinnamon. To the other part add one-half teaspoonful extract of cloves. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night; turn out; cut into squares, roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar; let stand to crystallize. Any coloring desired may be added and any preferred flavoring extract used.

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Be sure to write for special recipes for holiday treats and Mrs. Knox's recipe books. Sent for 4c postage and your grocer's name.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.

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Better Cookery

Continued from page 58

case,) and on top of it lay slices of olives stuffed with pimentoes. With a sharp paring knife, one can get from six to nine slices from each olive. No top slice is placed on the sandwiches.

Cherry-Cheese Sandwiches

Cream cheese
4 tb. almonds or pecans
Creamed butter White bread
Marashino cherries, a small bottle.
Spread slices of white bread from which the crusts have been cut, with the softened butter. On half of them spread the cream cheese, well mixed with cherries, drained and chopped and the nut meats finely chopped. Cover with the remaining slices of bread.

Celery Nut Sandwiches

Spread buttered brown bread with finely chopped celery and walnut meats, mixed with a rather thick cooked salad dressing and seasoned, if necessary, with salt and paprika. Use twice as much celery as nuts.

Wellesley Sandwiches

Mix together 1 teaspoon cinnamon and 4 tablespoons light brown sugar. Spread between slices of buttered bread, cut in strips and toast on both sides.

Raisin-Fig Sandwich

Make a paste of 1 cup each of raisins, figs and walnut meats by chopping till quite fine. Moisten with orange juice and spread between slices of buttered bread.

Pineapple Sandwiches

Salt, paprika. Cream cheese
2 tb. grated pineapple
Sugar if needed

Mix all the ingredients together and spread between slices of graham or whole-wheat bread.

Relish Sandwiches

1/4 c. chopped celery 2 t. tomato catsup
1/4 c. chopped sweet pickles
Salt and paprika to taste

Stiff salad dressing to moisten.

Mix the ingredients to a stiff paste and spread between slices of buttered bread. Chopped stuffed olives or a little chopped pimento may also be added to the filling.

SAUCES

Hot Chocolate I

1/2 c. sugar 4 squares chocolate
1/2 c. water 1 t. vanilla

Make a syrup of the sugar and water. Add to the melted chocolate and flavor.

Hot Chocolate II

Make a syrup of 1 cup water 1/2 cup sugar. Add 5 tablespoons grated chocolate and 1 tablespoon cornstarch mixed with 3/4 cup milk and cook over hot water. Flavor with vanilla.

Hot Chocolate III

1 c. sugar 1 square chocolate
1 tb. butter 4 tb. boiling water
1 t. vanilla

Melt the chocolate, add the sugar and boiling water, boil 5 minutes, add the butter and vanilla.



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Children Grow Sturdy on Quaker Oats

The most important food element during the early growth years is *protein*, the great tissue builder. A plate of Quaker Oats with milk will supply 23% of your child's daily requirements of this essential food element.

Here is the "oats and milk" breakfast that health authorities state every growing child should have; containing protein, carbohydrates, vitamins and mineral salts in balanced proportion, and enough bran to supply the "roughage" for regular elimination.

Quaker Oats, the large flake. Quick Quaker, the finer flake for quick cooking. Get which you prefer.

Quick Quaker packages marked "Chinaware" each contain a piece of delicate imported chinaware in blue and gold. The cartons marked "Aluminumware" contain useful articles of aluminum for the kitchen.



Quaker Oats

—you have known since childhood

Quick Quaker

—cooks in 3 to 5 minutes B43

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Gold Standard Jelly Powder

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The Codville Company Limited, Winnipeg

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Test



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Boiling Water

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ADJUSTABLE DOME FASTENER INSIDE

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The question of tailor-made appearance.
The question of adjustability to any size leg.
The question of protecting skirts from buckle tears.
The question of buckles opened by coat bottom.
The question of perfect fit, warmth and lightness.
The question of concealed fasteners.

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The Christmas Guest

Continued from page 6

"No," she said in her composed way, "it's worse than that; it's diphtheria." Suddenly words hovering on her lips for thirty years burst out. They were not the words, frequently uttered, "I trust in God;" they were words hitherto sternly and successfully repressed. She prefaced them with a little reminder. "I'm Mrs. Eline, you know. My husband and my three children died of diphtheria in a week." Then at once she blushed scarlet with mortification—one should not thrust one's grief into the face of one's hostess on Christmas day!

But Mrs. Gardner did not seem to hear, or, hearing, to heed. Like Mrs. Eline, she withheld, if she had them, any words of consolation.

"Scarlet fever is another serious disease," she said almost lightly.

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Eline.

The ice cream was rich and delicious, and Mrs. Eline ate slowly. What a joy to handle damask and lace such as these, to hem the damask and perhaps to weave a new strand in among the lace roses! Mrs. Gardner said nothing; she merely looked at Mrs. Eline. "Look" is too vague a word, she stared. Her face grew paler and her eyes seemed to sink; she moistened her lips with her tongue.

Mrs. Eline folded her napkin with a sigh. How beautifully it was ironed! She would like to iron as well as to mend such satiny surface.

"May I speak to my friend Emma?" she asked.

Mrs. Gardner rose.

"Yes. Then come into the library. James will show you the way." There was a strained note in her voice—not anger, but a sort of fearful hunger. "I have a question to ask you."

EMMA WILL had passed through a variety of emotions since Mrs. Eline lifted the knocker. She had been glad to hear the sound of her approach—she was lonely without the other servants, for one thing, and for another she looked forward to showing the grandeur of the house and the consideration shown her. She had looked forward to telling also about Mr. Gardner, his good looks, his kindness, his fortune and his sudden illness and death.

She had been aghast at Mrs. Eline's mistake in coming to the front door. But no one could ever accuse Mrs. Eline of presumption, and she had been, after the first shock, proud of Mrs. Gardner's politeness. It was, as the black man said, very bad for Mrs. Gardner to eat Christmas dinner alone.

"I expect you done her good," she said kindly when Mrs. Eline came into the kitchen. She did not suspect the astonishing fact that Mrs. Eline believed herself invited by Mrs. Gardner. It would, after all, be just as interesting to tell James Mrs. Eline's experience with losing a young husband and three children as to tell Mrs. Eline about Mrs. Gardner's losing a merely middle-aged husband. She was hungry, and James was too, and she hoped Mrs. Eline would not stay long.

"Do you suppose Mrs. Gardner would have any sewing for me?" asked Mrs. Eline, blushing. It hurt her to ask for any more kindness.

"I do," said Emma. "Our sewing-woman got married. I'll fix that up for you. Leave it to me." Emma sank down heavily opposite the black man, who had filled two large plates.

In the library Mrs. Gardner sat close to the fire, though the whole room had the atmosphere of summer. Here were books, hundreds and hundreds of books and ferns and flowers and afternoon sunlight and firelight, and far

away merry voices of children. Mrs. Eline sat down, a glow of happiness on her cheeks, a smile on her lips. Mrs. Gardner wished to ask a question, but she would let Mrs. Gardner take her own time. She spoke of the books and the fire and the sunlight. After Christmas, she said, one could live because one could look forward to spring. Already she could tell the difference in the light.

Mrs. Gardner did not ask her question, and, anxious as she was to hear it, Mrs. Eline did not prompt her. She did not take her eyes from Mrs. Eline's face; it was as though she meant to find out what she wished to know without asking. When at last Mrs. Eline said she must go, she announced that she would go with her.

"I haven't walked for a long time. I'll have James bring the car down to your house for me."

"It would be lovely!" Mrs. Eline was delighted, yet dismayed. To walk with Mrs. Gardner through the pleasant streets, past the beautiful houses, near the happy children. Better still, to have a memory of Mrs. Gardner in the dingy streets. But the coldness of her little house! "Are you sure it isn't too far?" she said, stammering.

"If you can walk that far, I should be able to," said Mrs. Gardner.

Peered at by Emma Will and James from the library windows, regarded with surprise by the neighbors in the other beautiful houses, Mrs. Gardner walked down the street. When a pedestrian approached a faint color came into her cheeks and a look of alarm into her eyes. If it was an acquaintance, she clutched Mrs. Eline's arm. Mrs. Eline made no effort to keep her hand there, and she did not offer support; she simply held her arm ready.

"This is my church," she announced presently. "We have an excellent preacher."

If there was an invitation in this, Mrs. Gardner did not recognize it. She walked steadily and sometimes briskly, now and then looking down at Mrs. Eline intently.

"And this," said Mrs. Eline at last, "is where I live."

She saw with a sinking heart that James had not arrived; there was nothing to do but take Mrs. Gardner into the little kitchen, which might have half a degree more heat than the rest of the house, and make a wood-fire quickly, and hope that James would come.

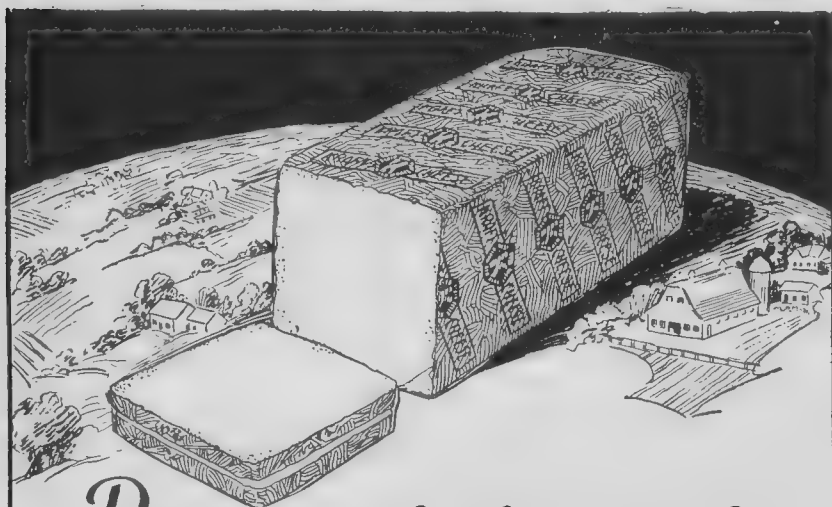
"In summer there are lovely flowers in this alley," she said bravely. "Many people come to see them." She took the key from under the mat and opened the door. "Please walk in and I'll make a fire at once." At the same instant there were the gentle sound of the stopping of a car and the tiniest utterance of the horn, as though James wished to tell his mistress at once that she need go no farther; rescue was at hand.

But Mrs. Gardner stepped inside the door and stood looking down at Mrs. Eline. James followed instantly, and she opened the door and said: "In a minute," and closed it and stood looking at Mrs. Eline.

"Was it here that that dreadful thing happened to you?" she asked in a tone of horror.

"No," answered Mrs. Eline. "We had a much pleasanter house than this. It was at the edge of town with a yard and a garden."

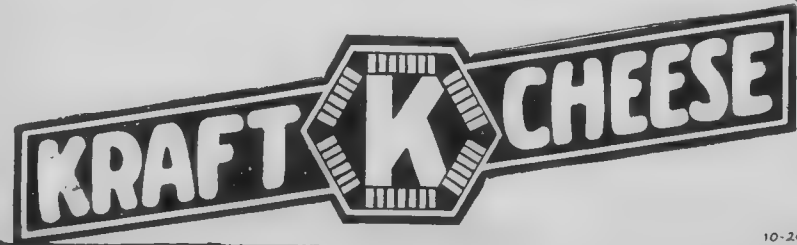
"Do you believe—" Mrs. Gardner began her question, then she hesitated for a long time, then she put out her hand and seized the back of a chair and leaned upon it. "Mrs. Eline, do you believe in God and heaven?" She spoke slowly, and one word stood out



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—it was *you*, as though Mrs. Eline's believing were different and more important than the believing of others.

"Oh, yes!" cried Mrs. Eline. "Oh, yes! Why, how should I live otherwise? On Christmas day above every day! It's hard then to see little children, but it's easiest to believe. Oh, Mrs. Gardner, we must believe; how else should we be able to live our lives?"

Mrs. Gardner's gaze remained fixed. She did not seem to see the poverty or feel the cold; she looked as a child might look at a picture of a saint or an angel, or a sailor at a guiding star.

"You are kind," she said, shivering. "You know what grief is, and you believe in God and heaven. Will you not come back with me to my lonely house?"

Women's Institutes

Continued from page 48

be present, but joins us in wishing that you may have all the best things in life, and in hoping that you will be long spared, in health and strength, to continue your good work in our midst.

"We feel, Mrs. McBeath, that you are always ready to do all in your power to advance the interests of our Club and community and our success is largely due to your untiring efforts.

"We ask you to accept this gift as a small token of our respect and esteem and hope that we may spend many more anniversaries together."

Dubuc are interested in the different clinics arranged by the Department of Health, in the League of Nations for which they provide monthly papers. At a recent meeting a paper and demonstration were given on Labor-Saving Appliances. This Club believes in conducting meetings in a businesslike way.

Dundurn is arranging for a sale of wicker work for the Blind Institute. They held a sale of home-cooking and a tea.

Great West Club are making quilts and planning sewing for needy families. An address was given by the Rev. Mr. Ball on the necessity for creating a strong public opinion against the need of war. A good share of the time of the programme was given up to a sing-song.

Henribourg Club is trying to procure a doctor for their municipality.

Happy Centre—Watson— is looking well after the sick in the neighborhood and are making preparations for procuring clothing for the destitute this winter. A clinic at which 63 children were examined was held at Watson.

Leslie is arranging for much good work through its Standing Committees. They gave a surprise party to Mrs. Dodd, one of their members who is leaving the town.

Maymont and Richard Clubs held two joint meetings. These Clubs are getting their Standing Committees well organized.

Mantario is adding to its membership. A large amount of basketry from the Blind Institute was sold by them. A gift of a sewing machine to the Eaton Union Hospital was presented in appreciation of kindness shown to members in hospital.

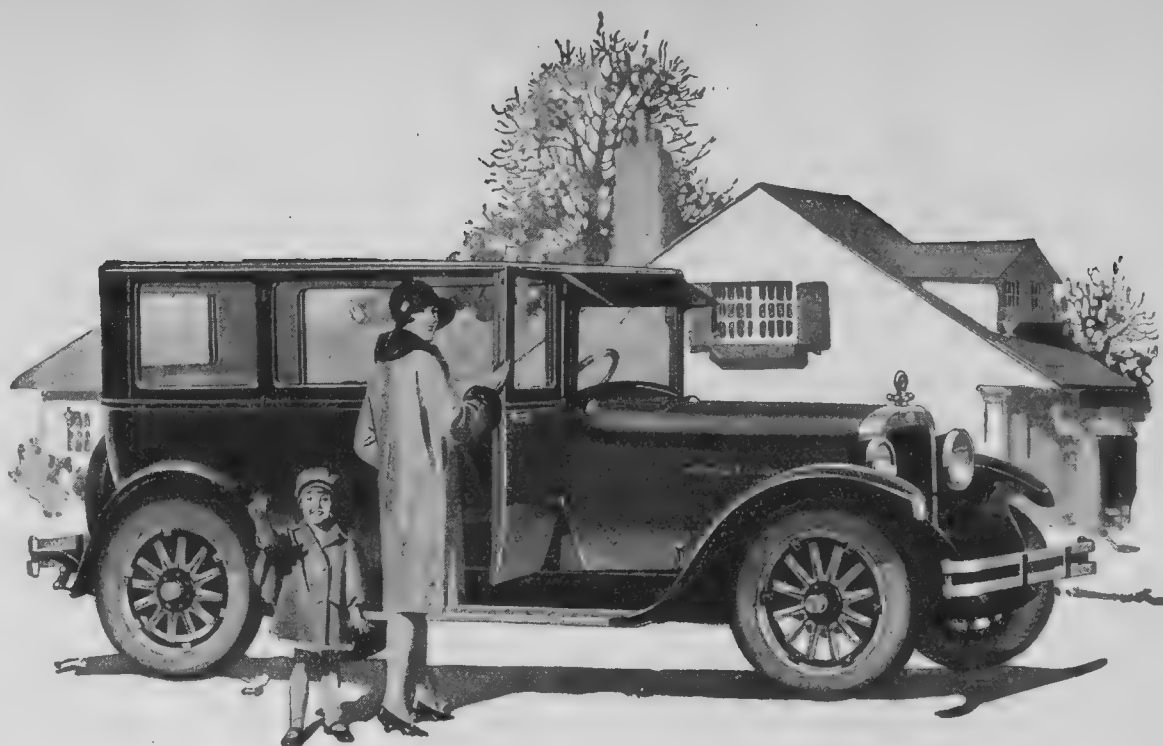
Maryfield held a joint meeting with the Fairlight Club. They are helping with their local rink. They are also co-operating with the Agricultural Society in arranging for the laying out and beautifying of park grounds. They are donating pens as prizes to the different school grades.

Mt. Murray had a paper on "Peace as Opposed to War." This was followed by a resolution favoring History textbooks written with a view to interesting the young in the arts of peace rather than those of war. They also held a sale of Home Cooking.

Mair had a paper and discussion in dyeing and making up flour sacks into useful garments and provided for an exhibit of the same. They arranged a holiday time for their Junior H.M.C.

Monet Club is working for its Community Hall and a Rest-room which they

Continued on page 63



A Story in Nutshells

Review again a few of those well known slogans which Dodge Brothers have published on the billboards during the past eleven years—

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The Sign of the Rose

Continued from page 30

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and trace with such a reverence the writing which the other girl had written 'in a joke'—well, that was not a good moment, not at all. And worse came at night when Henri was gone and I, who would have prayed, could not. Figure to yourselves my despair with that sin of blasphemy choking the holy words in my throat."

"Blasphemy, nothing!" said Mabel Brown, sticking her needle viciously through her emery bag. "You hadn't done a thing you hadn't a perfect right to do. It would be a queer world if we couldn't fix things up to suit ourselves sometimes."

"I'd have found that girl, if it had been me and given her a piece of my mind," declared the green-eyed Gertie belligerently. "Nasty little snake, giving your brother the come-hither like that and then letting him down cold."

"But how brave you were," murmured the little apprentice, "What if Henri had found out and scolded you?"

Mademoiselle smiled and shook her head. "How could that be, little one? By nightfall he was gone, no one even knowing where. And that he went happy was the only comfort for my sin. For it was a sin. I had made a lie. In the name of the good Saints to whom he prayed, I had given what they had not thought well to give. It was a very great sin as anyone can see. And the worst of it all was that I could not repent. No, I could not. For to truly repent is to wish a deed undone. And not even for my soul's sake could I wish that. It was not possible."

"So the days went by, the spring and the summer and the autumn came and winter again. When occasion served there was word from Henri—always so high-hearted, through all the terrible things, because of the rose. 'Having doubted once, I doubt no more,' he wrote, and for the rest he was fighting as his conscience bade and there was no sin on his soul."

"Then one morning came the word that he was in hospital and for a time it was easier to sleep at night—for did it not mean that now he might return? There was a nurse who wrote for him, such dear letters, and always he was getting better and presently there might be a long leave."

"Gee whiz! That would have put you in wrong, wouldn't it?" exclaimed Bunt with feeling.

Mademoiselle made a little resigned gesture.

"It would have been a happiness too great," she said simply. "Though when I knew he was to come there were days when I would dream that we were once more in our apartment—and that he knew . . . did not blame me too much . . . that he would forget her . . . that we would be happy again. But my heart told me it could not be. There was that feeling, a feeling of fate. . ."

"I never saw my brother again. On the last day of the voyage, with his ship almost in port, he died . . . it was most sudden . . . but the doctors say it was so with many . . . one little mercy there was, they did not bury him at sea—or far away. I had his grave to go to . . . many had not even that."

"Slowly the full meaning of what I had done came home to me. I had delayed my confession too long. Now I never could confess. For Henri was gone—gone believing in the lie I had made . . . and never now could he say, 'I understand and I forgive.'"

"But good gracious! that's perfect nonsense," exclaimed the practical Bunt, giving her judy a vigorous jerk. "You had only given him a little peace and happiness. It's simply morbid to see anything sinful in that."

"What I had given him was not

mine to give," said Mademoiselle firmly. "It was a false peace, a lying happiness. But when at last I could see it so and repentance came, it was too late. Ah," a little thrill crept into her voice, "It was a great misery—that! A misery that grew until, in those days after Henri's death, it stole into my brain and made a darkness there. For consider, now that I was repentant and could pray, my prayer seemed of no help or purpose. For as once I could not repent so now I could not believe in forgiveness. The doctors said 'A nervous breakdown.' 'If you will rest, you will find yourself recovered in the spring,' they said. But I knew that spring would never come until the winter in my heart was ended. And that, perhaps, was not intended. How could I tell? For Henri I had dared take happiness by force, but for myself I was afraid."

"Every day, as my mind grew darker, I thought: If the good Saints would give me a sign! Not a miracle, just a little, homely sign that no one but myself would know. But every day there was nothing and there were those who looked curiously at me and whispered."

"The Christmas season came, but brought no hope. I could not work. Day was a weariness and night a horror scarcely to be lived through. It would soon have finished, I think—but then it came—the day of the Great Gift."

"Oh—hurry!" urged one of the girls breathlessly, "Madam will be back."

"I had gone to Henri's grave early. I had some flowers for him—not that it seemed of any meaning, or that he would know or care. He was far away, you see, and there was the lie between us. But as I stood there, not thinking and hardly even feeling, I saw someone coming quickly across the snow, someone with dark furs and hair like palest gold. I moved away. I had hated her, but now I could not even hate. There was a large stone near and it was behind it I moved, thinking that she would pass by."

"But she did not pass. Straight to my Henri's grave she came and I could see (for I was very near) the tear stains on her fine, fair skin and the weariness in her faded blue eyes. And then as she knelt there, bent white face above the scarcely whiter snow, she drew from her great fur muff a single rose."

"Oh God," I heard her whisper. "Oh God, if it were not too late!" And then she fell to sobbing.

"Something stirred and fluttered in my heart. It was hope. But I did not know what it was."

"Dear God!" prayed she at the grave, "Give me a sign—a sign that he knew—a sign that it is not too late!"

"Without my conscious will I was there on the snow beside her, whispering into the fur that hid her face."

"He did know, and it is not too late," I whispered. Presently I told her all. And I saw the blue steal back into her weary eyes and a little flush came out upon her white cheek.

"I was a coward," she murmured. "I loved him but I was afraid. I let him go—without his rose. But I thought that when he came back—"

"She began to sob again, beating upon the frozen grave with her little hands that had held so lightly my Henri's heart."

"If he had come back," I said, "perhaps you would still have been afraid. But take comfort, for now there is no fear between you. And remember—he died happy in believing that you loved him."

"It is a sign!" she cried. "Do you

Continued on page 69

Woman's Institutes

Continued from page 63

have arranged for. The Club members are each taking one of the six outlines for study of B.N.A. Act and Saskatchewan Act.

Marengo had papers on League of Nations and "Books." A discussion on the Ideal Home was enjoyed.

Midale. Club members with brushes and pails painted the posts of their cemetery fence. Papers on canning and a demonstration on kitchen utensils were given.

Ormley Club, Plato, has donated generous sums to the Red Cross and the Saskatoon Sanatorium. They are conducting a sale of basketry from the Institute for the Blind.

Pleasantville H.M.C. has procured a travelling library. They are arranging for a course in dressmaking, millinery, etc. They held a Hallowe'en party for grown-ups and children. Some work for community education and entertainments is being planned for during winter months.

Punnichy held a baby clinic. They provided tea during the afternoon. In October they had a demonstration in crepe paper flowers and sealing-wax work from the Extension demonstrator. In aid of Fruit and Flowers Fund, a tea and sale of home cooking was held and netted \$17.

Prince had a paper and discussion on the "Nutrition of Children." A chicken supper was conducted by the Club toward expenses of Community Hall erected by them. They recently paid \$85 towards labor and paint.

Paddockwood is planning new work to raise funds for their Outpost Hospital.

Stanleyville Club is interested in the fight against diphtheria (Seymour plan) and are arranging to co-operate. They are donating \$20 toward the upkeep of their Community Hall.

Summerberry held a sale of Home Cooking. They also held a vaccination and adenoid clinic at which around seventy were attended to. A talk on Bird preservation was given.

Superb is adding to its membership and keeping very busy in all community efforts.

Scotstown Club joined with the Beltan Club for a meeting. They also held a sale of Home Cooking.

Stewart Valley is purchasing new utensils for two schools. These two schools have been fitted up by the Club with things necessary for meetings. A paper was given at the October meeting on Household Hints, followed by discussion. They also arranged for a Hallowe'en Dance.

United H.M.C. is following up study of the League of Nations. They are arranging to fix the cemetery fence and are sending flowers for the sick.

DISTRICT CONVENTIONS

The Fourth Annual District Convention for the Govan District was held at Govan, October 21st.

There was an attendance of over one hundred delegates at the morning and afternoon sessions. Some splendid papers were given by members of the Clubs: Music, Better Citizenship and Co-operation with your Club, Books and their Influence on the Child, Someone's Child is calling, Leisure for What, Goitre, Pioneer Days, and First Impressions of Canada, by a Newcomer.

Standing Committees Club reports were very interesting and helpful.

The evening session, which was an open meeting was largely attended, about five hundred people present. The address of the evening was delivered by the Hon. Mr. Hamilton. He spoke on the Farm Home and on hobbies and side lines for farm women.

An excellent address on the League of Nations was prepared by Mrs. Cameron of the Davidson Club and read by Mrs. Robinson of Nokomis on account of the unavoidable absence of Mrs. Cameron.

Most excellent music was provided during the whole day and evening programme by members of the Club and people of Govan who always co-operate unanimously with the Homemakers' Club in their district.



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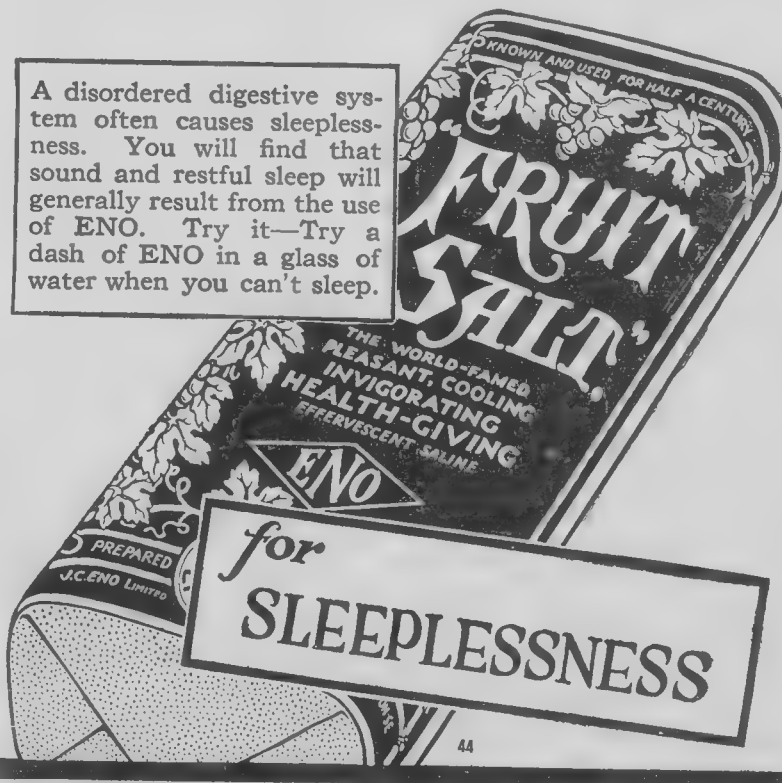
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Vision Versus Routine

Continued from page 27

was giving him in this unmistakable fashion, concrete proof of its wish to embody in a composite nationality the best aspects of his own ethnic heritage. Under these circumstances would not the national Canadian temperature rise inevitably? Would not the sense of a community of effort be inescapably created? Should we not presently find ourselves caught up in a momentum of national goodwill that would irresistibly produce the co-operation that is essential to the greatest and highest prosperity?

This, in effect, was the reply of the second section of the group. To this reply, what was the rejoinder of the first section? Briefly, the rejoinder was that the picture just painted was hopelessly impractical and visionary. That it was not to be expected that such grandiose or nebulous views and attitudes could be made to prevail.

Now, my own comment is that this rejoinder was equivalent to saying that we must be content to knuckle down to the realization that routine must prevail to all time in the directing processes of our national life; that it is simply incredible to suppose that our national development can be shaped or controlled by any great spiritual principle.

Is routine inevitable in national direction and government? Can a young nation not hitch its wagon to a star in the sense of taking a grandiose view of its potentiality and its future? I am now going to try to give a suggestive answer to this question by citing the historical example to which I alluded at the outset.

Some months ago I attended in an Eastern city a notable national assembly dealing with Education. On the programme there figured three representative Englishmen and three representative Frenchmen. The two groups were as nearly as possible equally distinguished as authorities in their respective fields. So far as their material was concerned the British speakers made excellent contributions: there was no drawback so far as that is concerned. But what I may call their Form of Technique left a great deal to be desired. They were negligently dressed; they read their addresses; and rather uninspiringly at that; and at least one of them corrected with a pencil from time to time as he proceeded what seemed to be the faulty typing of a most stimulating but rather casual paper. I am anxious to repeat that the actual content of these addresses left nothing to be desired. They were mellow, stimulating, and authoritative. The Frenchmen on that programme offered the most striking contrast to their British associates. They were elegantly groomed; not one of them read; and their delivery was magnificent. Putting it shortly, the outstanding feature about the performance of these Frenchmen was the impeccable elegance of their Form, or, to use a word liable to be misunderstood, of their Style. I desire to emphasize the point that the Frenchmen were not one iota superior in content. The two groups of addresses were as nearly as may be equally valuable in matter, in authoritative quality, and, in that sense, in the disclosure of ability. But in respect of form there was no comparison. The Frenchmen were unchallengeably superior. And in this particular these three Frenchmen were characteristically representative of their race; because there is little question that the French are the greatest masters of form, of style, in the world. My contention is that the performance of these representative Frenchmen on

that occasion was no accident; it was the inevitable result of a long national tradition, and really represents the splendid triumph of a clearly conceived vision, of what I may call a national policy and attitude adopted one may almost say at a specific moment, and so resolutely adhered to that it has long since become an integral part of the national idiosyncrasy of France.

The eminent success in point of form of those three typical Frenchmen on that occasion may, I believe, be traced, so far as its explanation is concerned, directly back to the seventeenth century. At the close of the sixteenth century the two most obvious features of the condition of France were these: in politics, the weakness of the royal authority or of the central government; and in social conditions, turbulence and coarseness—these qualities being associated with chaos and confusion in the national language and literature. In both domains the early seventeenth century produced a generation of men and women who, as it were, humiliated by the circumstances in which the nation found itself, resolved that they would remedy these conditions with a resolute hand. And so in politics France produced a series of what may be called architects of order and authority in government. This is the formula that explains or defines the achievement in the political field of Henry the Fourth, Cardinal Richelieu, Cardinal Mazarin, and, ultimately and as a climax, Louis the Fourteenth. These men fixed ineffaceably on France the hallmark of a powerful and highly centralized national government. The guiding star of the political efforts of these men was the smashing, the elimination of every obstacle standing in the way of an efficient and supreme central authority. And in manners, in language, and in literature, there was inaugurated with a high degree of vivid consciousness, a movement, a tendency answering one may say exactly to the political or governmental phenomenon just alluded to. Manners, language, and literature were deliberately and consciously subjected to a drastic discipline, the grand object of which was the assertion of the principle of authority. This formula again explains the labors of grammarians like Chapelain and Vaugelas; of poets like Malherbe and Boileau; of institutions like the Academy and the Hotel de Rambouillet; of enterprises such as the Dictionary of the Academy. The immediate political result of the adoption of this policy was the interior consolidation and unification of the French monarchy which speedily resulted in giving internationally to France the hegemony and primacy of Europe. Nor was the result in the other field to which I have referred any less decisive. Turbulence gave way to elegance, chaos to order, libertinage to authority. The French language became the symbol of clarity and French literature the premier literature of Europe. What is more, this movement gave the French mind a supremacy it has never lost in the practice of intellectual control and in the sense of organized form. Today, after three centuries, the representative Frenchman, whatever his other limitations may be, excels all his competitors in the organic artistic instinct and in the sense of style.

Here, unless I am greatly mistaken, is a clear example of a national achievement and a national characteristic, that is the direct result of an imaginative national policy and a national vision. Is there, or is there not, in this a lesson for the Canada of today?



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Parents should give thought to their own childhood when contemplating the purchase of necessities for their children.

Take the question of shoes. Were your shoes made to fit you perfectly? Did you never wear shoes that pinched and caused callouses?

Think of what you endured in your childhood; in the days when nobody specialized in making shoes for growing, active feet.

Your children's feet will develop normally, offsetting much pain and discomfort in future years, if you purchase Hewetson Shoes; the shoes that are made on Nature's last.

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Radio

Continued from page 45

and consoles, the grotesque effects exhibited last year have disappeared for the most part.

While beauty housing is the biggest feature to appeal to women, the introduction of light socket power supply is another innovation to appeal to women. Many batteries and intricate switching arrangements have frightened many a woman from a radio receiver and formerly sets stood idle throughout the day until daddy came home to putter with the contraption. Now the lady of the house can step to a wall socket, punch a button and the radio works. Single dial control and precision logging have also added to the feminine appeal of receivers.

"Where is it going to end?" is the question we asked ourselves, after reading about the new scheme the Detroit police department have evolved for instilling "the fear of the Lord," into the hearts of motorists who violate the traffic laws.

As in most new contrivances of the present day, radio figures largely in this latest device, in fact radio might be said, in this instance, to be the axis upon which the wheels of the law revolve.

The idea, while novel, is simple enough. A loud-speaking apparatus is mounted on a New-day Jewett sedan. The electrical apparatus is mounted in a special cabinet in the tonneau, with wires leading to three loud-speaker horns on top of the car. The main horn, an enormous contraption, five feet long, points directly forward, while two smaller horns carry the sound to the sides. This Nemesis of erring and careless motorists, and also pedestrians, is called the Caution Car.

Its main purpose is to instill the principles of caution into the driving and walking public by literally "telling them off" and directly pointing out the error of their ways.

The officer on duty, when he "spots" an offender, whether he be guilty of speeding, having defective headlights, blocking cross-walk, or any one of numerous offences, directs the officer driving the Caution Car to pull up beside the erring one. He then proceeds to deliver words of warning through a microphone which he holds in his hand. In the process, however, his natural voice is amplified and his remarks issue from the three horns, in volume sufficient to "tell the world."

You who have already experienced the conspicuous feeling one has when being "told off" by an officer, sotto voce, may be able to dimly imagine the sensation of having the Caution Car travel alongside your car, the officer meanwhile delivering a traffic lecture in tones that all other drivers and pedestrians in the block may hear and enjoy.

"Jaywalkers" too, fall in for their portion of "safety propaganda," and a large part of the effectiveness of the car in dealing with individual violators is due to the glare of publicity in which they find themselves.

The one redeeming feature, from the offending motorist's point of view, is that they are never "written up," the police department holding that these lessons delivered courteously and in good spirit are more effective than more drastic measures. Also no arrests are made except in very flagrant cases.

These lectures are not delivered merely to embarrass offenders, but both pedestrians and motorists are warned against their carelessness and shown in what way they can help to make the city safer for all. The officer ends his safety talk with deferential request for co-operation in an effort to speed up traffic safely. Thus we have the States, already noted for its vagaries, once more taking the lead in providing free and open-air entertainment for the edification of the masses.

What She Really Wanted

"I'm sorry, dear, but I went into six stores and they didn't have any dress goods to match the sample you gave me," said the husband as he sank into a chair.

"Fine! That's just what I wanted to know. My dress will be unique!"—*Christian Science Monitor.*

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When smart Parisiennes discovered that some perfumes like sad music or sombre colors, make one depressed, Bourjois created for them the Perfume of Happiness, Ashes of Roses.

This tenderly wistful fragrance, tantalizing as laughter, as refreshing as the air of an old-world garden, brings with it a sense of radiant content.

For each palpitant drop of Ashes of Roses charms away sadness. It is of the essence of sunshine distilled when all the world is young—a delight to the senses.

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Be sure to ask for McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets — sixty tablets — 60 cents. One woman put on fifteen pounds in five weeks, and they are especially valuable for weak, thin children and to help elderly, feeble people to feel spry and younger.

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Be successful. Master speech. Win happiness. Send for full information and phonograph record. Dine for postage.
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HAVE your cards and players ready every week at the broadcasting hour of the nearest station below, and you will be able to follow the game of the experts, bid by bid, and play by play.

Many essentials of good playing are illustrated in each game. The entire series is a liberal education in Bridge.

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CFAC...Calgary Herald.....Calgary
CJCA...Edmonton Journal...Edmonton
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Continued from page 47

Mr. Dodds' address blended on account of actual working principles with the more general theory of practical banking, giving particulars of many facts which, in his opinion, constituted danger signals in commercial accounts. Here and there he linked up the bankers' profession with the actual work done by the commercial credit men, showing that at many points both practice and interest were identical. He concluded with the statement that since confidence was the real basis of credit the appearance of certain danger signals need not be taken as sure proof of the appearance of a dangerous risk. Nevertheless, he said, only eternal vigilance over every factor which might affect the account could insure a successful conduct of the banker's business.

Roughly dividing his subject into a consideration on what might be read into the balance sheet or profit and loss account of a concern, and into a survey of facts such as the personal touch, local knowledge and moral hazards, Mr. Dodds began by saying that banks and commercial houses did not keep clear of losses by good luck, but by good management, and in this connection it was essential for the bank manager to be in a position now and again to offer advice and the fruit of his experience to his customers.

The Balance Sheet

Dealing with the balance sheet and profit and loss statements, the speaker declared that the first and most important danger signal was a decrease in the percentage of liquid assets to liabilities, especially when the percentage is low, since fixed assets could rarely be counted on in any emergency. Other important questions sketched by Mr. Dodds included:

If there is an increase in merchandise in amount or not in proportion to sales. Is the company becoming overstocked or speculating in merchandise? On what basis is the valuation made? Is sufficient fire insurance carried, and is there an 80 per cent. co-insurance clause?

Have merchandise stocks decreased for instance, where replacement cost would be exclusive? Is there an increase in bills receivable, of what quality are they and how spread? Has full provision been made for losses and weak accounts? Inquiry should be made if there is a decrease in bills receivable without a corresponding improvement elsewhere.

Is there any disposition to attempt to do more business than the liquid surplus justified? Is any attempt being made to get more capital? Are amounts owed by partners and members of the firm more than nominal or increasing? If people in control are not sagacious enough to look after their own affairs they can hardly expect other people to have much confidence in their management of the firm's business.

Is property too heavily encumbered or has encumbrance increased? When does the mortgage fall due and what prospects are there for getting new money elsewhere? Is proper allowance being made for depreciation of property? Is there any increase in realty holdings or other fixed premises, what are the terms of the lease?

Undisclosed Liabilities

Has there been a decrease in capital or surplus? Are there any undisclosed

liabilities in the way of guarantee or endorsement? The only person more difficult to collect from than an endorser is a guarantor.

Is there any delay in producing the balance sheet at the proper time? Have dividends been paid which have not been earned or which tend to milk the quick assets? Is the balance sheet audited by reliable outside accountants? One business concern has been known to have three balance sheets: the first for the owner, the second for the bank, and the third for the income tax collector. Is any difficulty experienced in having doubtful matters explained? Remember that credit is based largely on confidence; confidence in turn is based on knowledge of facts and familiarity with operations.

Is the fact of a single life nature? Is there anyone in line for executive positions in case of accidents? Is there a falling off in turnover or profits? Sometimes a business is not big enough to provide all the members of the family with jobs.

Golf, Mr. Dodds said, might be mentioned, since he had never made up his mind which was the weaker risk—the man who neglects his business for his golf or his golf (e.g., his health) for business. His veins, he said, still depended on the influence of the weather and his own score.

Turning to the more personal side of business, Mr. Dodds said it was necessary to recognize the moral hazards involved. It is not difficult, he said, to find out if a general storekeeper in a country town takes a hand in "the big game" locally and still simpler to ascertain if he is drinking. In addition to such facts, Mr. Dodds declared, the banker liked to know such facts as the following:

Are those in charge of a business thoroughly competent? Are cheques for appreciable amounts issued for purposes outside the business? Are owners or partners living extravagantly? Are those signs of straining at liberal authorized credit? Overdrafts are undesirable. If there is a tendency to grant too liberal credits, e.g., if the paper offered for discount is of a weak nature, the banker must put on the brakes. Is trade paper well met? Are "kites" included for items presented for discount? Are relations between principals or between principals and employees harmonious? Is increasing opposition or ruinous competition arising?

Is there a lack of resiliency in borrowing? Banks prefer to have their advances paid substantially reduced at least once a year or oftener. Is there any appreciable drop in amount or quality of security? Is there a decided drop in the price of the merchandise dealt in? Are taxes paid promptly? Is there difficulty in obtaining information where accounts are divided with other banks?

This, Mr. Dodds, said, concluded his list of danger signals, but he wished to emphasize the fact that the list was by no means complete. The speaker concluded:

"There are so many things to be taken into account that credit cannot be reduced to rule of thumb. The moral risk is always the supreme factor, and this can never be reduced to a percentage basis."

The Return

By Beresford Richards

O, once I knew a people,
And Youth it was their name,
And they were born of promise,
And formed of song and flame.

O, life was all uncharted
To their adventuring wills . . .
The winds were for their guidance
And for their feet the hills.

They sang by lonely waters,
They followed trackless ways,
Their eyes beheld the glory,
Their hearts acclaimed the praise.

For them God limned with magic
That Eden named Beyond;
And in their splendid fashion
They knew not bar nor bond.

From shores of golden mornings
They launched their argosies,
Their cargoes, Hope and Courage,
Their ports, Great Destinies.

Ah! then beyond the sky-line
Their shimmering vision passed,
And darkness closed about them,
And silence holds them fast.

"For thee by hill and river,
By forest, field and shore—
For ever and forever—
They shall return no more!"

Thus spake regret and sadness—
And then beside my knee
My son stood, eyes uplifted . . .
So they return to me.

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Taking Christmas By Storm

Continued from page 15

one kitchen chair. The rest of the chairs, being only boxes, had all gone into the stove; so Billie, the eight-year-old, stood up to the table with Joe and Jenny. Jenny had lit the lamp, but as there was no oil in it the flame went down and down until it went out.

"Never mind," said Jenny, pointing to the window, "see how bright it is." And indeed the dancing Lady Aurora shone with all her might.

"Now, children," Jenny went on, "if you're all through, we're going off on a really-and-truly adventure, just like the children in a fairy tale. We're going to the city where father is."

"Oh! Ah!" cried Billie. "That'll be great!" Celia and Delia seized hands and began to dance.

"Now, Cee and Dee," said Jenny, "you wash up, please; and Joe, you sweep the floor, while I fix the weenies for the road. We mustn't leave the place in a mess."

Celia and Delia were a great little team—they always did everything together—and anyway the washing up was easy, for they had shared one plate between them, while Joe and Jenny had eaten off the two ends of the dish. Besides, Ponto had licked the plates and dish so clean, you couldn't have told there had been anything on them. Ponto was part collie, part spaniel, and the rest of him just dog.

Jenny had never had to organize an expedition before, so its problems didn't worry her in the least. The children had no more clothes than they could put on all at once, so they put them all on. They had no team, so they just had to walk—all except Lena and Rosie, who had their "toboggan." What they called a toboggan was really just a long narrow box on runners. The two mites, wrapped up in the only whole pair of blankets, could just squeeze into the box, face to face, with their legs overlapping. Lena carried Phyllis, the hen, in a bag; Rosie held Trotsky on her lap.

Phyllis and Trotsky have not been mentioned before. In fact, Trotsky got herself left out of the story altogether, for she was away hunting mice in the barn, and so busy she never heard Jenny calling her. She would certainly have got left, only Joe found her just finishing her mouse when he opened the barn door to fetch out Moolie the cow.

"We can't take Moolie on the train, I suppose," said Jenny. "At least, I don't think they take cows in the baggage cars with the milk, though I know they take dogs. But we can lend her to one of the farmers as we pass. They can take her board out of the milk, when she freshens again."

At the head of the procession marched Jenny, leading Moolie by a rope around the horns, and carrying a bundle of hay under one arm by way of inducement to speed. Jenny went on snowshoes—the pair mother had used as a girl down east. The cow broke a trail through the snow, and Joe followed close on her heels, with a pointed stick, so she had inducements both fore and aft. Joe was leader in the tandem team hauling the "toboggan" sleigh, with Billie as rear horse in the shafts. Cee and Dee came last, and took turns at pushing the sleigh; for in spite of Moolie and the rest the trail was too narrow for anything but Indian file.

The great adventure started with a flourish, all the voyagers in high spirits. Even Rosie was too excited to feel tired, though it was after her bedtime. Cee and Dee struck up a carol, the one beginning:

*On Christmas Eve the Shepherds leave
The Angels bold to guard the Fold,
While through the Snow they trudging go*

*To Beth'lem, where the Star hangs low
The Infant in the Barn to show—
A thousand year and more ago.*

They all joined in, and kept up the singing for over a mile. Not only carols you understand, but nursery rhymes too, and catches like "Three Blind Mice," that their mother had taught them.

Suddenly they came up against a barbed wire fence, right across the old trail.

"There wasn't any fence here last summer," Joe grumbled.

"But it's here now," said the practical Jenny, "and Moolie can't crawl under, though we could. We must go along till we come to a gate."

As they started again, the coyotes opened their nightly concert, broadcasting howls in every key from all quarters of the compass at once. The children were not a bit afraid of mere coyotes; but now they trudged along in silence—the forbidding fence had taken all the sing out of them.

It seemed like miles before they came at last to a gate. They went through, and found a trail winding away from it on the other side—but instead of taking them to the railway it ended in a farmyard.

A brilliant light shone out from a front window of the house. Jenny led her tribe around to the back, and went in through a dark porch to the kitchen door. They heard her knock—but there was no answer. She opened the door and called out: "Is anyone at home, please?" Still no answer. Coming back to her brothers and sisters, she said: "We can't go on till someone tells us the way, and we can't stay out in the cold till the people come home, so we've just got to go in." And in they went.

No lamp was burning in the kitchen, but light shone in through the half-open door of the living-room, and Lady Aurora flickered in at the window, so the children could see their way about. Jenny set Rosie in a big rocker, where she was soon fast asleep. While the others pulled chairs up to the stove to warm their feet, Jenny took down a lantern from its nail in the porch, lit it, and went out with Joe to make Moolie comfortable in the barn. They tied her up in the front stall where they found hay and a halter, and left Phyllis to keep her company. Coming back to the house, they shut up Ponto in the porch.

"The people," whoever they might be, had gone off in a hurry, without washing up their supper things. Jenny and Joe washed up for them, and laid the table with clean things ready for breakfast.

Billie, meanwhile, went peeping around the door into the room where the light came from. "Oh! Oh!" he cried. Cee and Dee went peeping after him, and they cried "Oh! Oh!" too.

"Come back," Jenny ordered, and they came. But when she had got the kitchen nicely swept and tidied up, she thought she had better peep in herself. There, filling nearly half the room, stood a gay tall Christmas tree. She felt drawn in, as if by a magnet. Of course the rest all followed—except Rosie, who was too fast asleep.

Round and round the tree they went, admiring. "My word!" said Billie, "look at the Christmas stockings!" A good dozen of them, little stockings of gauze all bulging with candies. Lena put out a finger, but Jenny caught it in time. "Don't touch a thing, any of you," she commanded.

"I wonder what's in those parcels under the tree," said Joe.

"I wonder, too," said Jenny, "but it's none of our business."

Continued on page 68

Children Cry for

Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's

Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep.

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Absolutely Harmless—No Opiates. Physicians everywhere recommend it.



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Laugh If You Like—!



—But I Did Learn Music Without a Teacher

IT was at a little social gathering. Every one had been called on to entertain, and all had responded with a song or with a selection on some musical instrument. Now it was my turn.

I had always been known as a "sit in the corner." I had never been able either to sing or play. Yet I smiled confidently and took my place at the piano. Then I played—played as no one else had played that evening. Ballads! Classical numbers! Popular tunes!

For the first time in my life I was the very centre of attraction.

They listened—dumbfounded. For a moment, now that I had finished, they remained silent. Then thunderous applause! Then questions.

"How did you do it?" they chorused. "You who didn't know a note! Who was your teacher?"

For a moment the questions overwhelmed me.

"Teacher? I never had one," I replied. "I learned by myself, at home."

They laughed in disbelief.

"Laugh if you want," I countered. "I did learn music without a teacher."

"Until recently I didn't know one note from another. I loved music. But I couldn't afford a private teacher. And I hated monotonous exercises. Anyway, I thought musicians were born, not made."

"You all know how I've sat around while the rest of you entertained. Time after time I longed to be able to play."

"Then one night I was reading a magazine. Suddenly I saw a startling announcement, telling of a new, easy method of quickly learning music—right at home—without a teacher. It sounded impossible—it made me wonder—but it didn't cost me a cent to find out." So I signed the coupon, and—well, you know the rest."

I chose the piano. And from the very beginning I was playing real notes, like a regular musician! It was great fun!

Now I can play anything—jazz or classical.

I can always entertain. And I even play in an orchestra, and make big money.

You, too, can learn to play your favorite instrument by this easy "at home" method that has helped almost half a million people to increased pleasure and financial gain. No musical talent needed. Pick out the instrument you want to play. The U. S. School of Music does the rest. And it costs just a few cents a day!

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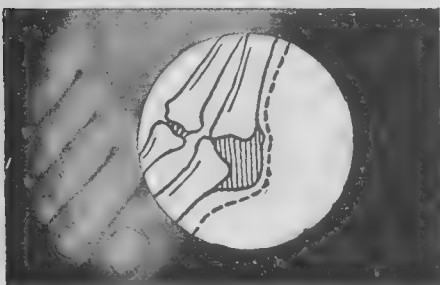
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Taking Christmas By Storm

Continued from page 67

Trotsky had crept in between their feet, and now, stretching out a soft experimental paw, started to play with a hanging end of tinsel cord. Jenny caught her up, put her out into the kitchen, and shut the door.

There were two big cushiony arm-chairs in the room, besides a great spring couch, so the children could make themselves very comfortable. They sat there looking at the tree, talking—and wondering when the people would come home, and how many children the people had, and whether the people would give them a taste of the candy before the little procession started again. When the little ones showed sleepy signs, Jenny started them singing again; so they sang a little, and talked a little, and sang a little more. But Lena soon dropped off into the Land of Nod, and Billie wasn't long after her. Cee and Dee only kept themselves awake by pinching each other, and presently forgot to do that.

There was a shelf of old books in one corner. Jenny thought that she and Joe would be forgiven if they took down one of these—"just to keep ourselves awake," she said—"it wouldn't do for the people to come and find us all asleep in their house." The book was called "The Holy War." If they didn't understand what the war was all about, they found it quite exciting, especially the pictures. However, they had been out and about so much that day, even before the expedition started, that Joe's eyes simply would not stay open, and even anxious Jenny lost track of the story, though she kept sort of awake by making herself sing—verse after verse; she didn't really know what.

THE CAPTURE

When the kind old Moynies drove up to the Wartons, and got no answer to their shouts, they hunted through house and barn, but the only sign of life was a bit of red fire in the kitchen stove. Snow had fallen that afternoon, but not a foot-print nor runner-mark could be seen between the house and the road. Had the children flown up the chimney?

"I guess Lem must have come and fetched them after all," Liza concluded, with a sigh. "Only he must have come walking across lots, some way or other, and made them walk back with him—poor little dears. Well, we've done all we could, Robin." And they drove back the way they had come.

Home at last, Liza got out first to fetch the lantern, for Rob to take down to the barn. As soon as she opened the porch door, something rushed out, nearly upsetting her, and vanished round the corner of the house. Liza caught hold of the door-post, trembling, afraid to go in. "Did you see that?" she said.

"I just caught a glimpse," said Rob. "It looked something like a wolf."

"If it was a real wolf, it couldn't have got in," Liza shook her head. She remembered old wives' tales of wolves that were no wolves.

Robin felt a bit nervous himself; but he went in, found the lantern, and lit it. His wife would not go into the house alone, so they went down to the barn together. They unhitched Dan and Dooley, and let them go in to find their own stalls as usual. Dan got to his manger and started munching, all right, but Dooley found his place taken by a cow, which kicked when he tried to squeeze in beside her. A white hen, aroused from her beauty sleep on the manger, flew over their backs to find a more peaceful roost, protesting hysterically against the disturbance.

"Mercy on us!" cried Liza. "What's that?"

"It sounds like a hen, but it looks like a cow," said Robin. "How she comes to be here, beats me. I'll not touch her. I'll tie Dooley up the other side."

Going back to the house, Robin led the way through the porch, holding the lantern high, and tip-toeing to the kitchen door. But just as he was turning the handle, he stopped short. A voice within was softly singing. He could not make out the words, but the music was sweet and low, as if it flowed out of a dream. It paused, and Rob opened the door.

A something leapt up from under the stove, and rushed out into the night.

Rob and Liza were both shaking now. "Was it a—a rat?" said she. "More like a cat," said he. And there was no cat here when we left."

Liza followed Rob trembling into the kitchen. The first thing she noticed was the table, all set ready for breakfast.

"Rob," she whispered, "I didn't wash up. Is it the fairies, d'you think—the 'Little People'?"

"Sure!" Rob laughed, as the light fell on slumbering Rosie. "It's the little people right enough, and there's one of them."

"Oh, the blessed mite!" The good woman picked her up, fondled her, crooned over her. Rosie snuggled down in the motherly arms, and smiled in her sleep.

"And here are all the rest of the 'Little People,' mother," said Robin—he had opened the living-room door.

Jenny, who had been only half asleep, sprang up and gave Joe a dig that made him spring up too. "Oh, Mr. Moynie. I'm so glad it's you. We didn't know where we'd got to. We were just waiting till someone came in to tell us the way to the railway station, so we can go to father."

"He didn't send for you, Jenny, nor write you?" Mrs. Moynie asked.

"No, but—"

"Then you'll stay here till he does, my dear, and we won't talk about railway stations on Christmas Eve. There's room for all of you—and blankets. It won't hurt you to double up a bit. The fact is—" here she pointed to the tree—"we were sort of expecting folk might drop in for Christmas and—and here you are, see?"

"And we'd have been disappointed right bad if you hadn't come," added Rob, as a clincher.

"That we would," said Liza. "So now, Rob, let's light up the tree. Jenny, you and your brother can help, as far as you can reach."

When every candle had been set blazing, Aladdin's magic trees loaded with dazzling jewels could not have outshone that sparkling spruce. Billie and Cee and Dee sat up and rubbed their eyes, thinking the sun was up. Even Lena and Rosie awoke, and didn't want to go to sleep again in the least when they saw that glorious tree.

The stocking-fruit was picked; and still there were a lot of mysterious wrapped-up somethings hanging from the boughs, not to speak of the parcels on the ground. "Because we'll have the tree alight again tomorrow after the Christmas dinner," Liza announced. "We've lots more candles. But before these burn out, won't you all sing for us, Jenny? I know you can, for we heard you as we came in—and thought it was the fairies, no less!"

Then all the children joined hands in a ring around the tree, and sang:

Continued on page 69



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Taking Christmas By Storm

Continued from page 68

On Christmas Eve, let no child grieve,
But Girl and Boy take all the Joy
The Infant in the Barn did bring.
The Kings of old gave Him their gold—
He paid it back a thousand-fold—
In Heaven's Coin of Gifts untold
And joys that make the Dumb to sing
The Praises of the Infant King.

The old folk kept time by gently clapping their hands, beaming the while. In the middle of the first verse, the telephone rang, and Rob slipped away to it. The operator at the station read him a telegram just received from a hospital in Regina. A man named Warton had just passed out, after an accident he had brought on himself. He had given the Moynies' name, as neighbors who had a telephone and would take the news to his family. That was all.

Robin kept this to himself when he returned to the children, and went on gently clapping his hands till the singing was over. Then Liza made them eat a second supper, while she made up their beds.

When all the seven youngsters were snugly tucked in for the night, she put her hands on Rob's shoulder and said, though with a catch in her voice: "So they did come after all, you see! I told you they would."

"You're always right, mother," he said. "And now they've come we won't let 'em go away again."

The Sign of the Rose

Continued from page 62

not see that it is a sign? I had despaired, but God has sent you with this message for a sign.

"And then I knew that what had stirred and fluttered in my heart was hope.

"It is a sign," I said, very low, "And if for you, then for me also. By the rose you have brought to him there is now no lie between my Henri and me. And what I did may be forgiven."

The speaker ended on a soft sigh. Her eyes came back from the frozen churchyard and fell upon the neglected work within her hand.

"So," finished she, a little vaguely, as one who wakes from a dream, "it was my Gift Day, was it not? For the darkness in my mind was gone. And that night I slept."

The table was silent. Against the windows the soft thud of the driving snow could be plainly heard. Then somebody dropped her scissors and the tension broke.

"Sling me those pins, will you, Mabel," asked Bunty. She had discovered with surprise that her mouth was empty.

"If it snows another minute I'll never get home tonight," fretted Clara. "That shuttle-car—"

"Aw, what time is it, Corra?" came plaintively from somewhere.

"S-shish!"

"A little more attention to work, ladies," said Miss Martin, entering briskly.

The stools scraped indignantly. The table yawned. The little apprentice heaved a deep sigh and returned to the picking up of pins.

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The Princess and the Clowns

Continued from page 9

him as examples the other dethroned kings whose efforts to regain their crowns filled the world with vain tumult. Nothing swayed him.

"Why do you wish," Michel Provinkoff said gently, "me to take up again a function that I carried out very poorly before the War, and this too at a time when my ideas have progressed and when I find myself further away than ever from the conceptions of government befitting a sovereign? No, it would indeed be acting unwisely for me to try to ascend a throne to which I am not in the least destined by nature."

She could get nothing else from him, and commenced really to despair when, one day, remembering having read in Nietzsche, whose implacable philosophy she had studied and loved, that woman was the warrior's reward, she conceived the idea of declaring to the Grand Duke that if he persisted in his resolution, she could never be his in spite of all her love, preferring a thousand times to die of chagrin rather than to consent to disown a rank of which she felt proud to cling to the duties and the shackles in default of advantages and honors.

The hope that she had placed in these tactics was not disappointed. On hearing these words Michel became pale; a sombre resolution appeared in his sad eyes. He took hold of the young girl's hands and looked at her a long time without saying a word. Then he said almost angrily:

"Very well, it shall be as you wish. I love you so intensely, Olga Alexandrowna, I desire you so passionately that, for your sake and to possess you, I would even make myself a criminal. You only ask me to be King. I shall be King. I swear it to you."

She gave a great cry of joy, and as the young man drew her face to his, she gave him her lips, on which he imprinted a long kiss.

While he prolonged the intoxication of his kiss, and while a flash of triumph came over his face, Olga, with her eyes closed, saw as if in a wonderful dream, a cathedral filled with flags and hangings, popes in gold-embroidered chasubles, decorated officers, pages, in fact, a royal procession around which censers set in precious stones gave forth a cloud of perfumed incense.

FROM this voluptuously historical moment, whose date she noted with the greatest care on account of the diary that she had planned to write, Olga Alexandrowna took the reins in hand concerning future plans.

The engagement of Michalis and Partner at the Olympia finished four days later, and it was decided that the two men should go into retirement in an isolated country spot where they would meet no one. There Michel would rest in absolute quiet from his fatigues and his long anguish; he would wait also until nature should restore to him his former appearance, just as love had restored to him his princely soul.

That would leave Olga all the time necessary to carry out her plan, and gradually prepare public opinion for a possible return of the Grand Duke, for a beard grows infinitely less quickly than feelings, and the physique of mortals follows but slowly the variation of their minds. The greater part of the time, it even obstinately refuses to change, and in this we should rejoice, for this inertia of the body gives a certain stability to one's character. Were it not for this, one would hardly ever know with whom one had to deal.

Yvan Dobrowski was not obliged to concern himself with these things, not having changed his appearance in any marked way. It sufficed that, for sev-

eral days, he dispensed with the black dye under which he hid the whiteness of his hair, which for the act would have been too great a contrast to the tawny color of his skin.

He seemed, however, delighted with this preparatory retreat, and accumulated in an enormous trunk, with a joy as febrile as it was silent, an incalculable number of books of all kinds, even to the telephone directory of Georgevia and the Social Register of Tcharkowla, which he had begged the Princess to procure for him at the consulate.

As she questioned Michel as to the value of his minister, whose silence worried her, the Grand Duke replied:

"Dobrowski is a man who lives intensely within himself. Gifted with a most unusual memory, having seen a great deal, read a great deal, reflected a great deal, and retained everything, he will accomplish admirable results, if, as I hope, I can restore to him his post of Prime Minister after this restoration that you anticipate. He has a prodigious brain of which no one outside of myself has been able to appreciate the genius."

"But," continued Olga, "why was he not able in the past to accomplish these admirable things that you expect of him?"

He could not do so. Remember this, Madame: At the time of which you speak, Georgevia depended on the Russian government, which dictated its laws. Independent and in perfect harmony with me, Dobrowski can henceforth give full proof of his worth and perhaps he will astonish the world."

Princess Olga, reassured after this conversation, looked at the flat face of the minister with the admiration that silence always inspires when someone has declared once for all that it is the revealing indication of an exceptional soul.

EVERYTHING being arranged and prepared, Michel Provinkoff started off with his faithful companion for this indispensable country exile, the last sad halting-place of this great adventure, the last separation before the definite union.

He was trembling with emotion on that day. Crushing little Olga's hands in his, he said to the young girl:

"Let it be just as you desire, my dear Princess. But I beg you not to forget that your repeated insistence alone has made me decide to declare to the world that I am the Grand Duke of Georgevia; it is for your sake and in order not to lose you forever that I have consented to make every effort to mount the throne. Remember this, Olga Alexandrowna."

But the Princess hardly listened to him, so deeply was she absorbed in the immense enterprise, the weight of which now rested on her shoulders. She had been living for the last few days in an indescribable exaltation; a wild impatience agitated her mind. She would have liked to hasten events and to accelerate the flight of days, and she was championing the bit, for she realized perfectly that any premature gesture or any imprudent word might compromise success.

She expended the febrile activity that tortured her in a thousand insignificant ways, going out, returning, sitting down, and getting up, all of which made the Grand Duchess say to her:

"For heaven's sake, Olga, I beg of you to remain quiet for a few minutes at least. You act like a moving-picture show. You make me dizzy, my dear child."

The departure, therefore, of her miraculous fiancé did not trouble her, for it represented the first act, the prologue, to be more exact, of the magnificent play, of which the epilogue was to



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take place in the cathedral of Tchar-kowla, all sparkling with lights.

The joy of seeing the moment of action approach rendered the farewell less painful. On the contrary, Olga saw disappear with pleasure, in the forest of signals, disks and posts, the train that carried off forever the clown Michalis, in order to bring back in a few weeks the Grand Duke Michel of Georgevia.

For a whole month (a very meritorious act on the part of a woman), she was able to restrain her desire to talk, being, for the first time in her life, preoccupied by the capillary aspect of man. She learned that a beard grows about half a millimetre in twenty-four hours, and she had calculated that her fiancé would not have recovered his former appearance before ten or twelve weeks.

I will not relate to you in detail how she contrived in consequence first to cast into people's minds a doubt as to the assassination of Michel III., then how she conveyed the idea to her hearers that he might still be living under a false name in that mysterious Bolshevik Russia, and then how she transferred this hypothesis from the drawing-rooms into the editors' offices and from there into the newspaper columns. Suffice to say that she displayed, in order to accomplish her aims, such cleverness, tact, and knowledge of psychology and diplomacy as one surely would not expect to find in a young girl with dreamy eyes.

She had, to help her in this delicate task, an auxiliary who was all the more useful on account of not being in the secret. I mean the Grand Duchess Marie Nicolaevna. It was enough for the Princess on returning from one of her charitable trips to say to her mother: "Today I saw a man, recently escaped from Russia, who swore to me on his oath that the revolutionists of Tchar-kowla had not killed Michel of Georgevia, but one of his officers," to have three or four important drawing-rooms notified of the news within twenty-four hours.

This report with added decorations then spread quickly into the most aristocratic circles, where it was welcomed by those young men of society who add to the insufficiency of their income by the sale of echoes or scandals to the newspapers. She had put it over.

This part of the enterprise was not very difficult. But where Olga gave proof of rare intelligence, one might even say of a sort of genius, was the way she arranged the development of this information:

"Michel III. had *perhaps* not been assassinated.

"He had *surely* not been assassinated, but doubtless had died since the Revolution. Some refugees said that this was not so. One pretended to have seen him in a street in Petrograd, another declared that the former Grand Duke was serving in the army of the Reds under an assumed name, a third had heard it said that he was hiding in Siberia."

The most remarkable thing was that the young girl finally managed to have these unbelievable stories related by poor wretches whose imagination she worked on by her skilful questioning.

At last, one fine day, one memorable day, the Princess Olga received a letter from her former fiancé. This letter, all crumpled and soiled, had been handed to her at nightfall, she said, by a mysterious, unknown man, whose fur collar hid his face and who approached her in the street and then ran away after having slipped into her hand this miserable and precious envelope.

I leave you to imagine the sensation produced by this miraculous event in that charming and childlike society where a miracle is always expected. Old noblemen trembled on hearing that there was on this earth one prince more than they had hoped; venerable

dowagers wept with tenderness at the thought of his sufferings; the Grand Duchess and Olga found themselves surrounded by titled youths already soliciting places of honor in the princely house which would not fail to be organized on the return of the Grand Duke after his marriage.

As a matter of fact, Michel announced that he thought he would be able to escape very soon from the communist state, and that his letter would only precede him by a short space of time.

There were a few gaps in all this story, a little haziness, not a few unlikely points, but no one heeded this, for men never go deeply into things of which they are hoping for the realization. And then, in 1920, remember, one wished to believe everything, and novels full of adventures once again achieved prodigious successes.

An impressive silence, which lasted fifteen days, followed the excitement produced by this news. The Villa Said remained closed to the reporters, who besieged it; all of the society people lived in a state of intense expectancy—in a sort of semi-religious retreat.

Finally the thunderbolt fell.

Paris learned suddenly one morning that the Grand Duke Michel III. of Georgevia had just arrived in France with his minister, Yvan Dobrowski, and three days later they announced that His Highness had reached the capital.

I SHOULD indeed be greatly lacking in consideration if I undertook to describe to you the events that you still have in your memory. I am not one of those authors who aim cynically at one point, and only consider that they have completed a lasting work when they have managed in some way to blacken a certain number of white pages. One should never say more than one has to, and, above all, one should know how to avoid writing useless pages that the reader will hasten to turn with an angry hand.

And that is exactly what would not fail to happen if I took upon myself to recall the enthusiasm—yes, the word is not too strong—I may even say the delirious enthusiasm which took hold of the French Republicans when they knew that they had this lost and miraculously found King in their midst.

How many entertainments they gave in his honor! What sensational articles appeared in the newspapers! The Hotel in the Place Vendôme, where he stayed, was filled with a crowd of eager journalists, indiscreet photographers, enamored women, unemployed diplomats, and retired generals.

One could see, rapidly passing through there, those men of the world who belong to the class of agitated idlers, who are compelled by decency to show themselves in ten different places a day, and the register placed in the lobby was filled with the most aristocratic and also with the most commercial signatures.

You know all that. You know the rest too—how the Georgian press, reflector of public opinion, insisted on the restoration of Michel Provinkoff; how, under the pressure of the nations that were charmed with this fairy-tale, the Allies gave their authorization; and also how the Regent of Georgevia came to Paris to turn over his powers into the hands of the Prince.

You remember the elegance and the smiling nobility of the new King when he went to the Elysee, in grand Russian uniform, to bid adieu to the President of the republic; you have not forgotten the charming graciousness of the Princess Olga, and the noisy dignity of the Grand Duchess Marie, when you greeted them at the Gare de Lyon at the moment of their departure.

It is, therefore, useless for me to lay stress on these events, which, in spite

Continued on page 72

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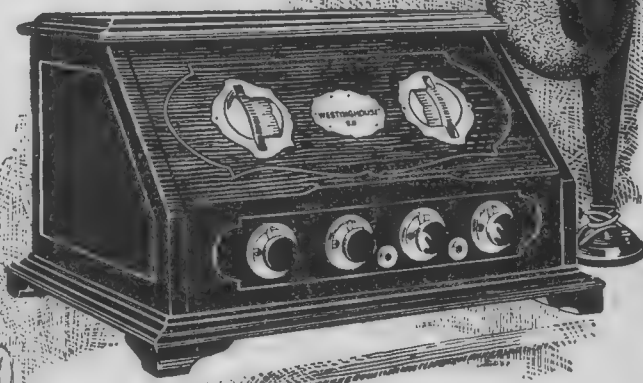
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The Princess and the Clowns

Continued from page 71

of their importance and originality, constitute the least interesting part of my narrative, as you will presently judge for yourself..

GEORGEVIA is a picturesque and variegated country situated on the border of that southern part of Russia which is, in fact, something like the Riviera.

It spreads out in its northern part in vast steppes which, furrowed by streams of water, constitute unique pastures, and then it tapers off to a point before it reaches the Black Sea, into which its capital, Tcharkowla, juts its flowered promontories, and where it bathes its fragrant gardens.

Up there it is almost Caucasian Russia. Clean villages with whitewashed houses, on the flat roofs of which tobacco is drying, shelter a Tartar population that is peaceful, silent, and honest, raising Merino sheep, spots of white and black wool which dot the immense plain.

Below, one sees the Orient, a noisy people, a mixture of Greeks, Venetians, Jews, bastard Turks, and Armenians, excitable and lazy, whose loud-voiced women, shod in torn Turkish slippers, slowly drag about their heavy, flabby bodies, and dark young girls with voluptuous eyes that reveal, beneath their sordid rags, the forms of goddesses.

All these people, fishermen, money-lenders, usurers, or second-hand dealers, devote themselves to the raising of lice, fleas, bugs, and other parasites which, thrive on dirt, the sun, and the indifference of men.

Tcharkowla resembles all the towns on those sunny coasts. Byzantine churches in dull gold lie beside white mosques of which the pointed minarets stretch toward the sky; supple cypress-trees wave their dark foliage by the side of imposing cedar-trees; magnolias mix their perfumed leaves and brilliant flowers with the oleanders; and, over there, on the rocky promontories, the fir-trees extend their branches to protect, by swaying patches of shade, the wild acanthus that clings to the stones.

In the streets with low houses, whose second floor is built in gallery shape, one passes rabbis with hooked noses, and Greek priests with dirty wigs; then, toward evening, when the fishermen's boats fold their rainbow-tinted sails, one hears the nasal voice of the muezzins calling the faithful to prayer.

The wind from the sea sometimes wafts in acrid perfumes from Asia which, on the other side of the dull, blue waters, broods in the hot sands of its deserts over its unquenched ambitions as a conqueror and its gilded dreams as a poet.

Under the fierce sun which weakens the body and excites the imagination, the marvelous adventure of Michel could not but be welcomed favorably. In the ruins, in the ghettos, in the rich villas on the quays, on the squares, in the little narrow streets, they related it for days at a time, amplifying it and adorning it with a thousand details, each one more picturesque than the other.

It pleased the Georgievians, of the north, who are fatalists and dreamers; it exalted those of the south, who quickly become enthusiastic.

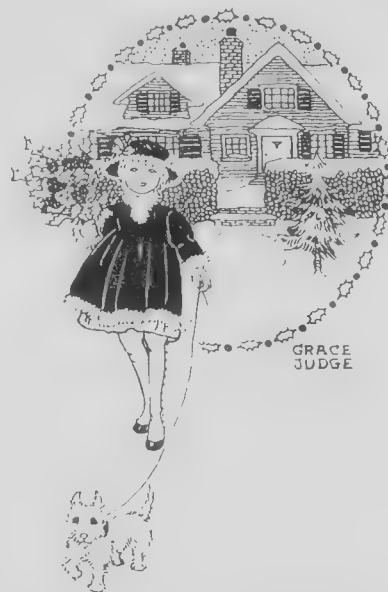
And, then, there is no man in the world who is not enthused by a change of government. It appeals to some with a hope of favors, to others with that of profitable persecutions; it satisfies, for the majority, the demand for novelty caused by the incommensurable boredom of the human race; it feeds loyalty and gives comfort to opposition, it is, finally, a subject for conversation to those people of the world

unfitted for action, who spend their time in words that are all the more precise because of their unimportance.

As for the poor people, whose greatest ambitions do not go beyond the next feast-day, they see in this event only a chance for a gratuitous spectacle, or a reason to cry out, "Long live!" or "Down with!" someone, which is, taking everything into consideration, the crux of all political doctrines.

The restoration of Michel Provinkoff to the royal throne of Georgevia was, on the whole, generally approved of, and the return of the Prince gave cause for rejoicings, which happily were marred by nothing unpleasant.

There were, for the ordinary people, arches of triumph, a procession, a Te



Deum, fireworks, a military review, and at the Royal Palace banquets, receptions, and concerts for the aristocracy.

The Georgievians were happy to find in Michel the simple and kindly sovereign they had known formerly, and to whom exile had added still more charm; certain people even noticed that at times, when he did not know that he was being observed, his face appeared wan, his expression became strangely clouded, but they thought that in those days of joy, the monarch was recalling former hardships, and they loved him all the better for it.

The women were deeply moved and touched by the intense passion that the King seemed to feel for his blond fiancée, the Princess Olga Alexandrowna. In truth, he followed her unceasingly with his eyes, and his voice when addressing her, became adorably caressing. At every instant he took her hands and raised them to his lips; he always put himself in the background when she was present; he had even expected that the conferences of the constituent assemblies should be held before her, contrary to etiquette and custom.

The young girl, on her side, was radiant; one felt that she was thoroughly happy, and this happiness made the whole court delightfully good-humored.

As for the Grand Duchess Marie, she exulted, she trembled, she raved. She repeated unceasingly to an admiring and respectful audience the account of her escape, related in every direction the story of the muzhik, considerably dramatized, and went out ten times a day under different pretexts, always accompanied by Countess Orchapoff and General Kamienski, just for the sake of seeing her carriage escorted by a squadron of Cossacks.

However, the obsequious acclamations of the public finished by getting on her nerves, and while enjoying the

immediate present, she was already looking forward to the pleasure that she would experience on returning as a royal personage to Paris after the marriage of her daughter.

"For you know, Michel," she said to her future son-in-law, "all your noblemen are blockheads and their wives beplumed turkeys; it is only in Paris, I declare to you, that people know how to speak to a 'Highness.'"

As a matter of fact, she disapproved of the democratic attitude adopted by the King since his accession to the throne, but that she never would have dared to say.

Truly Michel I. (when a prince becomes a king he changes his number) had proclaimed, the day of his entrance into Tcharkowla, that he expected to be the father of his people, and, what was more, in this he was sincere. So he was constantly seen walking alone in the streets and on the wharf, talking to the workmen, to the sailors, to the business men, to the peasants of the market-place, informing himself about their opinions, questioning them on the subject of their trades, and encouraging criticisms on his government. He visited the manufacturers and the artists, and had long discussions with them. He took notes, studied statistics, and in fact interested himself in everything.

Not only did he encourage them to question him, even when they accosted him in the street, but all those, both Georgievians or foreigners, who wished to have a private interview with him, had only to inscribe their names at the house of the Governor of the Royal Palace.

After these trips or on leaving functions, the King shut himself up with his minister, Dobrowski, and both of them worked for hours together. From this intimate collaboration arose wise, liberal laws, often stamped with an audacious socialism which righteous people accepted because they were promulgated with a royal signature, but which they never would have accepted coming from a democratic government.

The Communists alone were the ones to complain, for if things continued in this manner, this extraordinary King would soon take away from their party its *raison d'être*.

Once again, as before, virtuosi were invited to the court, where magnificent concerts took place; but, at present, the notable families of Tcharkowla were, in turn, invited to attend them. Sometimes even, when in springtime these musical programs could be given under the great verandah of the palace, the gates were opened so that the people might come and share these refined, artistic pleasures.

There was one personage, however, who did not function at all; that was the chief of police. In vain did he respectfully beg the King not to allow himself to be so easily accessible; in vain did he point out to him that the disturbed Bolsheviks had sent agitators to Tcharkowla to stir up the dregs of the population, that international brood, the vermin of maritime towns; and he showed him the danger there was in leaving the Royal Palace without military guards. Michel I. did not listen to him, or, rather, only laughed at his fears, which he treated as chimerical.

"If only Your Majesty will permit me at least to arrest these sowers of discord," implored the unhappy police officer.

"Impossible!" replied the King. "I cannot violate the laws that I have myself enacted to protect the liberty of the individual. Besides, I fear nothing from these people. Let us work

with greater ardor to ameliorate unceasingly the fate of the working class; let us arrange so that each one may have his share of happiness; that will be our best defence. Happy people do not organize revolutions."

IF the Grand Duchess Marie Nicolaevna loudly condemned Michel's manners toward his subjects, she did not, however, allow herself to make observations to him personally, nor even to give him advice. She had much too much respect for royalty; and then, her deceased husband, the Ataman of the Cossacks of Adour, had in their early married life, by a few opportune flicks of his riding-whip, inculcated her with the idea that women must keep quiet when the head of the family spoke.

In the presence of her future son-in-law, therefore, she did not open her mouth on this subject; besides, when he fixed his sombre eyes upon her, she was overcome by a strange discomfort, and the words could not have come out of her mouth. She contented herself by making before him, whether she met him or passed him twenty times a day, three low, solemn curtsies which caused her arthritic knees to crack, and this was but to demonstrate her attachment to old-time etiquette.

Only, after having thus, for an entire day, restrained her imperative need of criticism, she made up for it in the evening on her unfortunate daughter when they had both reached their apartments, which were situated at the opposite wing of the palace from the one occupied by the King.

Then there was an overflow of words, a torrent, or, to be more exact, a deluge!

"My dear, your Michel is a madman, and I really cannot understand how you allow him to act in this manner. One can enter the palace more easily than a ministry in France. This will get us into trouble one of these days, believe me. I am exasperated. I shall say even more—scandalized. There is less ceremony in this court than in the house of a president of the republic.

Suppose I told you that, just now, one of those stupid Georgians, wife of an officer, moreover, whom I had done the honor of receiving, took upon herself to leave my drawing-room, turning her back upon me! How can you expect a kingdom to exist under such conditions. And the curtsies? have you noticed the curtsies? A little bob, my dear; one would say that all these ridiculous geese have wooden feet. And the King says nothing; he seems to think that it's perfect. Every one squashes etiquette here.

"Well, I, for one, shall not give way; you can tell that to your Michel. He seems upset when I make a fuss before him. I don't care; I shall continue to do so. Even though it does cause me great distress. But I am heroic. I shall suffer for tradition's sake, and I would be willing to die taking this stand for the honor of it! And the King? What can one say of a king who goes to chat with shop-keepers? Poor dear girl, you will not reign over a people, but over a flock of sheep."

Unhappily for Marie Nicolaevna, the Princess did not allow herself, as in Paris, to be crushed under this avalanche of reproaches and criticism. She did not bow down any more to the old comedy of submission. She no longer consented to kiss her mother's brow, saying as she did so:

"You know what admiration your good sense inspires in me; I shall not fail to have recourse to your wisdom," etc.

On the contrary, she could no longer bear to hear one disparaging word about her fiancé, and, from the very start, retaliated violently, not heeding her mother's cries of distress, nor the tears that she shed in abundance.

Everything that the King did was well done; everything that he commanded was wise.

It was simply that the sweet Princess was in love with Michel, truly in love, thoroughly in love like a woman of the people. She caught herself counting up the days that separated her from that of her marriage, and her adorable face was covered with blushes which rendered it still more beautiful.

She spent hours leaning her brow against the window-pane, contemplating the preparations for the ceremony which was to take place in three weeks, Michel having decided not to get married until the social reforms, conceived by Dobrowski and himself, had been realized. At present, now that these had been started in earnest, he could at last dream of his own happiness, and had chosen the date of the 20th of April for the great and delightful event.

Already road-builders were re-laying the avenue which leads from the Royal Palace to the Cathedral; workmen were whitewashing houses, or poles were being raised; painters executed allegorical pictures and panels destined to proclaim, on the passing of the procession, the loyalty, confidence and love of the Georgians. The entire city took on an aspect of rejoicing, and each day, from the country, there arrived delegations, laden with humble and touching gifts for the sovereigns.

Thus, right in the twentieth century, there was in the world a happy country, wisely governed; a Princess and a King on the eve of their marriage who adored each other—an unknown thing, I believe, since the legendary times when fairies intervened in the affairs of men.

ALAS, it was written in the book of fate that our heroes should not reach the haven of happiness so easily, and that at the moment of entering it they would be once more assailed by an unforeseen tempest which would break up their beautiful edifice like glass. A new trial was being reserved for them, a trial so terrible, so fantastic, so foolishly unlikely that I hesitate to undertake the recital of it.

I am afraid that the reader will begin to doubt me, that he will accuse me of deceiving him in presenting to him as a real fact and as something that happened, that which is, in reality, nothing but a dream of my delirious imagination. And, nevertheless, I am, at present, doing the work of a historian, or rather, since history is nothing but an accumulation of legends and falsehoods, the work of a sincere and disinterested chronicler.

But I sense the fact that many will refuse to believe me. Well, so much the worse. It is the lot of writers to be considered like entertainers who are not to be taken seriously, the simple-minded public reserving its trust for those who possess diplomas and relate gravely, each in a different way, the political life of all the countries of the world.

I shall, therefore, bravely face the danger, fortified by my clear conscience. Posterity will do me justice.

NO, TRULY, no one could guess what was to happen on the day of the 15th of March, 1921. Even today, apart from two or three people, interested in hushing it up, and myself, who find it interesting to relate, no one yet suspects the brutal, rapid, and unprecedented drama of which Michel of Georgia and his gentle fiancée, Olga Alexandrowna, were the victims.

The weather was, on that particular day, ideal; the incomparable weather of the ephemeral Oriental spring; the sun caressed with its vertical rays the elegantine and the acacias, whose full buds were bursting with a little, dry

Continued on page 74

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The Princess and the Clowns

Continued from page 73

snap. Through the water in the harbor, which had become transparent, one could see the grey sand, and streaks of an emerald shade showed here and there; near the beach some of the rocks were surrounded by a pinkish foam. A light and perfumed breeze seemed to draw in its wake joyous sounds from the festive town that was dancing on the squares; hearts were dilated with the great joy of life.

The King, who had just received a Tatar delegation and accepted its offering of gaily tinted materials, had been obliged to show himself three times on the balcony of the Royal Palace to the peasants of the steppe who greeted him. Then he returned with a joyful heart into his study, where Dobrowski awaited him in order to get his signature to the amnesty which, on the eve of the coronation, was to render liberty to all prisoners as was the usual custom.

He had even laughed heartily when his minister informed him, in a few words, that the Bolsheviks, having wished to organize a meeting, and having been refused all the halls in the town by the Loyalists, he, Dobrowski, had immediately offered them one of the hangars belonging to the military aviation corps, and this had somewhat taken their breath away.

No bad presentiment troubled his happiness and serenity. It was, therefore, without the slightest anxiety that he gave orders to the officer in charge to show in the only person inscribed that day for a personal interview: Monsieur Pierre Ducastel, a French subject passing through Tcharkowla.

The officer opened the door, ushered him in, and retired. The King stood up, as was his custom, and the stranger advanced toward him, making at the same time three deep, formal bows.

He was a man of about thirty-six or thirty-seven years of age and rather tall (his build resembled that of the sovereign, although he was of considerably heavier weight on account of his stoutness). Beads of perspiration showed on his forehead, which was already bared by a slight baldness, and a small blond mustache, cut in American style, gave a smart appearance to his face, of which the fine-cut features were well filled out. One could not see his eyes, for he wore large bluish glasses.

As he bowed again he shook the hand cordially that was extended him by the King, and waited to speak until the latter said to him:

"You are welcome, Sir. May I know to what cause I owe the pleasure of your visit?"

The man then replied in a voice that betrayed no emotion:

"Sir, permit me first to express to Your Majesty the gratitude that I owe you for having been willing to grant me this interview. I have to justify my audacity in having solicited it, nothing but the kindly protection given by Your Majesty to all artists, particularly to musicians. I am, Sir, a concert pianist, even at times a composer, and passing through Tcharkowla, where I have been before, I conceived the ambitious dream of being heard by Your Majesty and by Her Highness, Princess Olga."

"That was an excellent idea," said Michel joyfully, "and I thank you for your charming intention. Not only shall we be delighted, the Princess and I, to listen to you, but, besides that, I would like personally to play something with you. It is too rare a pleasure for me to let it slip by. Where are you staying?"

"At the Hotel St. Nicholas, Sir."

"Yes, it is the only good one here. I will give orders that they call for your baggage presently, for I want you to

stay at the Palace until the end of your sojourn at Tcharkowla, a sojourn which, I hope, will be a long one."

The stranger gave a start of surprise.

"Oh, Sir, you embarrass me. I would prefer if Your Majesty would consent to it—"

Michel interrupted.

"I consent to nothing. From this moment you are my guest and I shall not let you go."

He added, laughing:

"Besides, it is an order!"

Pierre Ducastel bowed.

"In that case, Sir—"

"Anyway," the King added gaily as he rose, "you will not be at all uncomfortable here in my house; rest assured of that. Georgevia is not what people in Europe imagine, a country of savages (you know something of it, since you tell me you have already been here) and the Royal Palace contains much to delight an artist, especially a French artist."

He took the man familiarly by the arm with that spontaneity which was his great charm, and led him to one of the high bay windows of the study.

"See," said he, "the apartment that I reserve for the guests of note that have consented to visit the Tatar King that I am, overlooks this part of the park, which in my opinion is the most beautiful. On the other side is the kingdom of sunshine, blossoms, and well laid-out flower gardens. Here is the domain of shadows."

These cypress trees, plane trees, and sycamores, with their interlaced branches form an opaque dome in which the artist who formerly traced the plans of these gardens arranged one single opening for light to illuminate the ruins of that Greek temple consecrated to love that you can perceive over there. Isn't it marvelous?"

"I quite share the opinion of Your Majesty; it is evidently the part of the park most suitable for the satisfaction of a soul that is given to solitary reveries."

"You will find up there," continued the King, "a few beautiful canvases of the great Russian master Lévitiski; among others a reproduction of the magnificent portrait that he painted of Catherine II. from memory, for she would never pose for him; a portrait of which the original is still, I believe, at the Academy of Fine Arts at Petrograd."

"I know it," murmured Ducastel.

"You will also see, in the little drawing-room that leads out of your room, a charming picture by your French artist Watteau, and, in the study, a forceful Goya."

"One of the most beautiful that I have ever seen."

"Have you seen it?"

"Yes, Sir, during the sojourn that I made at Tcharkowla before the war I obtained, as a special favor, the permission to visit the Palace. It contains real masterpieces, and the Grand

Duke Nicholas of Georgevia, Your Majesty's great-great-grandfather, who gathered together this unique collection, was a prince gifted with excellent taste. He did not commit the slightest error, and posterity has only certified his judgment."

"You are right; he must have been a remarkable man."

Ducastel continued:

"But what is rarest here, to my mind, is the set of drawings by Michel Schibanow, which are to be found in this very study, I believe. They are the only ones of the artist that have been preserved."

The King looked at the speaker with astonishment.

"The drawings of Schibanow?"

"Your Majesty doubtless appreciates them as much as I, and I beg your gracious permission to look at them for a few minutes after a lapse of so many years."

Michel I. did not reply, for he had suddenly received the impression that something terrible was about to happen.

In truth, it was at that moment that the drama took place.

The man had turned toward the back of the room. He slipped the library ladder along its rod, climbed up quickly, placed his hand with a decided gesture behind the books on the last shelf, pressed on a button that was hidden in the woodwork, and immediately, an upper panel of the bookcase opened, exposing to view a set of leather cases which were covered with a thick layer of dust.

While he drew the first carefully toward him he said:

"The hiding-place is good. The Grand Duke Nicholas had arranged it, for he always feared that the Great Catherine might take away these drawings of his favorite painter. He knew her to be capable of anything to satisfy one of her wishes."

He turned around, and from the top of his ladder looked smilingly at the King.

The latter, very pale, was leaning against the wall. After a moment of silence he asked in a faint voice:

"Will you tell me, Sir, how it happens that you know this secret closet—this closet—"

"Of which Your Majesty did not know the existence?"

Michel gave a start.

"That is to say—"

But the man repeated in an assured voice:

He came down then, approached the King, and continued:

"I will satisfy Your Majesty at once, since we are alone and no one can hear us: I know this hiding-place because I am Michel Provinkoff, the Grand Duke Michel of Georgevia—"

Instead of ringing to arrest this insolent man, or having this maniac thrown out, the sovereign let himself fall into a chair, and then passed a damp, trembling hand over his forehead.

The stranger had now taken off his glasses.

"If Your Majesty had occasion to see me in the past, you will, without doubt, be able to recognize me, although I have changed a great deal. If you do not recall me I have here all the proofs."

He commenced to fumble in his pockets, but Michel stopped him with a gesture:

"It is useless. I recognize Your Highness."

Continued in January Issue

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Come Let Us Read A While

Continued from page 44

at a broadsheet bearing his own memorable words. "What is this life, if full of care, we have no time to stand and stare?" And there, threading her way through the dense crowds was Alida Klemantaski, whose embroidered Russian sleeves made the pink walls pale with envy. After tea the real Mr. Sturge Moore gave a short address on "Poetry Publishers and the Public." Not that he called it this, but he might have done, and many were the wise things he said. "Your own taste is vital to you." "Loyalty to one's own taste counts both for the creative artist and for the reader." "Intellect is always in a pother over the question of taste." He told us, in fact, that each should be his own anthologist, that he should commit to memory and lock in his heart, any poem that aroused love, but if next year that love be cold he should oust the poem for something he loves better.

The Opening Bars

DURING the war two women, Oxford graduates, started a business unique even in this age of wonderful women. Their work was codifying, indexing, precis writing and translating. For instance, one of their jobs was to index the "Connoisseur" and another to index "Hansard." I have heard it told that a medical man anxious for some typing to be done in a hurry entered this learned firm to see if it would be at all possible for them to find time to attend to his wants. Both partners fled from the presence of this customer in order to remove from their mouths enormous lollipops, with which they were wiling away the hours made monotonous through lack of work! But you all know the story of the acorn and the subsequent oak tree, and thus it was with these pioneer women. Their business grew to such proportions that they retired in self-defence! One of the partners, still quite a young woman, has now written a novel, "First Fiddle," by Jean Greig (W. Collins & Son). I turned to this book with keen interest, expecting to find a vivid account of business enterprise, with some subtle and caustic remarks upon the ways of the weaker sex—the men who brought griot to their mill. Possibly Miss Greig is keeping all her experiences for a second volume. In the "First Fiddle" there is no hint that she has been either to Oxford, or in business. Unlike Mr. Wells she presents us with no puzzling Clissold. Here we have George Lucas, the violinist: a retrospect description of his first wife: then his marriage with Irene Stanton and his "affair" with Margaret. The story is quite well told, but I do think that Miss Greig, who has lived a full life and is, I know, a woman of culture and character, might have conceived of a better solution than permitting poor Irene to walk into the sea, drowning not only her troubles but herself. But this tune the "First Fiddle" may be but the opening bars, the prelude, to greater and greater literary achievement. At least Miss Greig has shown us that by turning from commerce to fiction writing she has more than one string to her bow!

A Canadian Setting

"WATERS of the North," by L. C. Douthwaite (Duckworth) is a thrilling book of adventure in the romantic and mostly unknown lakes of Northern Canada. Prospecting for gold: jumping claims: hairbreadth escapes: rough and tumble fights: motor boats—half-breeds: aeroplanes and one girl—an American who captivates the hero at the beginning and marries him at the end. It is an exciting story from beginning to end: clean, healthy and straightforward.

Discovered

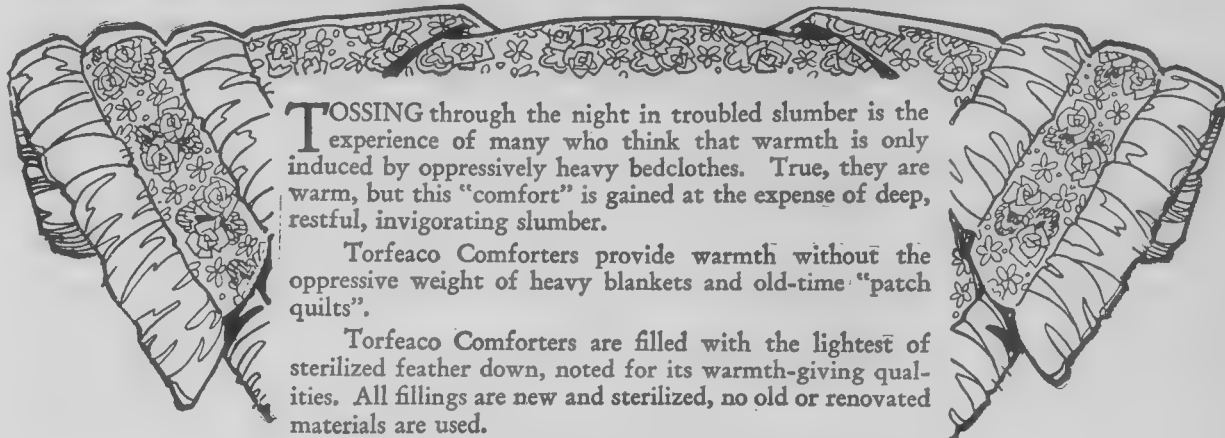
He: "I see they are publishing the statistics of all the women who have never married. Simply amazing figures."

She (rather bored): "Yes, I expect that's the reason,"—London Mail.

Count that day lost whose low, descending sun shows that nursing a grouch is the only thing you've done!



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One Winter's Night

By Ruth Valerie

LITTLE Mrs. McCrae sat staring into the fire with sombre brooding eyes. There was no sound save the steady ticking of the grandfather's clock, a sound that seemed to only accentuate the utter stillness of the house.

Suddenly she threw down her work with a gesture of impatience and glanced over at her husband. He, as usual was immersed in his book. He did not glance up as she pushed her chair aside and rose to her feet.

"Reading, always reading—or sleeping," she said to herself bitterly, "he might be a dummy for all the companionship I get from him."

She crossed the room and drawing aside the heavy curtains gazed down at the hurrying, jostling crowd.

It was Christmas week; she always felt especially lonely at that time; she always dreaded Christmas day. There had been such a crowd of them at home, such a jolly uproarious lot of youngsters, and now—well now—there was always just Jim and herself.

She sighed and walked restlessly back to the fire, a slender figure in her black dress that accentuated the clear pallor of her skin and the soft dark grey eyes.

"Say Nell! what do you say if we go away for Christmas?" She raised startled eyes to her husband's.

"Go away," she echoed incredulously. "How ever could we? Where would we go?"

"I made a bit extra last week," he replied casually, "and—well," he hesitated. "I guess it's a bit lonely for you sometimes, here alone all day."

Her cheeks flushed, a little warm pleasurable feeling swept over her. "Then he really did think of her, sometimes, was not quite as indifferent, as selfish, as she had sometimes thought."

"See here," he said briskly drawing his note book from his pocket, "say we go to Vancouver, stay at the Vancouver Hotel for a week, and—"

"The Vancouver?" Nell broke in, "Oh Jim, how could we?"

"We may as well make a bit of a splash for once in our lives. Suppose a room is five, maybe seven-fifty a night," he noted the items down in his usual methodical manner. "Then meals, tickets, and there's a company out from England playing grand opera, it might be worth seeing."

Nell's eyes were sparkling. Grand opera, she whispered ecstatically, "I've wanted to see it all my life. It will be just too wonderful to be true."

Suddenly her face fell, she gave a little exclamation of dismay.

"What's the matter now," he asked sharply.

"I—I don't see how I possibly could go," she faltered, "I haven't a thing fit to wear."

He flung down the notebook. "I wonder if there ever was a woman who didn't set up that wail," he exclaimed.

Then, more gently, "How much do you think you'd need?"

She made a rapid calculation.

"I guess I'd have to have about fifty dollars," she faltered, "you see—"

"Never mind any explanations," he broke in impatiently, "I guess you'll have to have it. Better be ready to leave Thursday morning on the eight-thirty. I'll wire the Vancouver to reserve a room, and," he glanced at the paper, "I'll phone for a box for Friday night for Il Trovatore."

Nell jumped to her feet with sparkling eyes and kissed him lightly on the bald spot over which the few hairs were so carefully brushed.

"Just think," she said gaily. "Only a little while ago I felt so depressed, now I have the loveliest time to look

forward to. No Christmas cooking for me this year and a whole week in town."

THE next few days were passed in a whirl of excitement. There was so much to be done, so many things to buy. Her usually pale cheeks were flushed, the droop of her lips lifted in happy smiles of anticipation.



Wednesday night came all too soon, weary with the rush of last minute shopping she sat on the floor, her clothes and various purchases strewn around her.

"Look Jim," she held up a pretty cloak lined with rose silk and edged with fur.

"Hav'n't I made a good job of this. Remember it was green? Well I've dyed it, relined it with fresh silk and used my old muff for the collar and cuffs. See it looks like new." She threw it over her slim shoulders and stood up for his inspection.

Jim glanced up from his book. "Gosh! I'll say it does, never saw you look better." There was unusual warmth in his tone. She flushed with pleasure at the unaccustomed praise.

A new satin dress of powder blue lay over a chair back, she stroked its soft sheen with loving fingers. She pictured herself wearing it in the palatial dining room of the Vancouver, and thought what a blessing it was Jim could still squeeze into his dress suit. He always looked so well in it. Then he had hinted at some surprise he had in store for her. Oh it was going to be a perfectly wonderful time, just the kind of holiday she had always wanted. Oh it was going to be a glorious week, she'd just die if anything happened to prevent them going.

Suddenly with a little startled cry she jumped to her feet her face white.

"What was that funny noise?" she gasped.

Jim threw down his paper with an exclamation of annoyance.

"I never saw anyone to equal you," he exclaimed, "You're always imagining things."

He walked to the door with his firm, heavy tread and threw it open. A chill wind blew in bringing with it a scurry of snowflakes. The crowds had drifted homewards, the street was deserted and the softly falling snow had already covered the world with a blanket of white.

Nell shivered and half closed the doors, then gave a little cry of amazement and pointed to a strange oblong object that lay on the step partly covered with snow. She bent down and tried to lift it, then stood up and looked at Jim with widened eyes.

"My! its heavy, you try it," she whispered. "I wonder whatever it can be."

"Better not touch it," he cautioned. "It might be a bomb or infernal machine or something, you can't tell these days."

She laughed nervously. "If that's not just like you to think of such things, you're a born pessimist. Who'd want to blow us up I'd like to know. We're not important enough. It's likely the Fripp's playing a joke. I'm going to bring it in."

"I tell you you'd better leave it there," he insisted.

"Do you think there's a woman living who could resist the temptation to open that box?" she retorted.

Carefully brushing off the snow she brought it into the room. They stood and gazed at it a moment with speculative eyes. Then with fingers that shook a little she bent down and untied the string. Jim watched her with a frown as she removed the wrappings, then with an exclamation of astonishment bent down and examined the contents of the mysterious box.

His mouth opened and shut again as if unable to form words, for once in his life speech failed him.

"JIM, Oh Jim," Nell breathed, "They stood awhile in bewildered silence."

"Where can he have come from? Isn't he the very sweetest thing? Oh Jim, whatever shall we do with it."

It was a sight indeed to move the most phlegmatic of persons. There, on a daintily frilled pillow lay a tiny sleeping infant, as lovely a child as ever came to gladden the hearts of any parents.

As if suddenly aware of the tense gaze fixed on him the baby yawned, stretched two little pink fists and then opened his eyes, eyes as blue as April skies. At sight of the strange faces the rosebud mouth puckered, then opened and emitted a lusty wail.

The sound brought Jim back to life with a sudden start. He drew a deep breath like a man coming up from under water, then strode to the door and looked quickly up and down the street.

It was empty and the snow was falling in ever thickening flakes. He slammed the door with a muttered imprecation and stood uncertainly watching Nell trying to sooth the wailing child.

"I suppose it's a case for the Orphanage," he grumbled as he hurriedly turned the pages of the telephone book.

"Jim wait just a minute, please," Nell pleaded, then excitedly, "here's a note."

With trembling fingers she unfolded it. "His name is Bruce. He will be two months old Christmas Day, please keep him and give him a home."

The writing was almost illegible and blotted with tears. Nell stared before her with misty eyes, then bent over the box, "Bruce, poor little homeless waif," she whispered softly.

"It's too bad for the kid, all right," Jim said curtly, "but it's no use getting sentimental. It's no affair of ours, we've troubles enough of our own without taking on other peoples."

He took down the receiver and called the Orphanage, then slammed it up again with an oath.

"The line's out of order, of course," he growled, at Nell's startled look of enquiry. "May have to wait half the night."

"Guess I better try the police station." He took down the phone book, then paused uncertainly. Suddenly across his inner vision had flashed a long forgotten picture.

He saw his mother white and sad. His father had brought him wondering and a little frightened into the bedroom. They had lifted him up to look for the first and last time at the baby brother that had stayed but such a few short weeks with them. "Bruce," they had called him. He had almost forgotten. He shook himself impatiently. "No use giving way to sloppy sentiment."

"Jim, come here," Nell commanded. He walked over reluctantly and stood gazing down on them.

"It's my belief," she said impressively, "that this baby comes of really nice parents."

"Really nice parents don't usually leave their infants on other people's doorsteps," Jim remarked cynically.

"We don't know what tragedy lies behind this," Nell persisted, "and just look at his features," she held him up for closer inspection, "and his cute little hands." She took one tiny dimpled hand and put it into Jim's. The baby clasped his thumb with his tiny rose-leaf fingers and tried to draw it to his mouth. Jim drew it hastily away.

"The kid's hungry," he growled. "Why don't you feed it something?"

"There's no milk left and I told the milkman not to call for a week." As if suddenly reminded of his hunger the infant set up a lusty wail.

Jim glanced wildly round. "We can't let it starve to death, maybe hours before we can get in touch with those people, I expect all the wires will be down in this storm," he predicted gloomily.

Nell glanced at her watch. "There'd just be time if you hurried to get to the corner store, they'll be open late this week," she added.

He struggled into his coat and in a few seconds was halfway down the steps. Suddenly he bounded back.

"What'll I get?" he yelled. "Nestle's milk," she called, "and hurry."

In a very short time she heard him fumbling with the door knob, and with the still wailing baby in her arm she opened it for him. Then stood and gazed at him in amazement.

Under one arm was tightly clutched six tins of condensed milk and in the other hand he held a tiny Christmas tree. He put the milk on the table and shook the snow off the tree.

"Thought it might keep the kid quiet," he remarked sheepishly.

Still in silence she watched him while he fixed the tree on the table and attached the little string of electric lights into the socket and stood back to watch the effect. The flying angels, the fairies, gnomes and quaint animals lighted up threw a soft glow over the dark branches. Somewhere from the green depths a music box tinkled and on the still air floated the strains of "Noel, Noel, born is the Child of Israel."

NELL stood entranced, then at a sound from the box on the floor she seized a can of milk and hurriedly reading the directions disappeared into the kitchen. In a few moments she returned with the filled milk bottle and slipped the nipple into the tiny rosebud mouth. With a little eager gurgle he sucked contentedly. Nell stood and watched him with a tender smile.

"Isn't he the dear thing," she whispered rapturously.

"Wouldn't he look too sweet for anything in those little Oliver Twist suits, I just love them for little boys."

"Isn't he a bit too young for suits?" Jim objected.

Nell laughed happily. "I don't mean now, silly, I mean when he's bigger, he won't always be two months."

Their eyes met and held each other's for a brief space. He pulled himself together with an effort and glanced over at the half-packed suitcase.

"You'd better hurry up and get that packed," he said gruffly. "I'll try the Orphanage again, and if I can't get them, the police station. Remember we've got to make an early start."

She swept the room with appraising eyes, her glance lingered on the pretty cloak, the new evening dress, then rested on the baby drowsily watching the gay little Christmas tree.

"But Jim," she objected, "we can't possibly take the baby down there." Again their eyes met, in her's a mute pleading.

He turned abruptly his heavy brows drawn in a frown. With his hand on the receiver he paused and looked at his



wife. She had picked the sleeping baby up and held him close to her, her dark shingled head bent low. Suddenly a picture of the Orphanage rose before him, a grey, dreary looking building, "poor little kid," he whispered. For a second his rather hard face softened. Then, "it's a darn shame."

He glanced round the room, then, stared straight before him. Suddenly he took down the receiver.

"Give me Vancouver, The Vancouver. I want to speak to the manager," He waited while Nell breathlessly strained her ears.

"Yes, is that Mr. Graham, well will you cancel our room for the week, yes sorry, we find we can't go All right, Goodbye."

Nell raised her head and looked at him, the tears still glistening on her long lashes, but on her lips a little rapturous smile.

She hugged the baby to her. "Bruce McCrae, our little Bruce," she whispered tenderly.

The Saint of the North Pole

Continued from page 12

"Maybe we are paying too much attention to the social aspect of Christmas as exemplified in Santa Claus, and not enough in its spiritual aspects.

"Christmas with its miracle-birth is the worship of the child and of motherhood. It expresses the deepest conviction and deepest emotion of the human heart.

"Did you ever hear the 'Lullaby in Bethlehem,' that was written a while ago by a man? . . . I like to sing it to the babies here . . . it goes like this:

*"There hath come a host to see thee
Baby dear,
Bearded men with eyes of flame
And lips of fear,
For the heavens, they say, have
broken
Into blinding gulfs of glory,
And the Lord, they say, hath spoken
In a little wondrous story,
Baby dear."*

THERE were other things in the Irish woman said to us about the Girl of Judea who brought into the world a child that was older than all creation, but because of my wavering wits, I have forgotten what they were.

Oh yes! Laying down her needle-work she showed us a picture of the Mother of Christ by Alessio Baldovincta. In it, the Virgin looks down on the child with a translucent devotion mingled in her love.

"Some old writer made an ingenious comment about this picture," she said:

*"'Twas once look up
'Tis now looke downe to heaven."*

Even so, in the face of every little child, may all of us see the gleam of heaven this Christmastide.

He Undoubtedly Would

A noted botanist was walking through a park with a young lady of the gushing type. He pointed out to her some of the fine trees in the neighborhood.

Professing great interest, the damsel cried: "How the noble aspect of beautiful trees stirs up the emotions of the soul!"

Then, patting a great, rough trunk, she went on: "You superb oak, what would you say if you could talk?"

The botanist smiled.

"I believe I can be his interpreter," he murmured gently. "He would probably say 'I beg your pardon, madam; I am a beech.'"

The Soft Answer

Persistent-Interrupter: "Liar! liar!"
Speaker: "If our friend will give me his name instead of his profession, I shall be delighted to make his acquaintance."—London Humorist.



For Those You Want to Please Most This Christmas

TO the fair possessor of beauty and charm—to sweetheart, wife or mother—what gift could be more appropriate than a Keystone Mirror to reflect, or a Keystone Hair Brush to add to their beauty?

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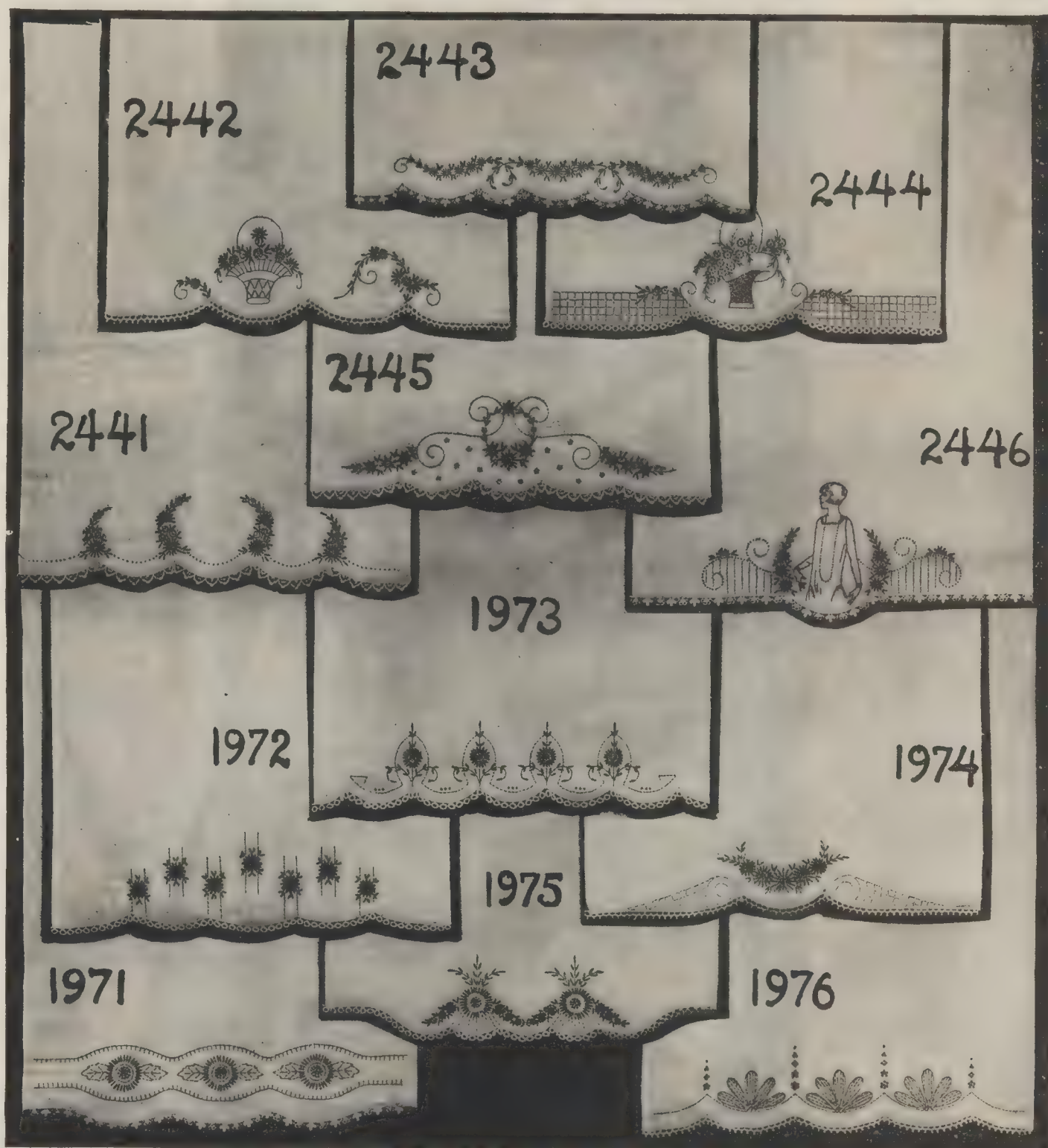
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long staple yarn is used. These towels are made for real service, and will last for years. They come in size 18x27 in., and a detailed working chart, showing the exact color scheme, and where each color is to be used is furnished with each towel. The twelve beautiful designs give opportunity for a selection that will please the most critical housewife. Price of the towels in any of the designs shown, thirty-five cents each. In ordering be sure and state number of towel desired.

I WAS surprised to hear a man friend remark the other day, in speaking of a middle-aged farm woman of our acquaintance:

"I do admire Mrs. B. She has all the sweetness and charm of maturity and, what is more, she doesn't try to get herself up as a young girl. One gets so tired of these middle-aged flappers!"

Our friend, Mrs. B., is one of those few women who have successfully succeeded in "growing old gracefully." Her pretty grey hair, her ample figure, and her sensible garb, are all evidences of her disregard of those artifices which so many modern women employ to retain an effect of youth long after youth has passed them by.

Mrs. B. has lived almost all her life in the country on a big prairie farmstead; years of toil and hard work have

written unmistakable lines on her face. Most of her time has been given up to the selfless service of others, yet she has sacrificed none of the charm and beauty of spirit that are more enduring than mere perfection of features.

Perhaps because Mrs. B. has lived close to good old Mother Earth, has seen the graceful, natural process of growth, from seed time to harvest in the fields, she has been better able to defy the approaching years and keep herself green and young at heart.

It seems to me that a great many women labor under the impression that their menfolk and the world about them do not want to see them growing old and so they put up an ever-waging battle

against time—employing all the arts and wiles of the dress designers, the hairdressers, the corset makers and the beauty parlor experts, in an attempt to ward off the marks of maturity.

Everything nowadays — fashions in dress and figure and coiffure and complexion—are designed to give an effect of juvenility.

Isn't it rather sad to think of this eternal battle being waged against one of the most beautiful periods of life—Indian summer? Those of us who live in the country know just how beautifully nature grows old. How wonderful it would be if we humans could follow her good example and accept the inevit-

able harvest time of life with all the glory of splendid, courageous surrender!

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness," the poet sings of autumn-tide. Well might it be of this most beautiful period in human life.

A feminine psychologist, in telling women how to live long and look young and retain all their charm through the advancing years, expressed as one of her maxims:

"Don't be kittenish if advanced in years, but be cheerful in outlook and dress with taste."

Good, sound, sensible advice this to those who would "grow old gracefully." But more, I would add:

"Go out into the country and watch the progress of nature, from bud to blossom, from promise to fulfillment, and you cannot fail to 'grow old gracefully.'"

Growing Old Gracefully

By Kathleen Redman Strange

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ARE

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ACCORDING TO PRESENT-DAY DENTAL FINDINGS

—daily freed of the dangerous film on teeth to which science attributes many tooth and gum disorders. What many authorities now suggest doing for it.



THAT clear teeth and firm healthy gums are largely the result of daily removal of film from teeth is largely the dental opinion of today.

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linity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form.

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for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

At the end of that time, we believe you will agree, that next to regular dental care, Pepsodent provides the utmost science has discovered for better tooth and gum protection.



Diversity in Style Marks the Latest Modes

THE new sports ensemble consists of a plaid sports coat, loose fitting and comfortable and a plaid skirt worn with a knitted sweater. Three-piece costumes show a jacket and skirt with a jumper blouse. One also sees the jumper dress with a long coat. Novelty weaves are much in vogue for coats and wraps, and decorations are profuse and elaborate. The plain coat is not often seen.

Cloth coats are often half fur or fur lined, sometimes velvet takes the place of the fur.

Attractive sleeves and shoulder treatments are shown. The dolman sleeve is a general favorite; sometimes it is close fitting from the elbow to the wrist, and again the fullness is confined at the wrist by a band cuff.

Saddle or raglan shoulder lines are seen on dolman sleeves.

Capes with hood collars are new and very smart, one sees the hood also on sports coats.

Uneven hems are in vogue—especially on the dressy frocks.

Velvet is used extensively for dresses and wraps. Black velvet trimmed with fringe is very smart. One sees plain and printed velvet combined.

A very attractive model in velvet has the skirt laid in very narrow side plaits, and the blouse in finger tip length, shaped in deep round scallops at the lower edge, and fitted at the waistline. The blouse is sleeveless and finished with a round neck. A rose on the shoulder is embroidered in soft colors.

Pantelettes replace slips on some evening dresses.

Dresses of black and colored lace have replaced the lace trimmed chiffons and beaded frocks.

Trimmings placed horizontally on blouses and skirts simulate stripes.

A very attractive coat has a deep inverted plait at the centre of the back below a long pointed yoke which is part of the sleeves.

A smart tunic dress is cut in pointed outline over a straight line slip.

Tailored simplicity marks the daytime frock of cloth, moire or velvet.

U shaped vestees are much in evidence. The square and V neck outline is also popular.

A long tunic of velvet, sleeveless, and finished with a narrow standing collar is worn over an underdress of finely plaited georgette, made with bell sleeves.

Surplice and bolero effects are both youthful and becoming. The surplice is also attractive for full figures.

A stitched on vest is smart on a tailored one-piece dress, of flannel or jersey. The small collar and narrow cuffs are of contrasting material.

A long cape of bolivia or tweed mixtures is serviceable. It may be cut circular and finished with a high turned over collar.

Revers and jabots decorate daytime dresses of crepe and satin.

Mushroom brown velour was used for a coat suit trimmed with insets of tan velour, and a collar of beaver.

Faille silk was used for a dress made with three tiers on the skirt, each tier ending in a small jabot at the right side. The blouse has a U shaped insert of embroidery below the round neck.



Practical Styles for Intimate Garments

5639. Velvet is here combined with striped silk. Moire and satin or satin crepe and georgette would also be very effective. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40 inch material together with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for facings on revers, collar and cuffs. The width at the lower edge of the dress is 52 inches. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5629. Checked woolen or velveteen with facings of contrasting material would be good for this model. The vestee may be of linen or broadcloth. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the dress for a 38 inch size, as illustrated will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of checked woolen, 40 inches wide, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on the shawl collar, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard for vestee and its collar, 40 inches wide. The width of the dress at the foot is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5635. Moire, twill or wool crepe could be used for this design. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size if made as illustrated in the large view will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54 inch material, together with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar and belt. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5631



5637. This is pretty in crepe satin, georgette or silk. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material for the slip, and $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards for the tunic, also $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar and tunic. The width of the slip at the lower edge is 46 inches. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5653. This comfortable style has the new saddle shoulder, and a smart flare. It may be developed in broadcloth, chinchilla, fleece coatings and fur fabrics. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4 year size will require $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 40 inch material. To trim with fur banding as illustrated will require $\frac{7}{8}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5638. Wool crepe with trimming of plaid silk or of moire would be a pleasing development of this style. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 54 inch material together with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of contrasting material for vestee, and its facing and for facing on pockets, cuffs and belt portions. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5628. Double faced coatings, pile fabrics, tweeds, twills, novelty weaves and homespun are excellent materials for this model. The wide cape-like sleeve is very comfortable. This pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40 inch material together with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on fronts and collar. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5651. Voile, batiste, nainsook or challie are attractive for this model. The collar may be omitted, and the sleeve finished in wrist or "elbow" length. The pattern for this pleasing style is cut in 5 sizes: 6 months, 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. A 4 year size will require 2 yards of 32 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5642

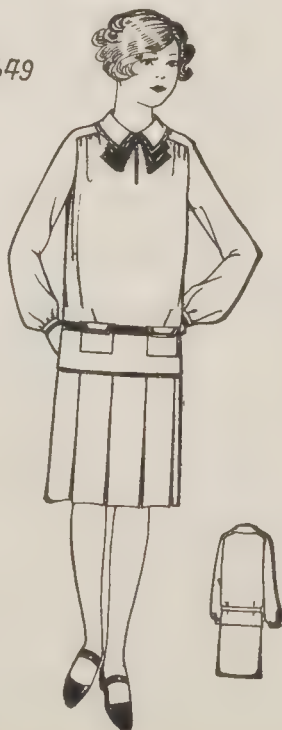


5364. These toys will please the "little tots." They may be made of toweling, flannel, felt, plush, velvet, and other pile fabrics. For stuffing cork could be used if one wants a toy that will stand wetting; or one could use sawdust, bran or cotton. The pattern is cut in one size. The cow requires $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 27 inch material and the horse $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 36 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

4692. Here is a well known nursery friend, ready for Christmas with a new jacket and overalls. One could make the jacket of satin or velvet, and the overalls of flannel, jersey or linen. The pattern includes the "doll" and the garments. It is cut in 3 sizes: Small 12, medium 16, large 20 inches in length. A 12 inch size requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yard for the "doll" and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard for the jacket and overalls. To make as illustrated will require $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 27 inch material for the jacket and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard for the overalls. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

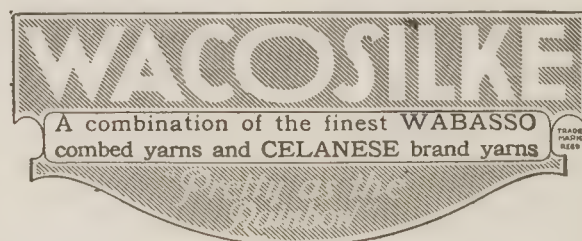
5650. Linen, jersey, flannel or velveteen may be used for this model. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4 year size will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5649



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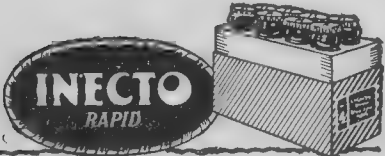
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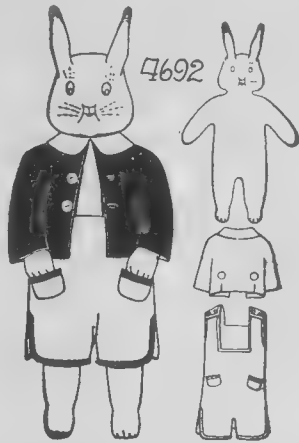
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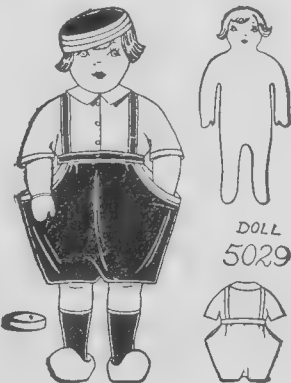
5631. Printed voile, batiste, crepe de chine and silk are attractive for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 2 yards of 36 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5646



5649. Wool jersey, wool crepe, linen, shantung or velveteen could be used for this model. The blouse or jumper has comfortable shoulders and a new collar. The front of the skirt shows fullness arranged in flat plaits. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size requires 3 3/4 yards of 40 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



DOLL
5029



6542. Batiste or crepe de chine with lace or embroidery will be very attractive in this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. To make a medium size, as illustrated in the large view, will require 1 1/2 yard of material, together with 5/8 yard of contrasting material 36 inches wide. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5651



5646. Washable materials as well as wool crepe or wool jersey may be used for this design. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size will require 1 1/2 yard of 40 inch material if made with long sleeves. If made with short sleeves 1 1/4 yard will be required. To trim as illustrated with bias binding will require 2 1/4 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

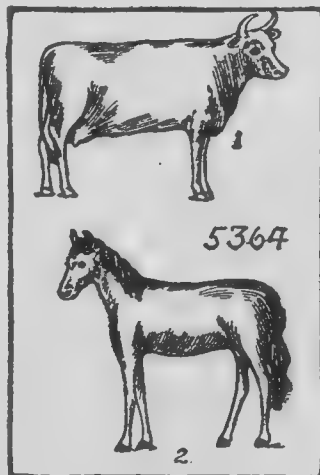
5029. Dolls of this kind will delight little children. In this model the doll as well as the garments are supplied. A simple waist, and Dutch rompers make the suit, to which a cap is added. One could use crepe or silk



5650



for the waist and velvet for the cap and rompers, or unbleached muslin for the waist, and chambray or gingham for cap and rompers. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 and 22 inches in length. A 16 inch size require 5/8 yard of 36 inch material for the doll, which may be made of oil cloth, drill, unbleached muslin or gingham. The rompers and waist and cap require 1 yard if made of one material. To make the waist and the cap brim of contrasting material requires 3/8 yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5364

The Christmas Carol By Vera V. Robertson

Darling little songster sitting on the bough,
I heard you singing yesterday and I hear you singing now;
I'll tell you something, little maid, before I fly away,
I've been rehearsing all this week as tomorrow's Christmas Day.

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Listening In

By Christine Bowman

MRS. DEERING'S sweet face wore the far-away look and the half-smile mothers use when they are planning something especially nice for their children. The summer dusk was gathering about the seat beneath the lilac bush. Summer twilight, filling all the orchard, almost hid the letter with its crisp pink cheque, held in her exultant hand. She was planning lovely autumn things for Doreen and Madge. Doreen with her golden hair, should have the party dress of green chiffon with silver slippers. Dear, dark-eyed Madge should have new furs, mink, perhaps or marten. A few lovely bits of jewelry—youthful footsteps coming along the scented orchard path, youthful voices carrying clearly in the perfumed evening air.

"Madge," came Doreen's clear voice in a hurried undertone, "Don't you wish mother would spruce up a bit, wave her hair, and wear her skirts a little shorter. and—well—look a little smarter all round?"

"Oh, Doreen," replied Madge reproachfully, "Mother is just as dear as she can be; but," hesitatingly, "I must admit sometimes I think she looks a little dowdy. I saw Mrs. Brown looking at that old grey suit—"

They passed the quiet lilac bush, they crossed the porch and disappeared.

"Dowdy," Mrs. Deering's bewildered mouth dropped open. Unselfish, pleasant plans fled away, startled beyond belief. "Dowdy" she repeated, "well perhaps I do. But if I do, it is because, I have always wanted them to look nice, and to be happy." She wiped away a few slow gathering tears. "Madge needed the new suit last winter, and all summer silk stockings were such an expense."

"How many pairs of silk stockings have you?" suddenly piped her inner Mentor.

"Only one"—"black ones."

"How many have the girls?"

"Oh, but that is different!"

"Why is it different? Do those girls respect you more for getting them half a dozen pairs apiece, while you darn your old ones?"

"They don't seem to" mournfully, "But they are such pretty young things."

"Yes and beginning to feel very superior to mother," continued her Mentor. "You are making a mistake. You are making them self-centred, and critical instead of unselfish and loving. My advice to you is to share and share alike, except for a few of the prettiest things kept exclusively for mother."

A confused little woman slipped quietly up the stairs to her own room. Hours later, when the moon, riding high, peered through the swaying curtains, he saw a hard-worked little hand steal about the neck of a big sleeping man. "Jim, dear, wake up, I want to tell you something."

A big hand closed over the small one, but a grunt was the only answer.

"Jim," came more determined accents. "Are you awake, dear? I heard from father's lawyers to-day, and there was a cheque enclosed—a big cheque."

"Is that so? good," said Jim now thoroughly awake. "What are you going to do with it? Send the girls to Europe or buy them a car?" then as a practical after thought. "How much is it?"

Mrs. Deering ignored these questions. Half fearfully she told him of the snatch of conversation she had overheard in the garden.

"Ungrateful little minxes," he said wrathfully, "they ought to be spanked. Of course the trouble is you have always spoiled them, done everything for them. Better take warning and turn over a new leaf, mother."

"But Jim, do I look" hesitating over the distasteful word "dowdy."

"You do not," emphatically, "you always look just right to me. And for downright good looks, you always have had them both beaten."

Mother laughed and blushed a little. This was healing balm surely.

In a few moments Jim continued. "What's the matter with you going to the city with me next week. I shall be going on Wednesday or Thursday. You could get yourself some new riggings.

You probably do need them, always buying gew-gaws for those kids."

"I'd love to go Jim. But fortify yourself to go shopping with me. I shall need your advice and good taste. Then we can get Madge—"

"No we can't," interrupted Jim, decidedly. Not a thing. Those girls have to be taught a lesson and dad's going to have a hand in it.

Mrs. Deering sighed. Half the anticipated pleasure would evaporate if some of the many wants of the girls were not to be satisfied in this shopping orgy. However, it was only a postponement, she thought, and gained sufficient comfort to drop to sleep.

The big Assembly Hall was aglow with lights and decorations, for this was the evening of the Yacht Club's Dance. With sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks Doreen and Madge were dressing in that pleasurable excitement all young girls know.

"I wish," began Doreen—

"Oh yes that you had a dress of pale green chiffon and silver slippers," interrupted Madge. "That white dress is very nice," this being considered sufficient praise for a sister, "And these beads mother slipped us so quietly are lovely. Do you know I believe they are really very expensive beads."

"They do look it," replied Doreen, "I love them," adding a moment later. "It is too bad Daddy is late this evening, so we have to go with the Browns."

"Well we better hurry or they will go without us."

An hour later Doreen with the new man in attendance stepped, out on the moon-flooded balcony. A beautiful touring car rolled up to the entrance. A big handsome man assisted a lady to alight. She remained standing under the big arc light while her escort parked the car. From her softly gleaming hair, over her luxurious evening cloak to her silken ankles and suede slippers she was a picture of dainty elegance. Joined by her husband, they came up the walk together.

"Whew," said the new man softly, "some nifty outfit."

Doreen's eyes were popping and her mouth half open. Words she had none.

"Who are they, Miss Deering," persisted her companion.

"I'll introduce you later," replied Doreen, solemnly feeling somehow very small and young. "Let us go in."

Not for worlds would she have missed seeing her parents go forward to greet the patronesses of the evening. Her handsome daddy in his new clothes, how proud she was of him. But mother, all soft shimmering gray and silver and rose, —wasn't she exquisite? Whoever had done her hair, it was lovely.

"Want to dance Dorrie," her father's voice broke the spell.

"Can't Dad, yet, I'm too stunned."

"Don't you like us?"

"Like you! I'm speechless with admiration. Isn't mother a queen. Always was though."

Madge, too, from her quiet corner had had a moment of gasping surprise. "How lovely your mother looks tonight," whispered the girl next her. "What a beautiful gown."

Madge gulped "Yes, isn't it," she managed to articulate.

"Want to dance, Madge? said her father's voice over her shoulder.

"Who is the most beautiful woman in this room Madge?" he asked as they circled the room. She lifted expressive eyes to his. "Mother," she said softly.

"Just clothes, honey," he teased, "clothes do it."

She smiled understanding. "You and I know Dad that that is not true. But these clothes only make her loveliness more apparent to outsiders."

"We have been selfish, haven't we, keeping her so long to ourselves?"

We have been selfish, all right, Doreen, and I" she replied, seriously.

Later Mr. Deering laughed a little, as he said to his wife, "We have those cubs licked into shape, mother. Now, wait at least a week before you go ahead and spoil them again."

"Never," she returned smilingly, "Never again Daddy."

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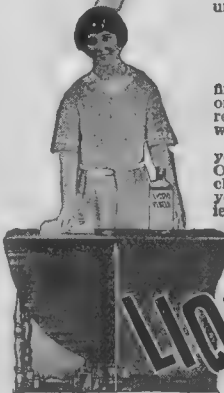
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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

Alberta's Forest Patrol

By M. V. Chesnut

GERMANY has always been acknowledged supreme in the science of forestry—the conservation of her timber resources was one of her most important preparations for war. Great Britain undoubtedly leads the world in the development of aviation, but few Canadians know that here, in our own country, we have the most successful application of aviation to forest conservation the world has ever known. Forestry and aviation journals in all parts of the world point to the forest patrol air station at High River, Alberta, as the most efficient measure of forest fire prevention any country has yet employed.

But, you say, Alberta is not famed for her lumbering industry. Is there enough timber on the eastern slope of the Rockies to warrant the expense of an air patrol? Possibly the value of the actual timber saved from fire through the efforts of the airmen would not cover the first cost of the air station, but when one realizes that the grain growing industry of the western provinces is directly dependent on the existence of these forests, one perceives the true value of this work. Scientists tell us that a forest is one of the greatest moisture-attracting elements known, and the Rocky mountain forests in particular serve also to preserve the snow on the mountain sides from melting with the first warm spring weather, insuring a steady supply of water for the western rivers throughout the summer. If the forests were destroyed by fire or other causes, the rapidly melting snow in the spring would result in swifter and dangerous rivers for the first few weeks, and deadly drouth for the remainder of the year. The farming and ranching industries of the west would suffer serious losses if, indeed, they did not cease to exist altogether, with disastrous effects on our national prosperity. This condition is already a fact in many parts of the world. Baluchistan and other northern provinces of India suffer heavy losses of life and property in the annual flooding of their rivers. Later, these rivers become a mere trickle, or, in most cases, dry up entirely. Consequently, agriculture is practically at a standstill, and the few poor plots that are cultivated must be irrigated from deep artesian wells. The denuding of the Himalayan forests is responsible for this, and the forestry service of the Indian government is replanting vast tracts with pine in an endeavor to make the plains below once more green and fertile.

If fire and the axe of the careless lumberman can be kept out of the forest, nature will take care of the necessary replanting. Hence the establishing of the Rocky mountain forest reserves. Lumbering operations are carried out only under strict Government supervision, and fire is efficiently controlled by the co-operation of the High River air patrol with the forest rangers.

EVERY morning of the summer months two machines leave the aerodrome at High River, one patrolling the forest south to the American border, the other north to the Saskatchewan river. The pilot's duties are controlling the flight of the machine, collecting data on forest humidity, reporting his position by wireless, noting and reporting the weather encountered, the height and type of cloud, the condition of the engine, and many other duties in addition to searching for the wisp of smoke which marks an incipient forest fire. When a fire is sighted, the exact location is reported immediately by wireless telegraphy to the aerodrome, from where it is telephoned to the forest rangers stationed nearest the fire. The aeroplane hovers over the fire as long as may seem necessary, keeping headquarters informed as to the progress made by the fire-fighters and advising when more men or more fire-extinguishing tools are required.

Nor is the work confined to actual fires, for many preventive measures are also undertaken. The moral effect alone

on campers and settlers seems to justify the existence of the air station, as there has been a marked decrease in the number of fires originating from this source since the patrols were organized. Every camp sighted within the boundaries of the forest reserve is reported and the location noted on a map reserved for that purpose at headquarters, so that the responsibility for fires originating in the vicinity of these camps is brought home to the guilty party. Pamphlets are dropped from the machines on all the country fairs and forest camps, each one describing in an interesting way the vital need for fire prevention, and cautioning the recipient against carelessness with cigarettes, camp fires, and matches. Many a careless camper has been startled by finding a cloud of handbills descending out of the sky to him, warning him in no uncertain tone to put out his campfire before leaving.

The air station's activities are not confined solely to forestry work, however. At the request of the Dominion government, photographic surveys are undertaken for the purpose of mapping roughly the hitherto unsurveyed regions back in the mountains where the rugged peaks and ranges have barred the transit man and chain gang. For this work a monster automatic camera is used, working somewhat on the principle of the motion picture camera. It is loaded with eighty-six feet of film, the observer sets the various adjustments and starts the mechanism. The camera does the rest, automatically making three or four exposure a minute and reeling off the film while the pilot guides the machine over the country to be mapped. The photographs thus obtained are trimmed and fitted together like the pieces of a Chinese puzzle to form the complete map which is then re-photographed and reduced to convenient map size.

Various other odd jobs are constantly cropping up, such as when a prominent banker disappeared one summer. As he was last seen fishing in a nearby lake, a machine was sent out to search the lake bottom for the body, just as naval seaplanes spotted enemy submarines during the war. Many other special flights are made in order to test new developments in aviation, radio, and parachutes.

The air station is in itself a marvel of modern science. Biplanes of the De Havilland type are used chiefly, with 400 h.p. Rolls-Royce engines capable of forcing the big planes through the air at speeds in excess of a hundred miles an hour. That bugbear of airmen, engine failure, is unknown at the High River station, as nearly every vital part of the engine is duplicated and if trouble occurs, say faulty ignition, the pilot switches on his spare ignition system and continues no his way.

Engine-failures, and the consequent forced landings, are accidents to be feared on the forest patrol, as the course set by the machines are often over uninhabited mountain regions where rescue parties would be weeks on their way to the scene of an accident. With such emergencies in view, each aeroplane carries a large package of emergency rations, first aid kit, rifles, fishing tackle, blankets, and in fact, everything necessary to sustain life in the event of a forced landing in some isolated valley.

One of the most notable features of the flying camp is the radio station. This is the most powerful station of its type in Canada and is equipped with both radiotelegraph and radiotelephone transmitters, insuring constant communication between the superintendent of the air station and the pilots out on patrol.

Every man on the staff of the flying field is a war veteran, most of them having served overseas with the Royal Air Force. The pilots are all ex-R.A.F. men and officers of the present Royal Canadian Air Force. In the ground organization are found skilled workers of many trades: Motor mechanics,

Continued on page 85

The Eternal Conflict of Nature

An Observer's Homily of Cockroach, Wasp and Crab

By Leo Walmsley

THIS is a nature story with a problem. Some years ago I was living in an old Arab house on the coast of East Africa. It was a very old house indeed, with straight white walls and a flat roof, and an open courtyard in the middle of it. It stood in a clump of cocoanut palms near to the fringe of the sea. All day long you would hear the sound of these trees bending and shaking their great leafy sails to the salty monsoon winds. But at night they'd be still, and you'd hear nothing but the dull sleepy roar of the surf swinging over the outer coral reefs. Romantic!

Cockroach Wasp in Action

Unfortunately that house was overrun with cockroaches. They were not the kind we have at home. They'd be twice as big, the color of gunmetal, exceeding agile, insatiably voracious, and with the cheek of London sparrows. Nor did they confine their horrible activities to the night. Theirs was a twenty-four-hour day.

I had good reason then to bless the cockroach wasps, a company of which stationed themselves in the vicinity of the house when the plague was at its worst.

There is no sight in nature more wonderful than a cockroach wasp in action. One of the favorite cockroach hunting-grounds was the open courtyard, for close to it my native cook had his kitchen. You'd stand there and you'd see an old cockroach reconnoitring the discarded skin of a banana. Suddenly, it would seem, an emerald had dropped from the sky, and a small insect with rakish wings and body colored a vivid green would land alongside the cockroach, glide in obliquely, and make a swift, faultlessly locking bite for the other's "throat."

Then would follow an exciting struggle. Knowing too well the wasp's next intended move, the roach would do everything in its power to prevent the fatal sting piercing its body: rush, and stop suddenly; turn abruptly to one side, jerk, turn over on its back, and as quickly turn again. In vain.

If the wasp was shaken off it would just as surely get another hold. If the roach took to flight, it would alight on its body in mid air, bring it back to the ground, and remorselessly pursue the conflict until at last the long lance-like sting would be driven home into the vital nerve centre, when, as though it had no more interest in the duel, the wasp would break away and take to the air.

But not for a second would its victim be out of sight. Shortly the movements

of the roach would weaken. A minute, perhaps, and they would cease. And once more the wasp would return, make a careful reconnaissance, and start to drag the poisoned (but not dead) insect towards some previously chosen crack in the wall, where eventually its substance would make a larder for the wasp's own young.

The Dancing Wasp

Such a drama I watched one day. It had reached the point where the cockroach was stung and the wasp was dancing gaily on the air above.

Suddenly a small bird (it must have been perched on the wall) darted downwards, made a thrilling Immelmann turn about that dancing emerald, and shot off through the archway which led from the courtyard into the open where the palm trees grew. The wasp was in its beak.

It happened so quickly that it was impossible to say for certain where the bird had alighted, but by the way it flew I knew the place couldn't be far from the roots of a palm, where the soil was sandy and sparsely grown with grass.

I got up and moved towards the spot, my naturalist's instinct alert to identify so bold a bird. And I hadn't moved from the shade of the archway when I saw it, chirping shrilly, and frantically beating its wings as though in a vain effort to take to the air again. What had happened?

I ran. I reached it. I bent down. I saw something glitter under the bird's body. I recognized the wicked stalk-like eye of an immense land crab projecting from the entrance of its lair in the sandy soil, and with its big claw tightly locked on one of the bird's legs.

Bird Captive

And now for the problem of my story. I, the man, a reasoning individual, suffered from a plague of cockroaches. The wasp, an unreasoning creature, actuated by its private instinctive needs, came to my assistance. The bird, also acting instinctively, killed my friend the wasp. The crab also instinctively trapped the bird.

Work this out and you will find it a tenable theory that the crab, by killing the bird that killed the wasp that killed the cockroach that lived and made obnoxious the house that I lived in, would be doing me a kindness!

So, was I a fool when I pushed my knife into that crab, carefully prised open the claw and set the little bird (with my friend the wasp in its gizzard) fluttering happily into the sunshine again?

I often wonder.

Alberta's Forest Control

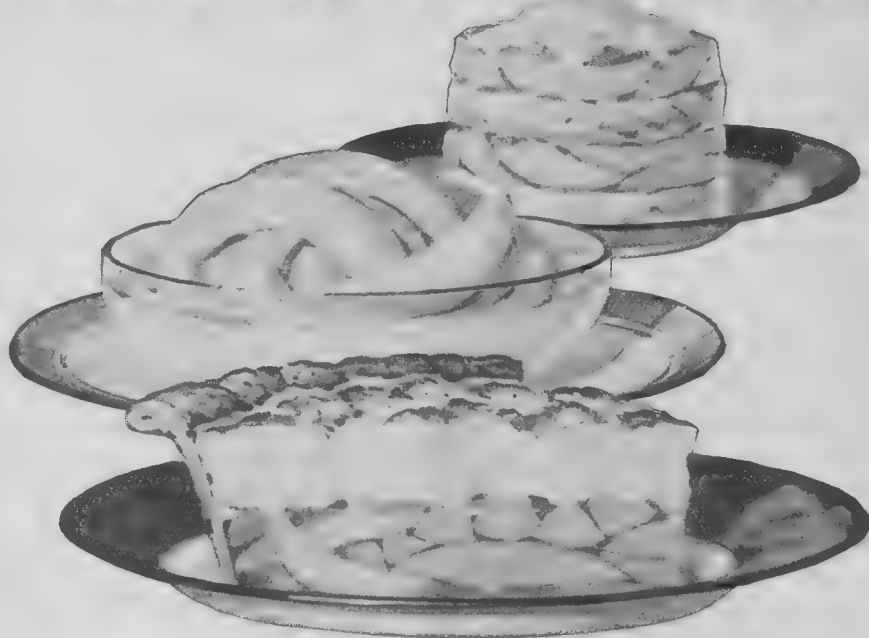
Continued from page 84

photographers, riggers, radio operators, and machinists.

The airmen of the High River station have rather unique flying conditions to contend with, as when passing over the mountains they frequently encounter violent air currents blowing not only horizontally, but vertically! When a plane meets with one of these upward or downward winds, technically known as "atmospherics," it is thrown thousands of feet from its normal altitude, much to the physical distress of the crew. Atmospherics are no novelty to aviators, as they exist in every climate, but the "bump" experienced by the machine encountering an atmospheric seldom exceeds two or three hundred feet. Over the Rockies, however, three-thousand foot bumps are common, and it is on record that one machine of the

forest patrol dropped eight thousand feet before recovering poise. Fortunately, with the prevailing westerly wind, the atmospherics are found to be constant; that is, they are always met with over the same peaks day after day, and the airmen have taken advantage of this phenomenon to make a rough chart showing where upward currents may be expected. This chart is put to good use when the pilot wishes to climb. He sets his course for the nearest upward current, allows it to carry him as high as it will, then glides on to the next. One pilot claims to have climbed several hundred feet in thirty-five minutes this way with his engine shut off; Anyone who has noticed a seagull or hawk wheeling and gaining height without moving its wings will realize the feasibility of this.

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The Largest Birds in the World

By H. H. Pittman, Wauchope, Sask.

PALEONTOLOGY, revealing as it does so much of the past inhabitants of the world, is an interesting study, and the fitting together of scattered remains until an idea can be formed of the appearance of the living creature is fascinating. The world may be said to have passed through an "age of reptiles" almost horrible to contemplate before conditions changed sufficiently to permit the existence of the more immediate ancestors of the forms of life with which we are familiar. We can see from these remains and the reconstructions made from them, the truth of a fact we all know but perhaps hardly realize, that the world is gradually improving.

The reptiles of the past as well as some of their successors, lived in an utopia of their own for a time, with unlimited food and no enemies except one another. This proved, judging by the bones we find, to be their undoing, for all such an existence called for was size and strength combined with weapons of offence and defence. All of these evolved in the course of time but apparently at the expense of brain or intelligence, for the brain cavities in the skull of nearly all the extinct monsters we examine are extremely small compared with the bodily bulk.

As conditions gradually changed these unwieldy creatures were mostly unable to adapt themselves, with the natural result that the majority of them died out. Most of us, looking at the remains and restorations, feel rather thankful that they did. I am sure today that the presence of a dinosaur at a Sunday School picnic could be unwelcome and that a bathing party visited by a plesiosaurus would be a failure.

Some of the forms of life which replaced the reptiles showed a tendency to run to size and, although they were apparently more adaptable, their brains still remained small. We have interesting links with past ages in the whales, huge mammals leading aquatic lives for which they have become so specialized that they are quite helpless on land. The proportion of brain to body in the whale is 1 to 3,000, comparing very unfavorably, for example, with the chimpanzee, in which the proportion is 1 to 50. Although capacity probably depends more upon the convolutions than upon the quantity of brain, we cannot but regard size as some

indication of intelligence. It is perhaps an indication of the adaptability of the successors of the reptiles that they lingered so long that even now in favorable circumstances, we occasionally find portions of their hides and skins, as in the cases of the mammoth, the giant sloth and the moa.

The moa, one of the largest birds of which we know anything, was found in New Zealand and was named by Sir Richard Owen, "Dinornis," the horrible or monstrous bird. It was covered with soft feathers something like those of the present-day emeu and was rather ostrich-like in build, being twelve or fourteen feet high. The bones found show that the legs were very large and massive and the brain cavity very small. A remarkable feature of these birds, of which there seem to have been several species, is that they were apparently without even traces of wings.

Judging by the numbers of bones

found, the moas were very numerous, and as most of these have been discovered by rivers, lakes and swamps, the birds probably lived in the vicinity of water. They were vegetarian feeders and appear to have been gregarious. Some of the Maori legends mention them and it is from these, together with the bones, feathers, portions of egg shells and a few other remains, that information about these great creatures has been



Skeleton of a Moa

Copyright: H. H. Pittman

gathered. As to the cause or date of their extinction little is known, but in a work on Natural History published in 1901, Dr. Bowdler Sharpe wrote that they were possibly alive within the last two hundred years.

As the world progressed and numerous forms of life appeared, from some of which the present-day creatures evolved, Australia and the neighboring islands seem to have become a "backwater" and to have been passed by. The lingering of the moas and the continued existence of such animals and birds as the platypus, kangaroo and kiwi and that peculiar reptile, the tuatara or sphenodon, suggest Australasia developed independently of the rest of the world for some time. It is hard to account for them in any other way. The particular interest we have in the moas is because they lingered until modern times, although seeming to belong to a period or era long past and were, perhaps, the largest birds that ever dwelt upon the earth.

Last Soliloquy

By A. S. J. Tesimond

I have not fled from life;
but, neither praising nor condemning,
have accepted each mood, each moment,
for its uniqueness;
eschewing regret and expectation.
I have not, like the libertine,
so dulled my senses as to miss
the finer, subtler sensation;
nor, like the saint,
neglected that contrast which is life's
essence,
and denied the grosser;

but, like a true epicure,
I have preserved proportion . . .
I have sought to run the gauntlet of all
sensations, all emotions.
I have bared my heart to life's winds,
though it shiver in their cold;
to life's fires,
though it scorch . . .
And now I account myself fortunate
in that I shall soon essay
that experience which no man yet has
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By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Registered Nurse

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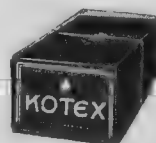
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The Gates of Destiny

Continued from page 18

TOWARD dusk Naomi sent him word, by a ragged urchin, that he was wanted at the cave when his work was done. Then Hassan sang anew that passionate song of Ancient Arabia, for he understood that Naomi would also find a way to be there.

But when at last he was free to seek his new-found friends and was come all breathless and eager to the cave, an amazing scene greeted him. The adoring shepherds had reappeared; bringing gifts of sweet wild flowers, a brace of tiny doves and a bundle of carded wool, soft and white, for the Little King's bed. Whilst at the feet of the mother, nestling contentedly against her husband's shoulder, knelt three majestic strangers, bearing in their hands offerings of gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

Hassan Saleh caught his breath sharply. He had suspected as much! This was no common child and these no common parents! More likely they were of the nobility and by choice travelling in disguise, or on a pilgrimage for the good of their souls. He had known it, for were not his perceptions keener than those of the ordinary slave?

Yet when others brought gifts of gold and sweet incense to the wondrous child, what had he to offer but a jar of water and a wisp of hay? The old bitterness descended upon him and with a darkened spirit he made to slip away. Mary saw him and a light, warm and tender, leaped to her great blue eyes.

"Hassan, my brother, come hither."

It seemed to the wretched Hassan that though he had been dead he must have risen to obey that voice. Humbly, he came to her side and dropping to his knees kissed the hem of her rough garment.

"Noble sire," Mary explained, "this is he who gave succor in our extremity and rejoiced like a brother at sight of my Little One."

While she spoke, her kind eyes lingered upon Hassan, as though his heart lay bared before her, and out of her new maternal compassion she endeavored to draw the sting away. Pensive and pleading, she turned upon the sages at her feet.

"Oh good and noble sirs, it overwhelms me to partake of love and kindness when earth holds so much of misery and cruel wrong!"

The wise men, kneeling before her, read the high places of her heart as they had learned to trace the majesty of the far-flung stars. And, as they turned to one another in silent questioning, the winged circles of Zoroaster burning in golden pools upon each breast, flashed into deeper brilliance. Then he, who by virtue of years commanded first place amongst them, turned his sombre gaze upon Hassan saying curiously:

"In distant Persia lies an abandoned estate once the proud possession of Moosa Hassan Bey. Sleeping like a rose in the heart of the mountains it might have dreamed on, safe in its cherished isolation but for the perfume of its rare hospitality . . . It were pleasant to hear again the laughter of children within that ancient courtyard and to know that loving hands would tend again its once luxuriant blooms."

"Master!" Hassan gasped, in pained astonishment. "Oh, Master, spare me that memory!" Even Joseph turned accusing eyes upon the stately seer, interpolating hastily, "Noble sir, the past is but as a dream, and vain hope a useless agony. Surely each day hath enough to do with its own evil."

But the aged Seer paid him no heed. His deep, sunken eyes probed the very soul of Hassan, and in the slow scrutiny

marked each line and shadow of his passionate young face. At conclusion a genial smile overspread his thoughtful face, lighting up its parchment pallor as the morning sun lights up the grey sea.

"Hope is the child of Courage and the handmaid of Destiny," he announced gravely, "And Moosa Hassan Bey worshipped none other than God."

Again Mary sighed, but Hassan lifted his dark head proudly, his faith reborn in the bright consciousness of a great inheritance. And, when a little later Naomi stole in to join them, he met her shy glances, not as the slave in the dust but as a man with all fate before him.

Compassionate Mary divined their hopeless love and while they knelt together adoring her blessed Son, her great blue eyes pleaded for them, enlisting the aid and sympathy of the Mighty Wise Men of the East. Impelled by the one desire, they in turn laid reverent fingers upon the golden insignia burning on each breast and, bowing slowly murmured: "When love commands, the servants of love obey." Then, smiling gravely, they turned their converse to other things. To prophecies and ancient promises; signs in the heavens and mysterious revelations, the recounting of which captured Hassan's fancy though much of what they spoke was past his divining.

But one staggering fact was clear enough: Caesar Augustus was again about to reach out that ruthless hand of his to rob him of his new-found happiness. Caesar Augustus commanded the return of the Wise Men to Jerusalem; that he might know the birthplace of the Child, destined for mighty Kingship. Caesar himself would come a-worshipping, bearing rich argosies to lay at the Child's feet — so said the Sages.

Hassan turned on them fiercely: "Though I am but a slave I know truth when 'tis spoken and never did that rarest virtue encumber the lips of Caesar!"

The eldest of the Magi smiled. "Know this," said he, "truth seldom leads one back along the same way. The star that led us points not again to Jerusalem." Still smiling he beckoned Hassan to come outside that he might question him concerning many things — concerning the several roads leading to and from Bethlehem, the stations of Caesar's armies and the movement of overland caravans. Finally, after stressing the wisdom of secrecy and giving certain detailed information for the eager youth to follow, the venerable Seer dismissed him and, joining his companions in the cave, took leave of the happy family.

Long ere this the simple shepherds, overawed by all they had seen and heard, had slipped away into the yawning shadows. Naomi had not dared to linger. Only Hassan, nursing a new, disquieting knowledge, stayed on, alert and watchful, reluctant to depart. At last compelled by heart-hunger he crept to the rude doorway and gazed in upon the little family now settled to repose. Peace hovered over them and the pale light of stars crowned them in soft splendor.

ONCE again despair rent the soul of Hassan. Love had touched him, but only that he might better plumb the depths of misery. Love had touched him to his heart's undoing; and love, howsoever unattainable, must henceforth be the one light of his seeking. Forever unattainable love had him for its own!

In that melancholy moment a slender, wavering, star-gleam fell upon the

Continued on page 90

The Long-Haired Stars

By Alice Ranlett

FROM time to time there comes sweeping through the little part of space that man can see, one of the strange and beautiful heavenly bodies called comets, or the long-haired, so named from the long, pale, luminous trail-like tresses of light that float beyond the comet's head. The head itself is composed of two parts, the round or oval coma, like a bright cloud, and the nucleus, a brilliant, condensed, star-like eye of light near the centre of the coma. Sometimes, jets of light are thrown off from the head, and several nuclei are seen in the veil of the coma. The head of the comet varies in diameter from 30,000 miles to 150,000 miles, and the wonderful plummy trail or tail has been calculated to be from 5,000,000 to 100,000,000 miles in length.

Although comets are thus enormously large, their mass is very small, being only a little part of the mass of the earth, and their material has so slight density that they seem almost like a veil of tissue woven from light, and so delicate that stars are often plainly seen through their mist. It is thought that comets are bright partly from their own nature and partly from light given by some other source which is reflected by their particles, often very fine and loosely flung together, each surrounded by a luminous envelope of gas.

These bodies are believed to come into our part of the universe from the vast, scarcely dreamed-of spaces out among the distant stars; and newly-discovered comets often come sweeping toward us upon the track of the curve called the parabola, the branches of which slip away into infinite distance, never to meet. They serve as heavenly highways for the swiftly fleeting comets, which flash briefly before our eyes and then shoot away into space, never to be seen again by the eyes of man on this earth.

But if a comet goes near one of the larger planets in such a way as to have its speed diminished by the attraction of the planet, then the comet is captured, becomes the prisoner of the planet, held by the invisible but powerful chains of gravitation, and becomes a member of our sun's family, having changed its never-ending parabolic curve for an ellipse, a closed and limited curve on which the comet moves, coming again and again into our field of vision.

In 1531, 1607 and 1682, the comet terrified the world; and in Germany, to comfort the alarmed people, there was struck and widely circulated a medal bearing the words: "The star means evil things, but only trust in God and He will turn all things to good."

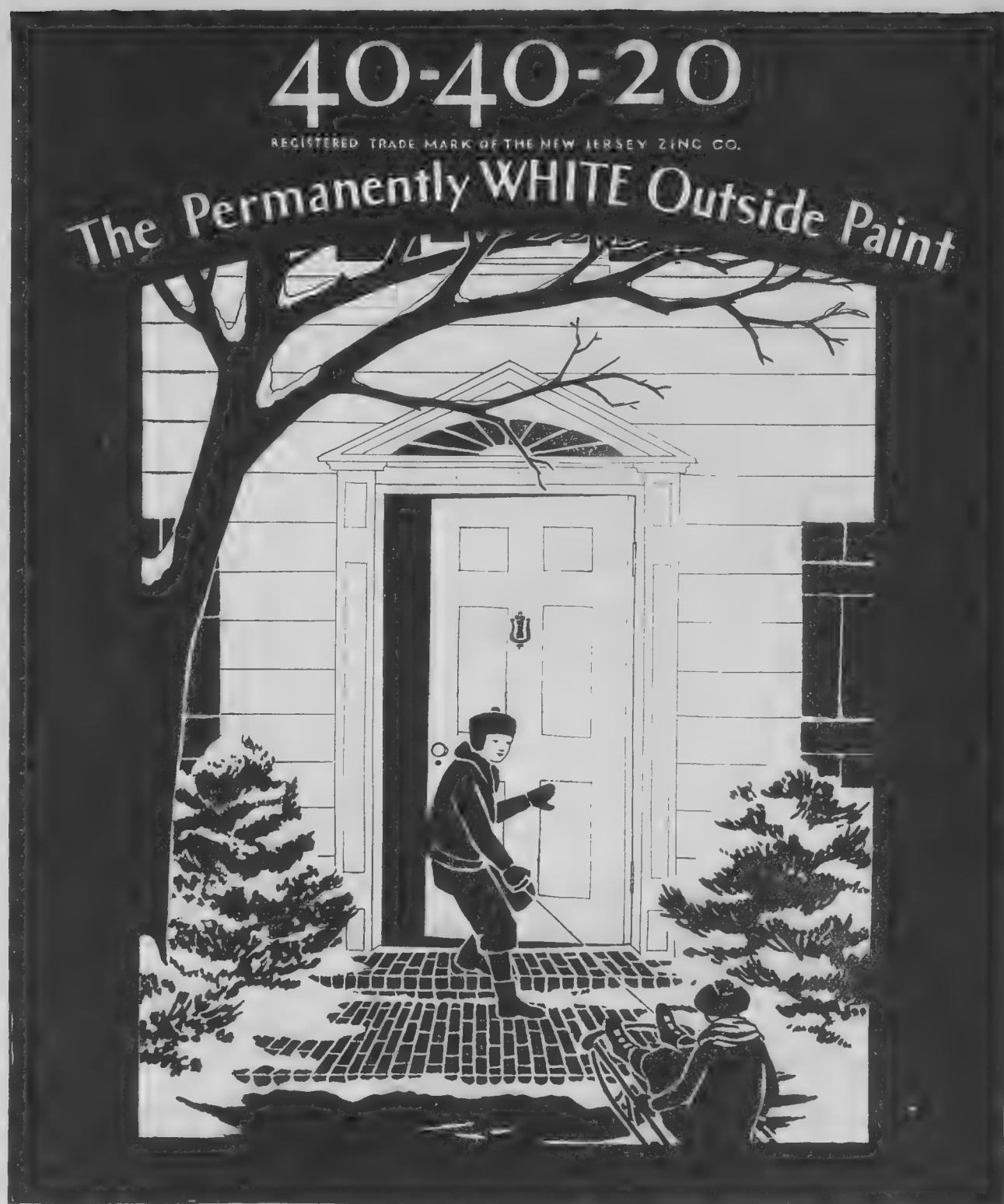
It was at the time of this appearance of the comet that the wise and brave Edward Halley dared to give an explanation of the movements of the great star-like body, which would prevent its being in future a supernatural source of terror to men. Halley, wise beyond his day, had already helped the world of science by paying out of his own poverty for the printing of Newton's works on the principles of gravitation, and now he showed by careful mathematical calculations that the comets of 1531, 1607 and 1682 were one and the same body, coming back over its immense elliptical track; and he declared that this same comet would again appear about the year 1758. And in truth, on Christmas Day of 1758, it did appear, blazing out in the sky, a splendid witness to the truth of Halley's and Newton's wisdom and mathematical principles, changed forever from the mysterious, ill-omened, awesome thing of old to a useful servant of astronomical science, and a new and glorious example of the law of God and of the wisdom that was with Him, when He prepared the Heavens, and that was "from everlasting."

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"But suppose she doesn't come?"—The Passing Show (London).

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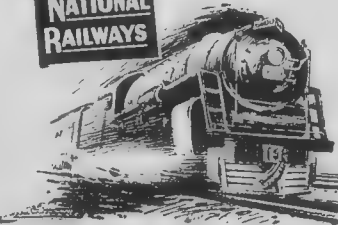
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**CANADIAN
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RAILWAYS**



The Gates of Destiny

Continued from page 88

sleeping baby's face and Hassan saw the eyes open wide like lotus buds in a deep pool, and by the rare alchemy of their innocent serenity, his sore loneliness was transmuted into peace. Reconciled and enheartened he stole away, for there was much to be done ere the day should overtake him. Much indeed that he must do and much that Naomi must aid him to accomplish.

In the grey dawn, long before the dwellers of Bethlehem had stirred from their sleep, Hassan and Naomi hastened up the silent hill to the lonely cave. He leading two burros, their panniers bursting with provisions. She carrying a goatskin water-bottle and a little basket of sweet cakes and fruits.

Joseph was already on the watch for them. "Peace, and God's blessing!" was his eager, relieved greeting. "Strange dreams have oppressed me this night," he hurriedly explained, "strange, strange, and I fear my spirit will know no rest until we are come upon the high-road of Egypt."

Then came Mary, white and pure, stepping like the spirit of eternal dawn from the dark chasm of the cave; and upon her breast the golden head of her little Son shone like the morning star.

They were stirred to the very soul at sight of her. And, like two children come to crave they scarcely knew what rare blessing, Hassan and Naomi knelt at her slender feet.

"Mother of Love," welled up from the heart of Hassan, "may joy be thy shadow and virtue thy bread."

Mary, smiling tenderly, gazed in silence upon their bowed heads. Then she burst into laughter, merry lilting laughter that floated over the shoulder of Bethlehem like a bird's morning song.

The two young things, kneeling so humbly, looked up with startled and rebuking eyes. But again Mary laughed. Then, from the folds of her bosom she drew a little bag and with gentle grace extended it to Hassan.

"Brother," she said, "it is the gift of my Son to thee, who first served Him with love and a sincere heart."

Hassan stammered and stumbled in his confusion. "Nay, nay! It must not be! 'Tis the gold of the Magi, meant for the Blessed Child! Not for me, an unworthy slave."

But Mary lifted her head in silent command and Hassan understood that

despite graciousness hers was a will as strong as it was tender. A little longer she paused upon her destined way, to share in the unutterable joy of the two she had blessed in her Son's name. And she perceived that for this end had the gold of the Magi been laid at her feet.

"Blessed am I among women." She mused to herself. "Aye, thrice blessed, in that 'tis given me to turn gall into gladness." Light as a dream she drew to her husband's side. "Joseph," she implored, "bless these two ere we part. Bless them after the manner of our people!" Grave and kindly Joseph nodded—but first lifted his lovely Mary to her seat on the waiting burro—

"Hassan, brother," he then began in his slow patriarchal way: "May the God of Israel seek thee for His own, and bless thee in thy woman. And may thy seed after thee be gathered to Abraham's bosom." Thus he blessed them for love's sake and to the joy of Mary watching with her tender eyes dimmed by sudden tears of gratitude. "God keep ye in the way," said Joseph. "Forever and forever," echoed Mary.

A moment later they were lost in the mists of the morning. Hassan gazed after them with unseeing eyes, his heart too full for speech, and against that bursting heart Naomi sobbed out her inexplicable joy.

* * *

Thus it came about that in due time Hassan stood amidst the decaying splendors of his ancestral halls; his eager bride at his side and a great ambition burning before them. Out of ruin and desolation they would build them an oasis of beauty where He, the coming King, might one day rest His tired head. Ah, He should see the perfect fruitage of that first gift of Bethlehem. His gift of love and freedom.

Later, the gold of the Magi laid at Mary's feet, bore even sweeter fruitage. The laughter of little children re-echoed once again throughout the ancient courtyard; and over each door and trellised window trailed the fragrant roses, for the white hands of Naomi loved to tend them. Whilst on peerless nights when the moon sailed up the dusky Persian skies it lingered fondly above the pool of Naomi's fountain where silver white the stately lilies bloomed in memory of Mary, whose tender hands forced wide the Gates of Destiny.

The Music of the Snow

By Clara Hopper

Not in the frenzy of the wintry blast;
Not in the avalanche, not in the massed
Fury of the storm-king's mighty throe;
Nor 'mid the surfeit of a city street—
Soiled and disdained and spurned by
passing feet—

Is heard,
More faint than sighing of a humming-
bird,
The airy, faery music of the snow.

But in the measured spaces of some
hushed old wood,
'Neath lacy arches of the pillared birch,
Up velvet aisles of man's most ancient
church
Slow-falling flakes be-psalm the solitude;

How hardly may a mortal there intrude!
In the pale quiet of an afternoon
List how the strolling players tune
their strings—
Aeolian harps with gossamery wings
Dulcet patillogies of snowdom croon.

In those dim precincts though worship-
pers be few,
Beside shy bunny in his green gorse pew,
Such music as eludes the human word

Is heard—
Soft little swirls and twirls of eider-
down
Sing nuances as light as thistle-down...
Elusive... spiritual... but oh, how
clear
To him who listens with a hearing ear!

A Morning Summons

Upon the outer verge of sleep I heard
A little sparrow piping in the morn;
Unto my very heart the sound was
borne;
It seemed to me a something more than
bird,
Even Nature's self that touched me with
a word:
"While thou sleep'st on, I have not
done my duty,
Awake O man! Of all this gift of
beauty

Lose not one grain. The forest deeps are
stirred
With morning, and the brooks are loud
afloat."
Perhaps it was a dream, but this I know,
Behind me, as I passed into the sun,
Whether to me, or each one to his
mate,
I heard the little sparrows one by one
Piping in triumph at my garden
gate.

—Archibald Lampman in the Boston Transcript.

Mantrap

Continued from page 14

their paddling, and she had made much of humming (only he caught her peeping at him, to see if he was impressed) while she boiled the bannock in the fiery dard. When they lolled back, gorgeously stuffed, she hinted: "But we don't *know* it was Joe he saw."

"No, that's so."

"So let's cheer up. Why, Joe'd *never* find out we'd gone this way! I feel like a fighting kitten, now we've got some grub and our lovely little boat that—Damn the thing!" Her effort at light laughter was excellent. "We'll make the trading-post, and get a real canoe there and another Indian to do the work. And *two* cans of corn! I'm going to swallow 'em both right down, like this—gulp. Have you enough money?"

"Yes, I think so. Fierce how the wind keeps up."

"Oh, let's enjoy the rest. You really have enough?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Are you awfully rich?"

"No, I'm— Oh, I make a good living."

"What do you make, Ralph? I haven't got the least idea if you make four thou a year or four hundred thou."

"Well, say about forty."

"Forty— thousand— dollars— a year! Gee! Well, I hope you've saved it, because when we get to Winnipeg you got to lend me my fare home, and enough to buy a dress and some shoes and stockings. Think of having clean silk stockings again!"

"I fancy we can manage that, and perhaps two pairs."

"Ralph!"

"Eh?"

"Dear! Please!"

"What is it, child?"

"You feel— You were cross because I jollied that aviator. I saw you."

"Oh, of course, you had to try to get him to take us—"

"No, let's not lie. We haven't been lying, all these days, and gosh, I'm s'prised how I like it! I guess it's about the first time since I vamped the old school prof when I was in the sixth grade! You hated me for pulling the goo-goo eyes on that aviator and— Say, just listen at my 1900 model slang, will you! Don't know *how* I happened to think of that old one! . . . But I mean: You kind of looked sick when I tried to make him. You were wondering if I'd go back to that when we hit the pavements again. Weren't you, dear? *Honest!*"

"Well, a little."

"This'll hand you a surprise. So was I! Oh, I guess I'm an awful fly-paper. It looks like I just couldn't keep my hooks off any he-male that blows into town with the visiting firemen! But I had sort of thought I was off that, these last few days . . . Oh, Ralph, dear, what are we going to do?"

"I don't know."

"Make it a double order! Suppose I did get a divorce. Suppose you did feel you had to marry me—"

"Had to!" My God, don't you know how ghastly fond of you—"

"Oh, yes! Fond! But when you get back, where you're a smart lawyer again and awfully busy— Suppose you married me. Oh, I'd study like sixteen college profs, and I'd get so I could talk pussyfoot, but sometime when I'd had two cocktails, I'd bust loose and throw a gosh-awful shock into some of your doggy cousins (and I bet you got 'em by the truckload!) and they'd say, 'That Jane's a vulgar manicure girl, that's what she is,' and you'd get a toothache in your social standing. And you'd begin to feel you'd done Joe dirt, and—you'd hate me."

"What does it *matter*? Alverna!

Child! But— can't you learn not to flirt? Don't you know—"

"Poor toy soldier! You haven't learned how to say 'I love you.' Not even yet. I know. And I know—oh, after our starving together, and after I've learned what a real self-starting brain you have, I'll never—I guess I'll never fall for anybody else. But I won't have you ashamed of me. I couldn't stand it, dear. Just because I *do* like you. Hang it!"

She fled from him, along the point. He lay on the sand, his tired head on his arm, trying to think and completely not succeeding.

He was roused by her shriek, above him: "Ralph! Ralph! I think Joe's coming! Oh, I'm terrified! Maybe it isn't Joe, but—"

He sat up abruptly. He could hear afar the tiny stutter of an engine; he could make out a speck in the lake to northward. Miles away he saw the bow of a canoe lifting to the rollers.

They were still windbound, hopelessly, and there was no use of fleeing along the shore, into the forest. There they would starve, if they were not first burnt to death by the forest fire. Better remain, and die swiftly.

For it came to Ralph that he was at this moment in danger of being murdered. He remembered how relentlessly Joe's pale blue eyes had regarded that bounding ass, E. Wesson Woodbury.

He considered shooting Joe first. He could take Alverna's revolver—

No. Aside from the highly probable and ridiculous chance of missing, his whole training had been so conservative that he could not shoot at any man, particularly not at Joe Easter, whom he loved as much as he had injured him.

He felt Alverna rubbing kitten-wise against his arm. He ~~missed~~ her one last time, and stood quietly, ragged and dirty, very proud and erect, and watched the coming of the unknown canoe.

THERE was no doubt of it. The gaunt man hunched over the tiller was Joe Easter.

His canoe was leaping half its length out of water with each singing comber, the spray glittering over the bow as it dipped again. When it turned to make a landing and wallowed through the trough, it rolled gunwales under, while the Indian at the bow fought with agitated plunges of his paddle to keep it from capsizing. But Joe rose to his feet as placidly as though he were ashore; he waved to them casually, and with his back to them he shut off the motor.

"I *could* have shot him," reflected Ralph.

The canoe was being swept along the point. Joe sprang into the water, dragged the canoe ashore, and stood considering the forlorn pair, who waited hand in hand. There was no wrath about him; his eyes were expressionless, his lips unmoving; but he did not offer to shake hands; and Joe Easter usually shook hands when he did not shake a fist.

They waited—waited, with that red-granite face looming over them, till Ralph screamed:

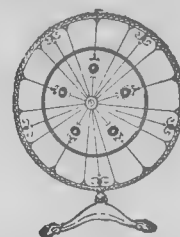
"Oh, get it over! Shoot, if you're going to! I can't argue. We've been starving. Go on—shoot! Only let me tell you you did not treat her decently! Well, you've won. You've saved her from me."

Joe's eyes widened to mildness, and most mildly he said: "I didn't come to save her. I was aiming to save you!"

"I don't want to be saved!" Ralph was hysterical. "I won't be bullied!"

Continued on page 92

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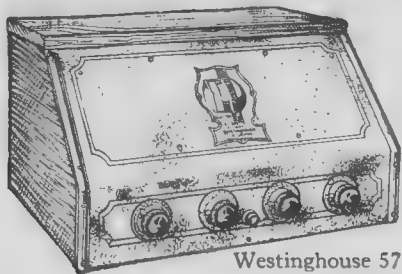
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Mantrap

Continued from page 91

And you're not going to bully her any longer!"

"Why, Ralph, I couldn't bully you. I think a lot of you. Except maybe for Pop Buck, I guess I've come to like you better'n anybody I ever met. I was kind of looking forward to us being great friends all our lives. And—"

For the first time his glance particularized Alverna; dwelt on her with a brooding dislike. Then he turned again to Ralph, more warmly:

"I heard from the Indians which way you were heading, and I guessed she'd coaxed you to lug her along with you. I know you're strong on duty. I figured that once you were Outside, in New York, you'd feel you had to stick by her. And then there'd be hell to pay. That's what I been planning to save you from. You'd come to hate her. Oh, I was as bad as most, at first. Made me mad to think of my wife preferring some other fellow to a great noble guy like me. But I've got over that, and— No woman that ever lived is worth giving up a real friendship for. Especially not this girl, Ralph. She's sweet, but she's rotten. She's been going pretty far with Curly Evans right along."

"That's a lie" piped Alverna, but it was feeble, and Joe drowned her out:

"How many others, I don't know. But I know about Curly, all right. I hoped she'd come to her senses. I guess she never will. I'm through. But I'm not going to have her spoil your life, too, Ralph. I'm going to take you both to Winnipeg, and put her on the train for Minneapolis, and say good-bye to you. Or maybe now you'd rather make another stab at joining your friend Woodbury."

Joe's voice was lifeless, and dreary and lifeless and futile Ralph felt in all this absurdly polite conference, this long-winded return to daily stupidity after the recklessness of his adventure.

He squatted on the sand, Alverna beside him, while Joe squatted facing them, stupidly scratching his chin as he droned, "Yes, you could outfit at the trading-post down here on the lake and go after Woodbury."

"Yes, I could," Ralph muttered. "But he doesn't seem awfully important now. And Alverna does! I think I could do something for her. You see, I thought I might take her to New York. I'm going to have her get an education and learn—"

"Nope; she's made trouble enough. She's going to stay with my aunt in Iowa," Joe asserted listlessly. "Then maybe if she learns to behave herself—"

"Hell!"

It was Alverna screaming. She sprang up, fists clenched.

"I've had enough of both of you! You men think you can dispose of me; you think you can buy and sell me and give me away, as if I were a dog. You could of, once. You can't now! Not after what I've gone through. Ralph! Did I whine once?"

"No."

"Did I lay down? Did I loaf? Was I scared?"

"Never."

"You bet I wasn't! As for you, Joe Easter, you can shoot or you can shut up. Kill me if you want to—I don't care an awful lot—but I'm tired of being a kept woman. You fool! Oh, you ignorant fool! I was just a crazy kid; I was a child. And you wanted me to turn into an old woman, like Ma McGavity—only better to sleep with. I am not going to stay with your dear auntie! And I'm not going back and be a hired manicure girl. I may get a shop of my own. And I may go with Ralph to New York. But I'm going to do my own deciding, now, see?"

Joe began, "You'll do what I tell you—"

"Do I look it?"

Not the temperamental girl of Mantrap Landing, childish in fury, more childish in joy, looked down at them now, but a stern woman, arms akimbo. Her face was tanned black and torn with briars, her hands were hard and grimy, her voice was deadly, and her eyes were full of a scorn that feared nothing.

The two men glanced at each other uneasily, driven together in refuge from her anger.

"Well, I don't know. Gosh, I'm tired. Been travelling pretty hard myself. I— Anyway, I want to keep you from ruining Ralph's life, too." Ralph would never have conceived that Joe could sound so meek. "Let me go with you as far as Whitewater, and we'll talk over what we're all going to do."

"No, you might as well take yourself back to Mantrap—only lend us some of your grub," snarled Alverna. "I'll do all the talking about me that's necessary. Go on, shoot me, if you can't think of anything better."

"But—I haven't got anything to go back to Mantrap for now," said Joe.

"How do you mean?"

"The Indians got me. Burned up the place."

"They what?"

"Yuh. I was asleep. I woke up and smelled smoke. I hustled out and the roof of the warehouse was blazing like all get-out. Funny the way it lighted up the lake, and the trees—they were brighter than in the sunshine, only the light was kind of on the under side of the leaves. Well, I had a lot of powder in there, in the warehouse, and some dynamite. It blew up. Threw a lot of burning timbers on our house and the store. They went like thunder, all but part of the log walls. Furnace. Didn't care so much about the store, but I did kind of hate to see our nice little house go. And I heard the canary begin to sing when the house caught fire, and then it gave an awful screech—I guess it choked on the smoke before the fire roasted it. And after the fire I found your new sewing-machine, Alvy. It was all twisted up, and the woodwork so charred— Everything gone. No insurance. The Indians must of done it, I guess. Maybe they figured those forest fires would hit Mantrap anyway, and nobody ever know what happened. So"—wearily—"that's all."

"But, good Lord," cried Ralph, "why did you come after us, then? Why didn't you stay and try to catch the man that did it?"

"What's the use? Too late now. It's done. Besides, Curly was back. He'll look into it. Besides—Oh, I guess I don't blame 'em much. I'd of done about the same thing, if I was an Injun and starving."

"But you're going back and rebuild?"

"No, I can't. My money's gone, after my fur losses. And I'm too much in debt to get any more credit. And after I've run my own show, don't know as I could stand it to stay up here and work for some other fellow that I used to beat at the game. No, I—oh, I might as well go to Winnipeg and try to get a job there. I'm—honestly, I'm an awful good judge of furs, and I'm a good bookkeeper, and once I get Alvy and you going right again, I'll just dig in and forget it—"

"Joe!" Alverna had been staring at him, radiant with pity. She dropped on her knees beside him as he sprawled on the sand; she stroked his hair, held his head between her palms.

"I'm going to stay with you! I'll scrub for you—I'll save money—I'll sing—I'll make you happy! I've got a

real job now! Darling, I won't let 'em beat you! Old Joe! We'll show 'em! I'm going to stay—Winnipeg or wherever it is—Mantrap Landing or the North Pole!"

He drew away her hands, he held them while he looked at her with tired fondness.

"No. You were right. I'm too old for you, and too cranky, and now I can't even support you decently. You've made a start, Alvy; you're going on. But I'll take you as far as Winnipeg, and I can still raise enough money to run you awhile in Minneapolis while you look around . . . So, Ralph, you can look for Woodbury, and I'll take care of the kid."

"Never," from Ralph. "You need me. You're feeling a lot lower than I am. Now"—rather grandiloquently—"we'll all stick together, all three—"

Alverna skyrocketed with laughter. "Oh, it's swell! Husband comes hiking to beat the band, to catch guilty city-feller and naughty wife, and then all three sit around and jaw and have a love-feast. Excuse me, but it's getting too funny for me. Men are the talkingest idiots—Oh, and you thought I was a child! I'm the only grown-up in the bunch!"

The men stared at her with solemn disapproval, as she beat her little fists on the sand, shining with laughter.

"Well—gosh—better make camp till the wind goes down. Got any sugar, by the way? We'll have a lot to talk over," sighed Joe.

"Oh, we will! We will! Jiminy, how we'll talk! How men do talk!" whooped Alverna.

THEY had made camp; they had gorged on bacon; they had discussed Mr. Lawrence Jackfish and his lamentable disappearance.

Then Joe flashed with his one-time power of command: "We'll tend to him. Saul—this Indian I've brought with me—he'll stick. When he goes back to Mantrap, he'll look after it. Lawrence will never guide another party!"

By the fire they discussed, in a silence more prickly with vexatious complications than all their words, what was to become of them. Ralph broke it with:

"Joe, I think Alverna is coming with me to New York. I wonder if you know how fond I've become of her. Seems funny to say this to you, but since we've been so frank I—"

Alverna interrupted pertly:

"I thought I'd kind of pointed out to you two birds that little Alvy has something to say about what's to—"

"Will you shut up! Both of you."

The apologetic and broken Joe Easter had turned into a savage fighter.

"I'm gone. Ruined. And worse than that, I've done something I'd always swore I never would: I've tried to run other folks' lives. Always said I'd take people just as they are, and not expect Reverend Dillon to be a good consciences drinker or Curly Evans a lay-reader. But I've tried to make you over into a decent woman, Alvy, and you, Ralph, I've tried to prevent you from making a fool of yourself over this girl. Yes, I've failed. But I couldn't help it. Say, I wonder if you know that all the time you two been talking so smart about 'Go on—shoot me,' I been thinking about doing by God just that?"

In the firelight, in the crimson of the northern afterglow, the barrel of a revolver shone as he held it with a corded hungry hand.

"I thought," he mused, "that I was one fellow that could kind of run his life philosophical. I was a fool. But it isn't fear of being hung that keeps me from killing both of you. It's just—Oh, God, I am so lonely! I am so licked! Alvy, you've stole all my friends from me—Pop, Curly, now Ralph. You've made them all sneaks. And you've stole yourself from me. And now you've made me realize that pos-

sibly you do have some brains in your pretty fool head, so I can't bully you any more. Only I am still going to do a little dictating! I want to see what kind of guts there are in Mr. Ralph Prescott!"

"You or me, Alvy, one of us is going to New York with him. He could find me a good job there—say in some big fur business, or camping goods or something. Or else you're going with him, and I'll just disappear. I know that—A fellow learns a lot of this fancy stuff that Ralph calls psychology when he spends a few winters shut up in a cabin with just one other guy, trapping. I know Ralph thinks I'm about as good a friend, some ways, as he ever hit. He thinks my table manners are lousy, but I guess he'd like to drop into my furnished room in New York some evening, my hall-bedroom I guess it'd be, and talk real he-talk, when he was tired of his Sassiety friends. And he's going to choose—and right now!—between sticking by me and sticking by you. Ralph, which'll it be?"

Ralph looked from Joe's weathered face, real as a storm, to Alverna's pretty lips—real as a skylark. And there was no choice. There could be no choice.

But Alverna took that moment to toss back her pale bright hair, with her old flirtatious gesture, and to giggle airily:

"Well, I'll just do the choosing! If dear old Ralphy or anybody else thinks I'm sitting around waiting to be told—"

"Shut up, will you!"

Both men had spoken at once, and both had spoken with the same intimidating harshness. Before their joint impatience she faltered and was still.

From all the risk and uncertainty of these mad improbable days, Ralph was suddenly delivered. It may be that he became sensible, it may be that he sank again into the cowardice of his old sheltered life. Certainly he fled from the turmoil of Alverna's allurements, and gratefully regained the security of Joe Easter's companionship.

"Would you really like to go to New York, Joe?"

"Yes, Sure."

Still more was the mild but sagacious Mr. Prescott returning to existence. After weeks of numbed distress and uselessness, his brain was clicking as once it had clicked over legal problems.

Yes, it would be pleasant to have Joe Easter somewhere about—oh, not make him miserable by having him in for dinners when there were supercilious golden women, with their pretty urgent trivialities, but have him as companion for long Sunday tramps on Staten Island, when they would remember how virile and extraordinary they had once been in the romantic Far North—

"We could find something worth while for you, Joe. For instance, Fulton & Hutchinson, where I got my camping-kit—they always need sporting experts, I fancy. And I have a friend who is a big fur-dealer for client, and a chap that imports from Siberia and North China. You know—sables. Surely. We'd find something. Will you come?"

"All right," said Joe.

Alverna rose, slowly.

"So I'm out of it," she murmured. "The woman gets about her usual deal. And you two birds—" She made her voice defiantly gay. "Well, you can both go to the devil!"

Quietly she huddled her blankets about her and went, it seemed, to sleep. Ralph heard her sobbing later.

RALPH was conscious, in the night, that the wind had shifted. It blew gustily under the edge of his blankets, though at retiring it had merely

Continued on page 94



If every married woman sent for a copy of this frankly written booklet

NATURAL enough for the woman of refined tastes to feel a reserve about certain intimate matters. Her whole upbringing has been surrounded by silence, even secrecy. As time goes on she hesitates more and more to inquire of other women. To her former timidity is now added the fear of seeming ignorant. She builds around herself a wall of self-consciousness.

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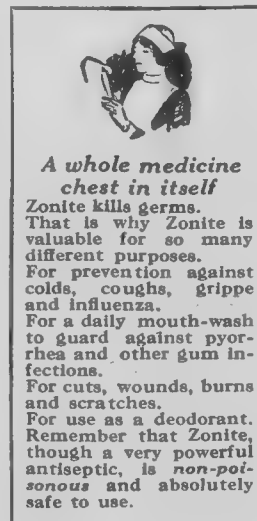
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are, there is another scientific fact which is a welcome reassurance. It is this: there has been discovered a powerful antiseptic which is absolutely non-poisonous. Its name is Zonite and it may well be called a marvel. It is over 40 times as strong as peroxide of hydrogen. It is harmless to human tissue. It gives complete surgical cleanliness and produces a soothing and healing effect.

Then compare the power of carbolic acid itself with the power of this great new antiseptic Zonite, which has been well-called "the gentle giant." It is a fact that Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the body. Yet what

a difference in safety! Carbolic acid is a deadly poison—so caustic that it produces a burning and searing wherever it comes in contact with tissues and membranes.

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Mantrap

Continued from page 93

ruffled his hair. He was conscious, too, that the ceaseless odor of smoke was stronger, but he was too fagged to awaken completely.

Then Joe was twitching at his shoulder. He saw that in the vacuous last darkness Joe and Alverna and Saul, the Indian, were standing between him and the wan lake, and Joe was growling: "Get up. Quick! Forest fire headed this way."

The air was full of a subdued yet giant roaring; and all the sky to eastward was glowing with muddy crimson smoke.

"Hustle!" Joe ordered them. "Get everything aboard!"

They fled to the pile of food; they pantingly rolled up blankets and chucked them in Joe's canoe. Now, burning branches were falling about them and hissing into the lake. The fire was nearer; they could see it as a curtain against which tall black pines were etched. In the creeping glare, Joe was a wild-haired maniac as he seized boxes, dumped them into the canoe. Saul was green with fear, and Alverna was an insane gipsy, her white throat blood-red.

"Ralph! You get in the canoe with Alverna," Joe shouted. "Saul can run the motor. He'll tow me, in your canvas boat."

Alverna whispered to Ralph in awe, "He's trying to get himself killed—for us!"

There was no self—though perhaps there was no great heroism—in the shaky voice with which Ralph urged: "No, you go in the canoe, Joe. I'm lighter. Waves still high and—" It took an agonized wrench to say it; the waves were high, and he did not vastly care for them. "Canvas boat likely to swamp—"

Joe was running him toward the canoe, with cruel steel fingers at the back of his neck; Joe was bellowing: "Have I got to argue about *everything*? Do as I tell you, will yuh?"

Ralph was in the canoe, at the bow, which sickeningly rose to the abrupt waves. Alverna was behind him, and Saul was trying to start the motor, while Joe made fast the tow-rope to the folding boat and pushed the canoe out from shore. Then Ralph was too grimly dipping his paddle, urging the canoe away from that horror of thundering flame, to think of anything else in the world. He scarce knew when the motor started. He paddled as though the motor were not running, as though he alone could save them, while each second the lake was a more terrifying debauch of reflected flame.

Half a mile out, Saul stopped the motor. They looked back. The shore line was a furnace, to the end of the point. As the blaze reached from bluff to bluff, sometimes fantastically skipping a hundred yards, the dry pines did not so much catch fire as explode like kindled celluloid, hurling up embers.

The fire travelled quickly. At dawn, though the mossy ground still smouldered, the curtain of flame was gone. But what had been a placid bank of green was now a stretch of tragic black skeletons of trees.

Just when Alverna had crawled forward in the canoe and piteously taken his hand, Ralph did not remember, but there she was, small and dirty-faced and dear.

He heard Joe call from the folding boat:

"That's over. Let's go ashore and boil the kettle." And Joe stood up, on the edge of the shallow boat—rather riskily, Ralph thought. With the greatest deliberation, so slowly that Ralph could not believe it, the boat turned over, and Joe disappeared in the waves.

They saw him go under. When he came up, shorting the water out of his nostrils, shaking his tousled head, he was thirty feet away. Had he been swimming under water? He went down

again, came up, headed for the canoe, and seized the gunwale.

As Ralph and Alverna reached over to haul him aboard, he spoke:

"Just a minute. Ralph, here's a funny thing—what a fool a fellow can be! I bet this'll give you a laugh! I didn't mean to come up again, now I've helped you to get out of the fire. Thought I could clear the way for you. Thought I could stay under water. But it hurt my nose"—pathetically—"and the water was so doggone cold! I'm a failure again—failure in everything. But I can still do it. If you want me to come aboard, you got to say so. Here's your chance to get rid of me!"

His head, raised just above the bobbing of the gunwale, out in that surly stretch of lake, was the gnawed and dripping head of a drowned man, and the eyes that once had blazed with such dry and incorruptible blue flame were red now and a little mad.

"Have I done this thing to this good man?" Ralph agonized. "Have I let him welcome me into his life and then hurt him like this? How I hate myself—and how I love her!"

Even as he meditated, he was raging aloud, "Joe, if you drown, I'll jump in after you—"

Alverna cut through the tragedy with a cool swift humanness: "Joe Easter, you quit being a chump! Crawl in here now, will you, or you'll catch your deathacold. Oh, shut up! And you too, Ralph. Here, give him a hand. Catch your foot up over the edge, Joe, will you!"

And, as Joe came meekly aboard: "Here's a pretty goings-on! Don't sit on that flour, Joe; you'll get it soaked. Put this blanket around you. Do what I tell you! Now you listen to me, you two brats! . . . Gaw, what babies all men are! Wanting to be heroes or some fool thing! . . . This is all the talking we're going to do. From here to Winnipeg we talk about the crops. And that ends it, see?"

They did talk of the crops—a hesitating Joe and a humble Ralph. But it was not the end.

THE three who waited in the station at Winnipeg for the Minneapolis train had little resemblance to the charcoal-burners who had come staggering into the amazed settlement of Whitewater. Ralph was smug now in gray flannels and rather a neat thing in the way of a blue and white shirt. (He was a man who could always be fitted in ready-mades.) Joe Easter was shaggier, but all his wildness was gone in respectable brown garments which his wife had, without giving him a voice chosen for him. And Alverna had—

She was a manicure girl, hard and glittering, too bright of cheek and much too bright of voice.

During their ten minutes of waiting they strove strenuously to avoid sincerity of speech. They scrambled for something jolly and interesting to say about the station and the passengers and the weather.

When the train was made up, Alverna mocked them in the voice of a parrot:

"Now don't let me keep you boys any longer. The red-cap will get my stuff aboard."

She gave a hand to each. They mooned at her like schoolboys.

"Gosh, better let us see you on the train," quacked Joe; and "Oh, we must take you to the sleeper!" said Ralph; and there was not a pennyworth to choose between them for abashed awkwardness.

"All right, dearies. Gee, you certainly cheer me up a lot!" she said; and muffle-footed they followed her and

her attendant luggage-carrier down the platform to the sleeping-car. Stupid-eyed, they watched her as she snappishly showed her coupon to the Pullman porter.

She stood staring at them.

"Goodbye," she said.

Then, as the bemused males, sloths in a slothful nightmare, slowly moving and slowly rising to wretchedness, slowly revolving the matter of farewell kisses, opened their mouths to produce suitable sentiments, she turned human again for one instant:

"You poor kids! You talking children, that don't know anything about anything that matters! Don't you see? I can't play either of your games. I'm me! I'm going to be me! Oh, if you do love me a little, let me be me! Goodbye. No! Please! Don't come in the car with me!"

They stood on the platform, gawping through the window at her as she settled in the tiny home of her Pullman seat. They saw her taking off her hat and daintily—too daintily, too airily—tucking it into the paper bag supplied by the admiring porter. They saw her fluffing back her hair with the familiar toss of her white wrists, her frail and shining hands. They saw her attentively observing her face in a pocket mirror and powdering her nose. And not once did she look out to find them.

"I can't stand it!" growled Joe.

"Neither can I," said Ralph.

And the two men prowled toward the end of the platform, hands in pockets, not glancing at each other, apparently uninterested in each other, yet closer bound by their common love for a flighty and worthless and altogether gallant wench than they could ever have been by facing death together.

They were standing at the end of the platform, trying to look as though they were looking intelligently at a pile of beams and rails, when the Minneapolis train started, gained speed, and passed them. Then they saw that Alverna was no longer airily making her toilet but sitting with her head bowed in trembling hands.

"Have men and women always got to hurt each other this way?" cried Ralph.

"Yes. Anybody that ain't content with being a peddler is going to hurt himself and everybody else, I guess," said Joe. "And now, Ralph—look here. We've been turned upside down by things bigger than we are—enemies that sneak by night, friends we couldn't trust, fire and storm, and a woman. But now you go back and be a real fellow again, and I'll stay here and earn my living. You don't want to drag me along to New York. Your being willing to get me a job there is real nice, but I cussed you into thinking of taking me, and of course it's all bunk. I mean it. Hell, Ralph, I don't entirely blame you for falling in love with Alvy. I did myself! But it's all over, and now it's time for you to go back where you belong, and forget me."

"But Joe— Yes, you did suggest it first, my starting you off in New York, but you were dead right. Look here."

For Ralph to complete his proof that it would be Joe's ultimate happiness to accompany him to New York took two hours, during which (while the Minneapolis train clicked on the rails) they wandered through Winnipeg and discovered a totally illegal public house at which they had excellent Scotch.

Now that he was among city streets again, Ralph was triumphant. He discovered that, to Joe, cities and the roar thereof were more dismaying than any rapids. In proportion as he waxed metropolitan and eloquent, Joe grew meek; and as Joe had been his lordly

guide at Mantrap, so was he lordly in plans for their joint future in New York. It may have been the rediscovery of loyal friendship, it may have been the loneliness that was inherent in the very air after Alverna's going, and it may have been merely the Scotch, but certainly he found himself outlining a Manhattan future in which Joe and he would, at considerable profit and enormous enjoyment, found a sports-shop of their own.

So in great discussion and amity they came to the hotel.

They had arrived from Whitewater in the morning, just in time to buy clothes. Ralph had not seen the hotel; he had merely sent his clothes there from the shops.

"Say, Ralph, you stay here, but I better go down to the Nipigon House, where I always stay," sighed Joe. "Gee, this place is too swell for me. Looks like a cathedral. And too expensive!"

"You're going to be my guest here, as I was yours at Mantrap," said Ralph, brightly, snappily, efficiently. "Honestly, Joe, I have plenty of cash—and right with me—traveler's checks. Listen, Joe: won't you give me the pleasure of entertaining you?"

"Well, all right, if you sure-enough want to."

The corridor of the hotel was a gothic graystone aisle, with tall brocade chairs adorned with the royal arms and occupied by cynical flappers waiting for handsome men. Ralph strode the corridor haughtily. . . . He did not know it, but he was mutely saying to hovering bellboy and cynical flapper and handsome suitor, "I am not the greasy and tattered hobo who arrived in town this morning, but Mr. Ralph Prescott, of the Yale Club, New York!"

His heels clicked aggressively on the shiny stone pavement. But Joe Easter's footsteps were shuffling and afraid.

As he came to the long marble desk to register, Ralph heard:

"Well, Prescott! For heaven's sake! What are you doing out here?"

It was a robust and caviar-fed voice. Ralph peered at the owner of it, and discovered one James Worthington Virey, vice-president of the Dorcas Fidelity and Trust Company, of New York, and fellow-member of the Buckingham Moors Country Club.

They said, "Well, well!" They said, "Well, isn't this amazing!" Ralph modestly admitted that he had been doing heroic things in the perilous northern wilds. Mr. Virey let it be known that he was looking into a million dollar estate of which his firm was executor.

Meanwhile Joe stood behind them, uncomfortably resting his weight now on one foot, now on the other.

Virey insisted: "Prescott, if you've just come to town—I do wish you'd do something for me. I have to go to a party here this evening—Scotch and bond-talk, I should think. I don't really know a soul who'll be there except for meeting them at business lunches—that sort of thing. Do come with me. I'll telephone the host and have him invite you."

"I—"

Ralph came to a full stop.

"I," he said, "am here with my friend Mr. Easter—head of the Easter Trading Company you know. . . . Mr. Virey Mr. Easter . . . It would be very nice to go, after all these weeks in the wilds, but— If you think they might care to invite Mr. Easter, too—"

All the while he was chirping, Ralph was wretchedly conscious that he was lying; that there was no longer any Easter Trading Company; that in its heyday it had been but three log cabins! that he was ashamed to say: "I am a poor weakling, by undeserved good fortune delivered from hell; and this is my friend Joe, a crude fellow who chews tobacco and believes in

Dickens and who is altogether more gallant than you or I can ever be; and I'll see you farther before I'll go to a twittering party tonight."

But he heard Mr. Virey elaborately saluting the great Joseph Easter, president of the Easter Trading Company; he heard Joe muttering, "Pleased meetch." He registered for himself and Joe, and with acerbity demanded a suite of two bedrooms, two baths, and a sitting-room. He heard Mr. Virey chanting that indeed he would call up his host and discover whether his enchanting friends Mr. Prescott and Mr. Easter would be altogether welcome at the party; and that, so soon as he should have done so, he would inform Mr. Prescott.

They all did a great deal of cool but polite hand shaking, and Ralph and Joe found themselves in their suite.

There was a bright, intimate little sitting-room with chintz arm-chairs, a magenta-shaded light on the table, a buffet with Montreal-Venetian cocktail glasses, and etchings on tapestry wall-paper. In the two bedrooms were blue silk comforters, very pleasant. And the bathrooms were of marble and nickel and tile.

Joe wandered through the suite. He stared at the etchings. With a shy red stubby finger he touched a silver and pale green table runner. He patted the springy beds, like a good housewife renting an apartment. But it was the brass and nickel enclosure of the shower bath which made him halt.

He stood before it like a farmer in a Paris dressmaker's shop.

"Gosh, can you beat it, Ralph! Say, I wouldn't never dast strip down to my old hide and take a bath in that glass closet. Somebody might come in and snicker at me! And with that long looking-glass on the door—I must be getting modest! And the parlor with all those little lights and silk shades like shimmy-shirts—Ralph, there's no place where you can spit here! You better let me hoof it back to the Nipigon House."

"You'll get used to it in two days. Why, in a week you'll be kicking because the towels are too small."

Ralph unfolded a six-foot Turkish splendor.

Joe stared at it with dropping jaw. "That—a towel? I thought it was a carpet!" He touched it. "Say, a fellow could dry himself on that for two years! No sir, I just couldn't do it—I couldn't get it all dirty. I've done too much clothes-washing myself. Nope. It's too rich for me. And look, Ralph; I don't want to butt in on your party tonight. I'd just disgrace you. You go ahead and forget me. I'll chase myself out to a movie."

"Nonsense. Tell 'em some stories about the North. You'll give 'em a tremendous thrill. You'll be the hit of the evening."

Mr. James Worthington Virey arrived just then. Yes, indeed; oh, rather; his host for the evening, one Colonel Ackers, insisted that Mr. Prescott and Mr. Easter should come. A simple little gathering, with perhaps a drink. Colonel Ackers wanted to hear about their northern trip, about the forest fires, about the Indians' credit.

"We have no evening clothes with us," hinted Ralph.

"Doesn't matter . . . And you'll come, Easter? Colonel Ackers will be horribly disappointed if you don't."

Thus besought, Joe could not refuse. But when Virey was gone he viewed his brown suit gloomily in the long mirror; he tried to turn his shock of grey-shot rusty hair into the sleekness of a movie actor by soaking it with water and assaulting it with a hairbrush till he grunted with the pain; and most painfully did he pare and scrape his nails with an enormous jack-knife, despite the training of the manicure girl, Alverna.

It was with apprehension that he followed Ralph to the vast dining-room.

After weeks of squatting over a tin plate of bacon, Ralph frankly enjoyed the magnificence of the dining-room: the arched Caen-stone ceiling, the tapestries hung between cathedral windows, the gold and crimson chairs which would have been proper thrones for Spanish archbishops. But as he marched after the head waiter, enjoying the cheap triumph of being recognized as probably a good patron, he glanced back at Joe and found him moving in agonized awe, rigidly keeping himself from looking at the pretty women while he risked the league-long passage to their table.

Joe permitted himself to be inserted into a chair by the head-waiter. Ralph saw that his forehead was shining wet. Joe held the menu off at arm's length and peered at its scribbled display incredulously. Someone at the next table tittered. Hastily Joe laid the menu down, thrust both hands into his trousers pockets, snatched them out again, dropped them on the table, then hid their red chunkiness in his lap.

"Find something you like, Joe? Or shall I order for you?"

"I guess—I guess maybe I'd like some bacon," said Joe wistfully.

"Haven't you had enough of it in the North?"

"Ye-eh—"

For a moment the head-waiter turned his head away, and Joe seized the second of safety to whisper: "That's the only human food I can see on the bill of fare! For Pete's sake, you order for me. Ralph, I can't do it. Too rich for me!"

"You wait. Why, man, you're just the person that ought to stay here, that ought to see New York. You'll have so much novelty out of it, once you get over being awed—"

"Yuh, plenty of novelty, but meantime I'll starve! Think I'd ever face this place alone? Only time I ever did go into a big hotel dining-room was with Alverna, like I told you about."

"It's going to be my business, old man, to see that you have the fun of beating the big cities. I'm making plans. Ten years from now you'll be a partner in Fulton & Hutchinson. And now let me order. Let's see if I can do as well as Alverna."

Ralph was tempted by terrapin soup, by squab in casserole, by mushrooms under glass, but he ordered, in a lively hope of convincing Joe that the environment of the rich was not without delights, a noble pea soup, steak with a whole harem of vegetables, and an ice like a puzzle.

They fell silent. Joe's mention of Alverna had brought her back. (Was she dining alone now on the train? Was she dining alone?) Here, in this jungle of velvet and cut glass, he felt the clear quiet days on lake and barren shore; he ached for her smutted cheeks, her gaily cocked eye, her loud and joyous laugh.

He peered at Joe, and suddenly: "Hang it," he sighed, "I believe we're both lonely for her!"

"Yes, I am. I always will be. But for her sake, Ralph—me because I'm too poor and you because you're too rich—we got to stay away from her."

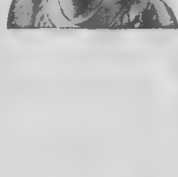
"Yes. Probably. Then—Joe, we must try to make something big and enduring out of friendship. You know, I probably need you growling at me, to keep from falling back into being a busy little lawyer."

"You don't need anybody."

"Anyway, you are coming to New York."

"Well—But let me warn you that I'm going to hunt me up a hash house, with sawdust on the floor and a waiter that wears sleeve-garters and no collar, and once a day I'm going in there and spit on the floor and holler, 'Hey, bring

Continued on page 96



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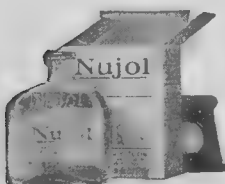
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Mantrap

Continued from page 95

me some ham and beans and be damn quick about it or I'll knock your block off!" Then, maybe, I can last through. Golly! What a steak!"

Ralph's cunning was successful. The sight of that lordly beef, decorated with peas, carrots, gaufrette potatoes, and crisp fried onions, gave Joe a new and interesting prospect of the possibilities of life; and when James Worthington Virey picked them up, at nine, Joe was apparently convinced that New York might be something besides an ambush of pretty women and lofty waiters, all laughing at him.

Mr. Virey had acquired, by means unchronicled, a temporary limousine. Joe settled into the upholstery, gently patting a stomach glowing with beautiful food, and beamed on the world. He looked almost idiotically content. Ralph wondered, with slight alarm, if he had had too much to drink, for Virey had produced a bottle of Scotch in their suite. But he could remember Joe's taking only one mild whisky-soda; and he forgot his alarm as Virey chattered:

"Oh, by the way; forgot to tell you. You went North with a fellow named Woodbury—member of our country club, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Did you two—um—uh—did you break up?"

"Yes, and I don't know but I feel a little guilty about it. I thought Woodbury was too talkative, in fact I couldn't stand being with him any more; but I'm not sure it wasn't a rotten thing to leave him."

"I understand. Personally, I've always regarded him as a loud-mouthed charlatan. I was surprised when you went with him, and I'm not surprised that you left him. But here's the funny thing. He came to Winnipeg the other day. I ran into him at the hotel. He volunteered that he had chucked you, deserted you, because you were so highbrow that he was bored! He sounded fishy. Never did like him. By the way, Prescott—you said Easter and you were going to New York. I wonder if we couldn't go together. I'll have to leave tomorrow evening."

"Splendid! Let's," said Ralph.

He was exultant. Alverna would do something vague, but admirable and enjoyable and highly cultural in Minneapolis. He would make Joe a commercial success in New York. Some time, parentally and philanthropically, he would reunite the transformed Alverna to the gilded Joe. They would be his friends. He would be godfather, uncle, and general benefactor to their children. And now Woodbury had, by his lying, excused Ralph's desertion.

Everything was beautifully straight and clear and satisfactory.

So he came, full of nobility and lyrics, to the abode of Colonel Ackers.

The Colonel was something in wheat, something in railroads, something in banks, and he had built a residence roughly the size of Windsor Castle and considerably more modern. It had three drawing-rooms, a library with several books, and a pipe-organ said by the Chamber of Commerce guide-book to be the largest organ north of St. Louis.

The party was rather mild. Several industrious couples danced to the radio, and a number of men applied themselves to a library table set forth with Scotch, gin, Grand Mariner, and Napoleon IV brandy. But mostly the party consisted of solid-bottomed men who stood before a fireplace adorned with elk heads, bear heads, mountain-goat heads, and stuffed fish, and discussed the rust in the wheat crop.

They made much of Joe Easter. They asked his opinion of Mantrap

River muskalonge and the quality of muskrat hides.

Joe had entered rather shyly, craning up at the electrolier in the hallway and the cherubs which frothed along the ceiling. He merely gaped at the footman who held out a languid hand for his hat, and gave up that garment of virility with reluctance. When he was introduced to the golden hostess, to her silver daughter and a confusing host of other precious and metallic ladies, he sweated perceptibly, and he muttered, imperceptibly, "Pleased meet you—I didn't quite catch the name."

"It's going to be a job to teach him to be easy with strangers," reflected Ralph. God, I am so lonely for Alverna! I should never have given her up—"

But Joe, when he was surrounded by men who, however portly with banking and the law, were yet conceivable as amateur fishermen, was only too easy. Ralph watched uncomfortably while he told hunting stories. Joe's voice became louder, more and more the damns rolled into his tales; and they were good lusty damns, which could be heard in the room given over to dancing.

And once Joe backslapped a fidgety little millionaire with eyeglasses on a silk ribbon. That was before he began to drink.

Pendulum-like Joe visited the whisky table, and while Ralph loyally kept away from him, loyally sat in the shade and tried not to spy, he could see that Joe was holding up the whisky bottle a long time whenever he poured a drink for himself.

The effect was dismaying.

Joe told of the missionary into whose church entered a bear, and that was a story delightful in bachelor log cabins but unexpected before the mahogany fireplace of Colonel Henry Tudor Ackers, with flappers listening from the doorway. He called the fidgety and silk-ribboned millionaire by his first name. And he offered to dance a Highland fling.

He made the offer after every drink, and he desisted only when Colonel Ackers said sharply, "I don't think you better, my friend."

All the while, Ralph perceived that Virey, who was responsible for their coming, was looking appealing. But he insisted to himself: "Oh, let 'em all go hang! If they don't appreciate Joe, they're fools. Even if he is lit, he's worth ten thousand of these fat money-grubbers. . . . Only I don't suppose I'd care much for it if he acted like this some evening when I had Connie and Dick and Mrs. Sandal at the flat. . . . Curse it all! . . . I am so lonely for her!"

It was not till Ackers shot out this rebuke about the Highland fling that Ralph took Joe aside and begged: "Careful, old man. You're getting a little edged. They might—uh—misjudge you. I don't believe I'd tell all those stories, not with the ladies right in the next room."

Joe looked at him dully, and grumbled: "Ah, t'hell with 'em! I didn't wanna come. Now I—now I—now got here, going have a goo' time. Bunch of angleworms."

Virey indicated to Ralph, with a tilt of his head, that they might as well take leave, and with loud false cheerfulness Ralph announced to Colonel Ackers: "Afraid we must be going. We had such a long train trip." "I do' wanna go home!" protested Joe.

With shame burning him, with all the human owls gloating over them, Ralph piped: "Oh, you must, Joe. I'm so tired. Just dead tired!"

Joe came meekly enough. The only unfortunate incident on the way out was that, as he shook hands with their

hostess, Joe stumbled a little and roared: "G'night, Mrs. Acekerstein. Had a hell of a good time!"

And the family Ackers were prominent enough in Winnipeg, and Joe had been coming to Winnipeg long enough, so that he should have known the name.

There were numerous and violent currents of thought in the limousine on their way home, but a total lack of words.

Joe got himself through the door of their suite, stupidly pawing at the door-handle, falling over the chairs inside, feeling his way along the wall, dropping fully dressed on his bed, and immediately snoring in his blind drunkenness. Ralph tried to lift himself to such heights as to help Joe undress and get him into the shower-bath, but he could not. He was so tired—so tired.

For hours Ralph tramped the floor of his bedroom, and the course of a fly circling in a hot room would have been more direct than a chart of his thoughts.

For all that he had been a lawyer dealing with every conflict and confusing shade of ethics, his own standards of conduct had been simple enough. A man was either a Good Fellow or a Rotter. A man did not make love to his friends' wives. A man did not, simply could not, be a staunch and dependable chap and still, after a few drinks, sink into smut and rascousness. And now—

He had admired Joe's integrity as greater than that of any man he had ever encountered. He had given him an unspoken pledge of loyalty. He had fled from what might have been healing peace to avoid making love to Joe's wife.

And he had taken Joe's wife with him on that flight!

And Joe—one to shoot first and talk afterward—had feebly talked first and failed to shoot at all; he had saved both their lives from starvation, perhaps from forest fire; and, by some twisted process not at all in accord with the straight cleavage of human motives to be found in the books, had given his friendship in exchange for his wife! And finally, after betraying himself as a hero in private, he had betrayed himself socially as a bump-tious fool.

Ralph held his head; all the sterling principles which, he believed, had guided him through the complexities of New York, had been found shaky and meaningless in a log cabin, a foodless camp, a profiteer's drawing-room.

But whatever his confusion he held stubbornly to his plan that Joe should come with him to New York and find there, now that all his life of Mantrap Landing was broken and all his joy in Alverna ended, a new and solacing world.

My friends have always done the right thing—and the uninteresting thing. Poor Joe! No wonder he was upset by that movie-lobby house to-night. I'll make up to him for Alverna.

"Only, who's going to make up to me for Alverna?"

"And if Joe wouldn't get drunk and make a fool of himself!"

"So lonely for her, always—"

WHEN Ralph awoke, very late, he found Joe (slightly comic in new lavender pajamas) steadily smoking, and staring at him.

"Afraid I was kind of stewed, last night," said Joe.

"You were!"

"Too darn bad. But you better get used to it, if I'm coming to New York. Only— Say, Ralph, no matter what I do, you got to remember that I've liked you a lot, a whale of a lot, and I've always made a stab at trying to treat people that I'm fond of—you or Alvy or Pop Buck or anybody—the way I think they'll like best in the long run,

not the way that shows off best in the store window."

Before Ralph, a bit testy in want of morning coffee, could frame something neat to the effect that in the long run he would prefer Joe not to get drunk in public, the villain of the piece had paddled out of the room, on his raw red bare feet, and was to be heard screaming under his cold shower.

They were starting for New York that evening, with James Worthington Virey. The evening before, Ralph had telephoned to Virey, with apologies, and Virey had consented to giving Joe one more chance.

All day they drifted about Winnipeg. Joe refused to let Ralph further fill out his wardrobe, but he gave to all Ralph's remarks the meek interest of repentance.

Once or twice Joe tried to hint that it would perhaps be better if he did not go to New York. Ralph, determined to benefit Joe and to benefit him right, made it clear that he would stay right here in Winnipeg till Joe did consent to go. Thus at last he conquered.

In the afternoon Joe insisted on taking all their luggage to the train.

"No need of that. Bring our bags along with us in the taxi."

"Well, I want to be sure everything will be aboard when we get there," said Joe, and, nettled by this unexpected fussiness, Ralph snapped, "Oh, all right."

The train left at nine in the evening. Ralph and Joe and Virey had a rather sulky dinner at the hotel, and rather sulkily they drove to the train.

Joe had not only taken the baggage to the station but, explaining that he distrusted the hotel porter, obtained their Pullman accommodations; a compartment for Ralph and Virey, a berth for himself. Aboard the train, Ralph found his new suitcase safely stowed in the compartment.

"Your berth all right? Your stuff there, Joe?" he inquired.

"Sure, you bet."

"All right, let's all settle down comfortably here in the compartment and perhaps have a game of cards."

"I want a little fresh air. Let's walk up and down till we start," complained Joe.

"Not for me. I stay put," said Virey.

It was because he was so irritated that he could not trust himself to discuss it that Ralph morosely followed Joe out of the Pullman, along the platform.

And Joe had the most inane things to say:

"Well, gosh, I hope you enjoyed some features about being in the North, Ralph."

"Certainly. Why not?"

"And I hope you'll forgive me for pinching Alvy off you."

"Don't be silly. Naturally, it was your right—"

"I don't know as I know much about what's right and what's wrong. But— Say, that first meal we had at Mantrap tasted pretty good, after being out on the trail, didn't it? Pretty good. Not that it was so much, I mean, but you know, after chawing bacon and so on— Eh, pretty good, eh?"

Ralph had no answer to these asinine recollections. He was dimly thinking of New York and of Joe's doubtful place there.

"All abooooooard!" sang the trainmen.

Joe motioned to Ralph to go first, and Ralph mechanically clumped up the car steps.

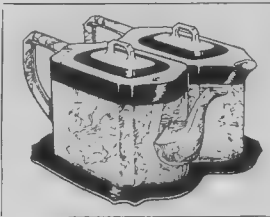
Suddenly the dull-eyed, drooping-shouldered, drawling Joe, with his observations about the joys of eating tomatoes, straightened up. His eyes were bright, his voice miserable yet alive:

Continued on page 99

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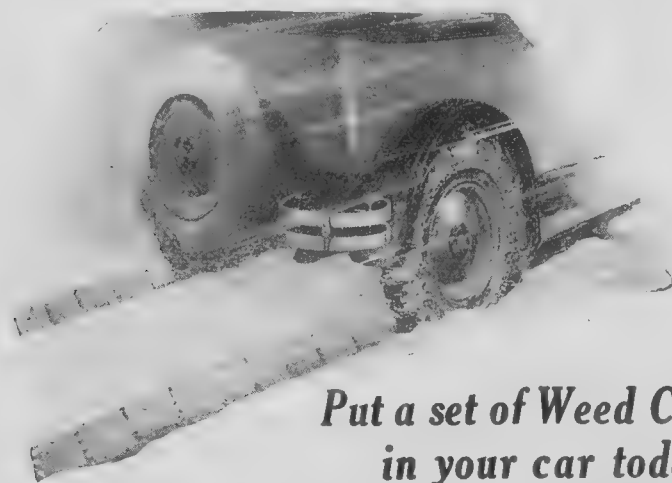
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A Conspiracy of Silence

THE Anglo-Saxon is slower to confess his virtues than his faults. He will probably never find it easy to talk about his religion, but it should come a little easier than it does. "I should like to be a Christian, like father," said the small boy, "for then no one need ever know that I was one."

Doubtless we know the story which the French *poilu* loved to tell of two Englishmen "from Oxford College," who were wrecked on a desert island. One rescued from the shore a barrel of butter, the other a sack of flour. They were, however, never destined to eat bread and butter together, for, never having been formally introduced, they were unable to meet.

The story, as a matter of fact, is out of date—it might have happened once upon a time, but in recent years we have become more forthcoming; what is perfectly conceivable is that two Englishmen in such a situation might have enjoyed their bread and butter while it lasted and lived together in great goodwill for many a long year, but that neither would ever have known if the other had any religious convictions. Of course, in the event of a death on the island each would have read over the other the Funeral Service from the Book of Common Prayer—a copy of which in novels and stories is usually washed ashore in readiness for an emergency.

I would join issue with those who insist that the Anglo-Saxon is constitutionally incapable of speaking about the things that touch him most nearly. He cannot trust himself—so it is suggested—to reveal his heart's deepest interest. I wonder! Times without number I have listened while the young have spoken at inordinate length, and with apparent and easy abandon, about the someone who at the time most certainly represented their "heart's deepest interest."

I have travelled from the city with

business men; from the race course with lovers of the turf; and from clerical gatherings with my brother clergy; and, so far as I could tell, these men were returning from following the most absorbing interest of their lives, "the things that touched them most nearly."

They did not appear to find it hard to discuss them, they talked naturally, glibly and even passionately; not once have I seen strong men dissolve into tears under the effort of unrestrained and public witness to their primary interests. Indeed, I have sometimes been a little dismayed at the apparent inability of these friends to talk of anything else—they seemed too wedded to "shop." I have been in the club house when two golfers have returned from their game (misnamed a "friendly") to which their whole souls had very obviously been given; I cannot remember any excess of emotion ever choking back the loser's flow of language as he explained how not even his skill could have been expected to triumph over luck so inordinate as that of his opponent.

And all was spoken with an emotion that left no doubt that the loser was speaking of something that touched him most nearly. No: I must beg leave to question the belief that the Anglo-Saxon cannot trust himself to speak about the things he cares for most.

I am not greatly interested in denominational propaganda; I do not wish to see men prowling about seeking whom they may devour in the interest of their own particular way of thinking; I have no desire to hear the orthodox heavily compelling the poor bewildered stranger to listen to the incantation of formulae: but I do long to know that everywhere simple and humble men of God are standing by ready and eager—if occasion occurs—to tell gladly what power and joy the Lord Christ can give to living. —Rev. H. R. L. Shepard, in the St. Martin's Review.

The Gift for the Home Lover

Continued from page 38

whereby everyone puts into the common treasury the most of his Christmas fund, for the purchase of some ambitious possession which everybody wants. It might be agreed that personal gifts should be restricted to the merest trifles, just matters of greeting and fun, perhaps, when all agree to concentrate on one worthwhile object. Of course, such a plan is not often feasible—it requires one great desire shared by the entire family, to make it a genuine pleasure-giver.

THE boy or girl who is taking perhaps a first interest in a room that is really a personal possession, will value something for it—perhaps the beginning of a toilet set of ivory or enamel or silver, or a pretty little dressing-table for the girl, and maybe a small table suitable for games, that a boy will like to ask a friend to enjoy with him in his own sanctum. Would a picture be prized, in this instance, or an attractive little drop-lamp? For the more advanced young people, the scope widens—any appropriate piece of furniture for their

own rooms, is certain of a welcome, and a new rug, large or small, would arouse real enthusiasm. For the girl to whom each year is bringing a greater longing for the dear delightful "fixings" beloved by the feminine heart, there are table covers and bedspreads, new curtains, fluffy cushions or dainty pillow-covers and a hundred-and-one accessories that she will quite surely love.

One does not dare, in an article for which space is at all limited, enter the field of the more definitely useful articles; just to glimpse the possibilities of new silver, glass and china for the house-keeper, of electrical appliances and intriguing new tools that might mean the gift of many hours of time to the busy person in the days and months to follow—just to hover on the edge of these possibilities, is to be struck afresh by the thought that there need seldom be any real depth to the problem of finding suitable Christmas gifts for everyone on one's list: the real problem would seem to be—which of the *many* would it be best to choose?

St. Jean Baptiste

Continued from page 20

1926 was so big that its 25 brass bands and 35 allegorical floats—the latter financed and manned by different sections of the Society, and forming a pageant of the history of Quebec—its Papal Zouaves, Great War Veterans, firemen and policemen, took over two hours to pass. At the Place de Patriotes, at the foot of Delorimier Avenue, the procession halted to watch unveiled a monument to the twelve men hanged at that spot for high treason in Papeau's rebellion of 1837. The evening saw a spectacular display of fireworks in Lafontaine Park.

Leon Trepanier, present president of the Society, has the bright idea that such celebrations have a very great value in bringing to Montreal some of the two million French Canadians who

live in the United States. Montreal, like every other city, town and village in Canada, is very keen on getting tourist business, especially American tourist business, and the Society has now aligned itself definitely with those aspirations. Picturesque processions, old traditions kept intact, old songs and folk dances, are probably much more likely to bring and keep those elusive tourist dollars than big buildings, large parks, and the general stereotyped "go-getter" stuff.

Besides June 24th, the society is considering plans for making January 6th a winter reunion round the cross on Mount Royal, to commemorate with fireworks and such-like the traditional first ascent of that mountain by Maisonneuve in 1643.

Mantrap

Continued from page 97

"Just forget us! We'll pull through. You're free of us now. Keep free. Good luck, you old cuss!"

Ralph stared down from the vestibule as the train creaked into motion. Did Joe mean that he was not going—

He started to climb down the steps. The Pullman porter rudely dragged him back into the vestibule and slammed the door between him and the steps. And the train was really in motion. Joe was down on the platform, trotting beside them, waving his hat.

Having closed the door, the porter had darted away. Ralph leaped into the adjoining vestibule. That door was closed as well, and how to open it he had no notion. He ran violently through the next Pullman, startling the old ladies who were peeping into their straw suitcases, and found the door still open. He leaned out, holding by the steel door-jamb. But the train was going too fast for him to leap, and he saw Joe plodding along the station platform, his back turned—the dejected back of an old and hopeless man who in his day had borne great burdens without reward.

Utterly puzzled, wondering whether Joe had managed to get drunk again and conceal it till now, Ralph poked back to his compartment, to take counsel with Virey.

He encountered his Pullman porter, who besought: "Excuse me for slamming the door that way. The gentleman on the platform, he made me promise I wouldn't let you leave the train."

Ralph was too confused to answer. To Virey he worried: "Can't understand it. Joe wouldn't get on the train."

"Curious fellow," said Virey. "By the way, he asked me to give you this note after we started."

Ralph read, in Joe's neat store-keeper's hand:

"Friend Ralph: I don't seem to be able to persuade you am not a good person to take along no matter what I do & disgrace you etc. Am afraid you might persuade me to go, guess am not

a very strong character and you're a great old persuader. So will just avoid argument, it might get us both sore & would not like that. Maybe I will be a little lonely but do not worry am a great hand at picking up friends. Come back to Canada some time. Good luck. God bless you. God bless you!"

While Ralph tapped his fingers on the note, in perplexity, Virey repeated, "Yes, a curious fellow."

"He certainly is. I don't get him at all," mused Ralph. "He's always been a man of some dignity and restraint. Yet the way he acted last evening—Why, it almost made me not want to take him to New York. But"—proudly—"I stuck by my resolution. But I can't understand how he could possibly have got so drunk."

"I wonder if he did."

"Didn't you see him—hear him!"

"Yes, but I sat farther down the room than you did, nearer the table with the booze. Did you notice what he did with the whisky bottle?"

"I certainly did! He poured out half a tumblerful, every drink!"

"Wasn't his back to you?"

"Yes, but I could see his arm."

"I could see his hand. The bottles, you may remember, were the non-refillable kind, with tiny little mouths. I noticed that Easter would first pour a lot of ginger ale into a glass, then take the whisky bottle—but he kept his finger over the mouth of the bottle all the time. I don't think he took one drop of liquor; I don't think he drank anything stronger than ginger ale, the whole evening. I wonder what he was up to, anyway. Maybe trying to persuade you that he was drunk, or—"

"And this train," Ralph said savagely, "doesn't stop for miles, and then I'll be too confoundedly sane, after talking to you, to jump out and go back . . . Just this second I've realized I'd been planning to go to Minneapolis—to see a girl. Now I never can . . . I feel a little tired, Virey. Let's not talk. Shall we play some cards? . . . But the dear Lord help Wes Woodbury when he opens up on me!"

THE END

Derelicts

By Kim Beattie

Age-rotted derelicts of the sea,
And the weeds are clogging the piles.
And the hungry sea flows endlessly—
Lap, lap, lap, on the piles.

A mourning cry for a dimming strand,
Comes from an old gray rover,
As I wait on a seaward spit of land,
Dreaming of seas sailed over;
The gull and I, we are waiting to die,
Useless, loose of life's tether;
And the port is forgotten when steamers
ply,
Three derelicts, we, together.

For I and the port and the old gray gull
Are all of the self-same feather,
For the port was born ere I or the gull
First toss'd in a spell o' weather!
The wharf is bereft of clanking winch,
And the gull of a mate's beguiles.
And I of a crew to curse or flinch
As my bullying tongue reviles!

There — far and far, by yon skyline
smudge
That dirties the smarting blue,
A funnel's belch, and all sails begrudge
The wake of a throbbing screw!
Oh, the bellying sails and the lifting
keels
That we three derelicts knew,
I at her helm and the gull at her heels,
And the port engulfing her crew.

Oh, the ships that have passed, hull
down, away;
The friends that hove-to have gone;
Some of them footing it trimly and gay
On the cruise that fattened the spawn;
Some of the broken and beached by the
sea,
And over life's leavings fawn,
Derelict victims of Destiny,
Cast up on a changing dawn!

Age-rotted derelicts of the sea,
And the weeds are clogging the piles;
And the hungry sea ebbs endlessly—
Lap, lap, lap, on the piles.

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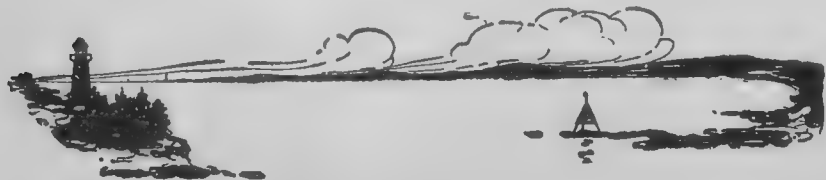
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The Christmas Tree That Ran Away

Continued from page 23

noted what was there—some paper sacks that might have contained anything, an indiscriminate pile of onions and carrots topped by two festive oranges, and a familiar package encased in waxed paper. Didn't he handle sixty such packages every morning?

"My loaf of bread!" he said aloud, with such fervor that Ed. Pettit nudged him warningly.

Within, Sandy bustled around tidying the room with a stub of an ancient broom, wiping the top of the stove, pushing the table to the wall so that the middle of the floor was vacant. The girl cuddled into her chair, her eyes enraptured stars, her lips curved into a smile of anticipation.

"There's some chunks of coal in the corner, Sandy," she criticized. "There, that's nicer. Ain't it lovely, Sandy, to have such good friends. They'll be here in a minute, won't they?"

"Tain't hardly time," answered Sandy. "It'll be pretty soon, though, 'cause they got to show up for the doin's at the churches. I wish't you could go to a church, Em'ly. Gee, they're trimmed up sump'n grand! I peeked while Bud an' the fellers was practicin'. Bud, he's a wise man an' has to wear his ma's wrapper. He hates bein' a wise man. He'd ruther stay with us but he dassn't."

"Sandy! What was that noise. Sandy do comb your back hair to look dressed up! Wasn't that them?"

Sandy darted out to listen. The men huddled together, fascinated, at their peephole which they had stealthily enlarged. Feet crunched on the brittle snow.

"They're startin', Em'ly," he cried, "they're startin'!"

A charming Christmas pageant ensued. Up the path, under the brilliant winter sunset, trudged a group of boys bearing Ed. Pettit's Christmas tree. Into the house they thronged, squeezing it cautiously through the narrow entrance. When they set it up with all that pitiable squalor for a background it was splendid enough to delight the heart of any child; and Em'ly, beside the stove clapped her hands in a passion of rapture. In amongst Ed. Pettit's choicest assortment of icicles and glass birds hung boyishly clumsy parcels, adding that touch of mystery and romance which, despite the fairy beauty, the tree had lacked. Now it was a tree of Christmas in very fact. There were presents on it.

Bud Collins, at the critical moment, found the role of Santa Claus too heavy for him.

"Here, Emily," he said, thrusting something toward her, "this's for you."

Before she understood how it happened Emily's lap was full to overflowing. She had a bandana handkerchief, a game of checkers, three jack-knives, a hammer, two dolls, a pair of battered crutches obviously designed for a tall man, a bag of marbles, mittens, a necklace of blue beads—exactly such a medley array as boys, undirected, with the most generous intentions but slender capital might be relied upon to select. She was blissfully happy.

"It—it's like Christmas in a story book," she thanked them, glowing. "I'm that s'prised! Seemed 's if I'd die if I couldn't have the tree—to pretend with!—an' here I am with all these lovely, lovely things besides, for my very own!"

"P'raps you won't care much for my hammer," Bud modestly apologized. "Hammers 're more for boys. But you'll like the caramels, an' tomorrow if I can manage without Ma noticin', I'll bring you a taste of our turkey."

"You c'n use the crutches, can't you

Em'ly?" Another boy edged closer to ask. "I'll lend Sandy a saw so't he can shorten 'em for you."

"They'll haf' to be a heap shorter," was Sandy's expert opinion. "She's little—an' she ain't growed to speak of this fall, she's been hungry so often."

"Oh, no, Sandy," Emily corrected him. Not honestly hungry—at least hardly ever since you'n the boys organized the club. But Sandy, hadn't they better go now? The tree's got to be took back. Wasn't he lucky to borrow it like that for a few minutes?"

With a chorus of ceremonial sneezes the boys prepared to depart. The men, unable to restrain themselves another instant, filed in.

"How come you to pick on that tree," thundered Ed. Pettit. Speak up, how come you?"

The boys, embarrassed and scared, stubbed sheepishly at the floor with the tips of their overshoes. Their treasured secret was a secret no longer.

"It—Sandy said it was the prettiest," Emily faltered. "We didn't mean for to keep it. Sandy'll carry it right back—like he done before."

"We aimed to let Emily choose for herself by seein' one for a while every night," Bud explained with a truculent scowl. "Then Pop got wise an' we couldn't."

Ben Collins walked over to the shelves and removed the loaf of bread.

"So it was you," he accused Sandy Magee, the more gruffly to conceal a certain tell-tale huskiness of voice, "it was you that stole one of these every day."

Bud sprang to his chum's defense.

"It wasn't neither Sandy, Pop," he denied. "It was me. I could get it—dead easy, too—while you was spyin' onto other folks. We had to have it—for Em'ly."

"But why didn't you say somethin'? Why didn't you tell us about Em'ly an' Sandy?"

"You wouldn't give me work," Sandy reminded them, squaring his skinny shoulders so that he appeared to stand forth, a man among men. "I'm willin' to work hard an' support her. I was afraid—"

He paused, regarding Em'ly doubtfully, questioningly.

"He was afraid you'd send us to the 'sylum, like the neighbors was fixin' to do," Emily added, reaching out until she touched her brother's ragged sleeve, as though by contact courage might flow from one to the other. "When our mother died, an' then our father, there wasn't nothin' else to be done with—with us—"

"But Sandy fooled 'em," Bud cried, "he fooled 'em proper. He pulled Emily in an old buggy from where they lived, th' other side of Stony Butte, clear to Storm King! They travelled nights, an' days they hid in barns an' empty houses. Don't squeal on 'em, Pop, an' send 'em to the 'sylum after all."

Uncomfortably the men shuffled from foot to foot, each hoping another would respond to the challenge the children had flung them.

"Uh, Ed," Ben Collins spoke at length, "the way this strikes me, a competent judge has awarded you the prize on your tree, an' we'll haf' to abide by this decision. If the Presbyterians'll put up with my tree in exchange they're welcome to it. Bud an' me'll carry it to the church before supper. Unless there's some objection we'll leave the winner where it is—"

"Throw in the prize, too, Ben," Mr. Pettit interrupted, blowing his nose with unnecessary violence. "Gosh, what'd we do with another turkey? I'll just have the missus roast it along with our'n and fetch it down to Em'ly

Continued on page 103

Frank's New Relatives

A Christmas Story for the Young Folk

By Nellie Regan

FRANK EMMET felt very small and a very lonely little boy as the long passenger train carried him slowly out of the depot into an unknown world.

It wanted only three days to Christmas day. Frank's father, who was a mining engineer, was shortly to go away on important work and was sending his son to some relatives whom Frank had never seen. Frank's mother had died two months previously.

It seemed the very end of everything for Frank to say goodbye to his father; but he was very brave and kept smiling as long as he could see his father, but afterward, although he kept pressing his lips tightly together, the tears would come into his eyes and made all the passing trees and telegraph poles run together, like a smear on the countryside.

He sat choking back the tears and seeing nothing around him until the train came to a sudden stop at a small town.

Everything seemed deadly quiet all at once, and then, to Frank's ears came a tick, tick, ticking from beneath his coat. He could hear it quite plainly in the sudden hush. The tears cleared from his eyes and a smile came to his lips. Unbuttoning his coat he drew out a big watch. A real watch! His father's. A parting gift. It seemed to Frank like a real, live thing, and felt quite warm to his hand. After putting it back in his pocket he kept his hand there and was comforted.

As he neared the journey's end he began to dread meeting his new relatives. He wondered what they would be like. There had been no time to question his father about them. He felt very unhappy and very lonely indeed. And he had always been so happy before when it was so near Christmas.

Presently the conductor came to him. "You get off at the next stop," he said. "I'll be back in a minute."

He returned just as the train was slowing down, and taking Frank's suitcase and parcel, beckoned him to follow.

"Wasn't there to be someone to meet you?" the conductor asked when Frank was on the platform of the station.

"Yes, I think so," Frank replied.

"All right. You wait over there. Someone will be along soon. Goodbye."

When the train had steamed away again on its journey Frank found himself almost alone.

"Where do you want to go, sonny," said a kindly, gruff voice at his elbow. And a man picked up Frank's suitcase.

"Mr. Marlow, Main Street," said Frank, who had learned the address by heart although he could not say the name of the town.

"I'll run you up there in a jiffy," said the man. "I know Mr. Marlow. Come along o' me."

Outside the depot stood a ragged looking car, and into this the man put Frank's suitcase. "Jump in," he said, and in another moment they were off through the strange town. There were two minutes of swift driving which nearly took Frank's breath away and then they stopped before a very grand looking house.

"This is Marlow's place," said the man, and lifting out the suitcase, he mounted the steps to the front door and Frank followed.

They had to knock three times before the door was opened by a very fat and very hot-looking woman in a big, white apron, and sleeves rolled up above her elbows. Frank noticed that her fingers were covered with flour and that she held them spread out. She also looked cross.

"Lawk's a-mercy!" she exclaimed, looking down at Frank, "what am I to do with him?"

"Well, you don't have to cook him, that's all I know. Give me fifty cents, Hannah, and I'll be off," said the man.

"You'll have to call back for it; there's

no one home," "and I ain't a-going to pay."

"That's all right, Hananh," said the man, and off he went.

"Lawk's a-mercy!" exclaimed the fat woman again, as her eyes fell upon Frank once more. "And me so busy too."

"Please 'ma'am, are you my Aunt Lizzie?"

"Lawk's a-mercy, no, child. I ain't! I'm Mrs. Marlow's cook! Here, you'd better wait in here!" she continued, turning the handle of the door nearest to her, and pushing it open with an elbow so as not to flour the woodwork. "You wait in there."

Frank stepped into the room; he felt too miserable to utter another word. The cook pulled the door shut after him.

"Me so busy too!" he heard her mutter as she went away.

Frank's gaze slowly wandered around the room in which he found himself and he shivered. Not that the room was cold, but there was a cold, dreary look about it that went to his heart and filled him with vague fear. He stood for a long time gazing from one object to another as though he were dazed. When his legs began to ache he sat down on the very edge of the nearest chair. It was a perfectly straight-backed chair; hard, dark, and cold-looking. There were five others like it and very little else in the room. A small table, a desk, and an umbrella stand. All ugly, dark wood that made Frank shiver. Facing the door hung a large photograph of a severe looking general in uniform. From beneath bushy brows he frowned down at Frank with evident disapproval, as though he were saying: "You'd better watch your step here, my lad, or there'll be something doing!" Then, too, there was a peculiar odor about the room which somehow made Frank want to cry. It reminded him so of his mother's room just before her death.

He could see quite plainly what these new relatives of his would be like. They would be thin and straight and ugly, like their chairs. Who could live in such a place and be good and kind? Very likely they would beat and starve him. He knew they would be mean and hateful.

The longer he sat there the more gloomy his thoughts became. The chairs appeared to look at him as though they were saying: "Well, what did you expect?" and as his eyes caught those of the general again, he had a strange feeling that that gentleman was meditating getting down to take him by the collar and shake him. He felt that he must dash out and away—anywhere—to get away from the place.

He was on the point of rising when he became aware of the ticking of his father's watch, and his hand stole inside his coat to press the smooth, warm case. As he did so other sounds came to his ears.

A car had stopped outside the house and there was a confusion of happy voices and laughter, and hurried steps. He heard the front door thrown open and a number of feet pass along the hall. Then he heard numerous doors being opened and closed.

"Well, where is he?" said a lady's voice. "Where is he?"

In the distance he could hear another voice inquiring, "What have you done with him, cook?"

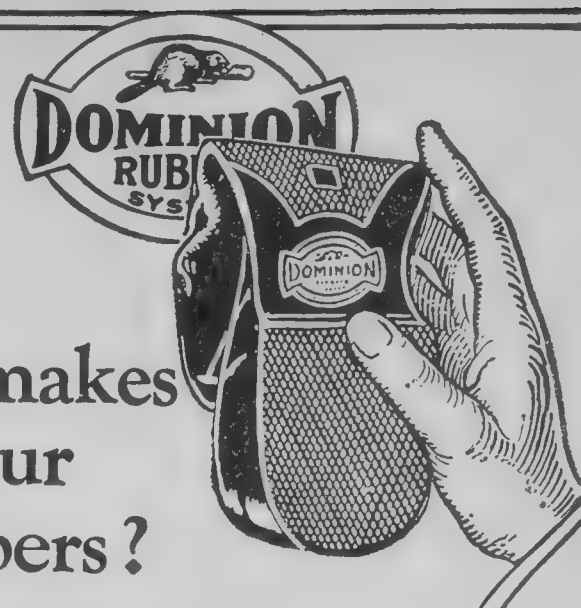
Just then, the door near which he sat opened slowly and a boy stood there staring in at him wide-eyed.

He was a bright, happy-looking boy, about Frank's own age, and his eyes twinkled and sparkled with delight as he gazed upon Frank.

"Lo, cousin Frank!" he said shyly, then turned suddenly and shouted: "I've got him, Ma! He's in the waiting-room!"

The footsteps and voices came near again. Two ladies appeared and with them, a little girl of about four, who was evidently another cousin of Frank's.

Continued on page 103



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offer a wonderful means whereby our readers can convert into ready cash anything at all of a marketable nature and many thrifty housewives, through the judicious use of the classified page are earning a steady income. Take a glance at the little advertisements appearing in this issue and then consider whether you too have not something to offer the 70,000 readers of the Western Home Monthly. On receipt of a post card we shall be glad to send you full particulars and also co-operate with you in every possible way in order to make your little venture a success.

THE
WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
WINNIPEG

Dear Boys and Girls:

Just a word or two to wish you that happiest of all wishes, *A Very Merry Christmas*. May you all have bulging stockings, and may you all help to make other stockings bulge. Even the poorest of us can give something if it is only a little love, a little thought, a little kind act, and often these things are the very biggest things that anyone can give, no matter how rich they may be. Don't expect too much, so that you may not be disappointed; remember it is more blessed to give than to receive; and do your best to make other people have a Happy Christmas, and you will have the best one you have ever had. Once again, A Happy Christmas, and a Bright and Cheery New Year.

Something Received

Such a nice lot of snap shots have been received, and we will commence publishing them in January. This is a good beginning; let us have some every month now; of our readers, with their pets, or without them; we want to see your smiling faces in our corner. We know you will like saying "How do you do" to the other readers like this?

A letter from Tressa Miller, of Innisfail, Alta., who is eleven and enjoys the C.C.C. so much. She is mourning the loss of three pet lambs who have grown so big they must be sold. Tressa takes music lessons, goes to school, and rides horseback. A very busy girl, and a happy one.

A joint letter from Marion G. Mack and Reta Pauline Thompson of Chipman, Queens County, N.B. They are in grades 7 and 8, and would like very much to have boys and girls write to them from other parts of Canada.

Aileen Anderson tells about her black puppy Rex, who undertook to steal some honey from a comb and was stung on the nose for his theft. He must have looked very funny trying to rub off the bee-sting on the grass.

Little Kathleen Asmusson (aged 4), of Swift Current, Sask., and Thelma Johnson of Bowden, Alta., have both written nice little letters to the editor, which are very much appreciated.

Tucked away in the back of a drawer where it must have slipped and lain since last March is a letter from Phyllis Annie Thomason of Victoria, B.C., enclosing some verses she has written. They are very nice verses and we shall publish them next month when we have more room. In the meantime Bobbie Burk's most sincere apologies go to Phyllis for neglecting her in this way, but it was a mistake which must be blamed on the Desk Drawer!

Something You Have Done

Islay Ruth Black of 518 Basswood Place, Winnipeg, is one of the few Winnipeg girls to win a prize, and she wins a book of jingles and funny stories for her funny story which follows.

Ruth Northcote of Lake McGregor, Alta., and Kathleen Elkington of Mar-kinch, Sask., and Aileen Anderson of Edrans, Man., each win a gold button for their funny stories.

A Pup and a Cub

I am going to tell you a true story I heard on my holidays which is funny. It is about a cub and a husky pup. The cub was caught when he was quite small, and the pup and he became great chums. The cub was raised on milk, but after awhile they began to live on other food. They were always together roaming about during the day and sleeping cuddled up beside each other at night. Their bed was in a building divided into three parts and it was the back part or the furthest away from the front door that these chums slept. To get to their bed they had to pass through doors each of which could be opened without any trouble by the cub but not by the pup.

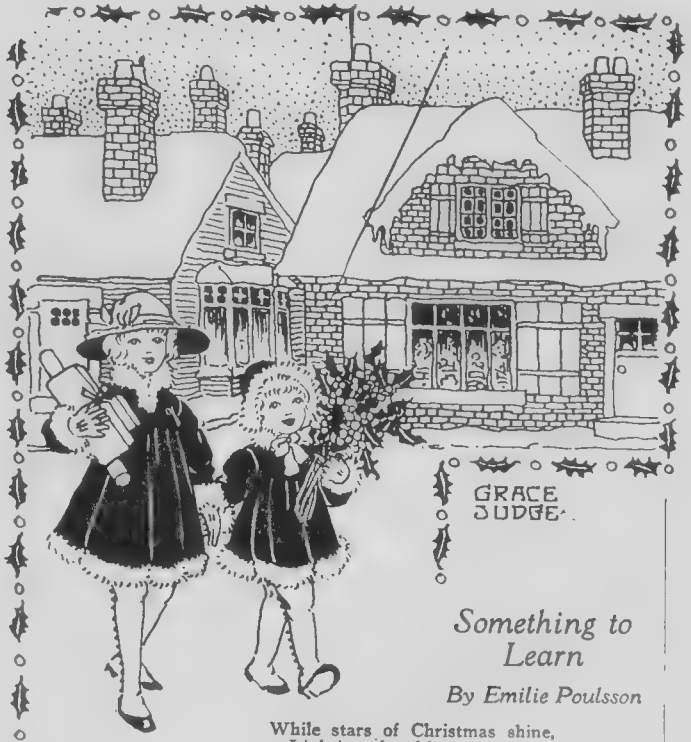
Now it's funny about a bear—when he takes his dinner he takes all he can eat but when he's through eating he does not want anything more until it's time for the next meal, but a growing husky pup—he can eat anything. So it often happened that after the cub had eaten his supper and had gone to bed that the pup would wait around for any picking that might come his way before joining

his chum. The interesting thing is that after the pup had decided to go to bed was that he couldn't get in and had to call on his friend to help him, and this is how Mr. Puppy got in. He would scratch on the outer door and when the cub heard him he would come and let him in, opening and closing three doors.

Bears are very fond of blueberries, and in the part of the country where these two chums lived there are lots of blueberries. So it was no trouble for Mr. Cub to find his dinner, but with the pup it was different. He didn't know anything about blueberries. How could he make his dinner on such things? He could eat almost anything but blue-

The Story of a Log of Wood

The pencil box prize for this story goes to Bessie Coxworth of Regent P.O., Man. Bessie being a new member wins a button as well. Rose Ksiansyna of Wimmer, Sask., writes a very nice little story in which her closing sentence runs like this: "When I was burnt up my ashes were put in the flower-pots to fertilize the earth, and my smoke went up where it was formed into clouds where they sail to this day." Rose wins a gold button too. Marjorie Mabel Gibbens, of Cadillac, Sask., is a very pretty writer for nine years old, and wins a button because her story was good, and neatly written.



GRACE JUDGE

Something to Learn
By Emilie Poulsson

While stars of Christmas shine,
Lighting the skies;
Let only loving looks
Beam from our eyes.

While bells of Christmas ring,
Joyous and clear;
Speak only happy words,
All love and cheer.

Give only loving gifts,
And in love take;
Gladden the poor and sad
For love's dear sake.

The Darling of the World is come,
And fit it is we find a room
To welcome Him. The nobler part
Of all the house where is the heart
Which we will give Him, and bequeath
This holly and this ivy wreath,
To do Him honor who's our King,
And Lord of all our revelling.

—Robert Herrick (Old English Carol).

earth, and was soon fast asleep, caring not a whit for the wind and snow. I was awakened in the spring, by the warm sun and rain. I sent out a tiny shoot in search of food. I grew and grew. The other trees around me seemed so big. Little trees were growing around me, so I was not lonely. When the breeze swayed us we would lean over and touch each other's branches.

When the snow came again, it covered me up and kept me warm. A wood-mouse burrowed a tunnel through the snow and made a nest on one of my branches. I was proud to be able to shelter it.

The sun grew warmer and melted the snow. I was surprised to see how green my needles were. I asked another tree why they were green after the long winter. "It's because we're evergreens," she said.

One day a terrible smell of smoke came to us. The tall trees were terrified. "A fire! A fire!" was the answer to my question. But the sky clouded over with rain clouds and the rain stopped the fire before it reached us.

Year after year passed. I grew larger every year. Every winter men came and with shining axe-blades cut down the largest trees.

Many of my companions were gone. Only the stumps were left to show where they had been. A man came over to me and said "I must mark this tree" and with a quick stroke he took a large chip out of my side. This he did to others. We were to be cut next winter.

All summer I grew still faster. The wound soon healed and by winter I was the tallest and straightest.

Men came that winter and chopped a road so that sleds, drawn by horses could pass along. I was cut down and all my branches were cut off, and I was drawn to the river with other logs. Hundreds of logs were packed up on the ice ready for spring. At last the sun thawed the ice. The river took us down to the sawmill. There we were cut into four-foot lengths and piled up to dry. I was here for nearly another year.

One day a man came and looked at the pile I was in. "Ship this pile in car No. 39083 today," he ordered another man. I was then stacked in a box car with other logs. The door was closed. Very soon the car was fastened to a train and I was on my way.

The next time I saw the sun was in a sleigh-box. A farmer was buying a load of wood.

I was drawn to his home and then unloaded in his back yard. The farmer and his son came out and picked me out to burn in their fireplace tonight. They are carrying me in. A bright fire of kindling is ready. I am dropped in it. Oh! how the flames curl around me. I am blazing and crackling merrily now. The family is gathering around me and are singing and telling stories.

My sparks are flying up the chimney with the smoke. "See," says one child, "See the fire-fairies."

No, my child, you are wrong. They are the last of my life departing from me. Goodbye.—Bessie Coxworth, Regent P.O., Man.

Farm-Wife

By John Hanlon

She never climbed a mountain,
She never heard the sea,
But always watched a winding road
That wandered aimlessly
Among unshaded meadows—
A farm, a pasture rise
With black-eyed Susans, level fields
Comprised her little life.

She never longed to travel,
She felt no urge to search,
Her longest journey the five miles
On Sundays to the church;
Yet, to her quiet dwelling,
In singing, sighing flow,
Came love and parting, birth and death,
And all that women know

Good Advice

"What kind of a husband would you advise me to get?"

"You get a single man and let the husbands alone."—New York Mercury.

Biography of the Log of Wood

One day, in the windy northern fall, a tiny cone fell off a mother pine tree. This cone was me. I sank on the soft

berries; why, he couldn't think of them. He wanted fish or meat and scraps from the table, but he drew the line at blueberries. So the cub simply said: "I am going to the blueberry patch to get my dinner. I like fish and meat and scraps the same as you do, but I like blueberries too. You will like them just as well as I do when you get used to them—so come along," and away they went and the pup learned to eat and like blueberries. They went to the blueberry patch together and ate and lived on blueberries and when they would come home in the evening the cub would go right to bed, but the pup would look around to see if he might find a scrap of something to finish his dinner, and this is why he used to be late in going to bed, and why he had to have the cub to let him in. Yours truly—Islay-Ruth Black, age 10 years and 9 months.

Dick Dockerill of Hamilton, Ont., also writes a very neat story, and is fond of big words, but he wins a gold button too. Someone else would have had a button if they hadn't quite overlooked putting their name and address on the story which is very good. It was written on ruled foolscap with a red margin line; if anyone can identify it, write to the editor. A gold button goes to Gabrielle Dube of Marengo, Sask., and to Grant Robinson of Saskatoon (1007 McPherson Ave.) Honorable mention goes to Elsie Gibbens of Cadillac, Sask., to Alma Butt of Arcola, Sask., and to Grant Robinson of Saskatoon. The boys have written much the neatest stories this time, girls.

Frank's New Relatives

Continued from page 101

"Well, fancy cook putting him in there! Just as though he were a patient!" exclaimed one of the ladies, as she took Frank's hand and drew him out of the gloomy room. "Welcome Frank; and a Merry Christmas!" she said.

But Frank's eyes were riveted on the other lady who was looking at him with a gentle smile on her face as she waited to take him in her arms. She was the image of his dead mother, only plumper and stronger, and her cheeks were rosy. Frank knew at once that he would love her.

"It's too bad we missed you, Frank!" she said. "But we will make up for such a cold reception."

The little girl pulled at Frank's coat. "We's going to have a Kismas tree!" she cried excitedly. "An' Santa's going to bring me—bring me a—Santa's going to bring me a—a—a— What's Santa going to bring me, Mamma!"

"An aeroplane? Is that what you mean, darling?"

"Yes, Santa's going to bring me a herring pain."

The boy cousin said: "He's taller than me, mother."

"So he is," said the lady who was like Frank's mother. "Take him to your room now, Bob," she added. "I'm sure Frank must be hungry and by the savory odor cook has something good for us."

"Cook's got a gate, big, big, Kismas pudding," the little girl informed them.

"Gee! I'm glad you've come!" cried Bob as he led the way up a flight of stairs and into a bright, cheery room. "We'll have such fun! This is our room, and that's your bed over there. It's a new one. Isn't it a dandy!"

"It is a dandy!" Frank agreed with a happy smile. The sight of this cheery room; the bright coverlets on the beds, the comfortable wicker chairs with their pretty cushions, the tempting window seat with its handy shelf of books, the restful pictures on the walls and the bright mirrors, banished absolutely the gloom that Frank had absorbed in the doctor's waiting-room where cook had told him to wait. He hadn't known that his uncle was a doctor.

Frank soon found that there was nothing gloomy in the rest of the house, and that after all it was to be a very happy Christmas for him.

The Christmas Tree That Ran Away

Continued from page 100

an' Sandy. An' if there's any extry cake, or mince pie, or such around town—"

"After Christmas, Sonny," concluded Ben Collins, when everything has been arranged, even to the offer of a sled that Emily might ride in state to the church where Bud, in his mother's kimono, was to impersonate a wise man, "after Christmas you'n me'll talk job again, only this time there'll be a job—a real one, an' a home for the both of you, an' school, an' a doctor for Emily. Why, if it hadn't've been for the trees up an' down Main Street, an' one or two of 'em runnin' away, an' me gettin' so riled up about it—"

He broke off, at a loss for words. And Emily, smiling at them all, quaintly expressed what was in every inarticulate, emotion-shy, grown-up heart:

"It wouldn't have been half such a Merry Christmas an' Happy New Year, would it?"

Different

Cop: "Hey! Come out of that. Bathing is not allowed here."

Victim (in the pond): "Pardon me, I'm not bathing. I'm drowning."—The Bulletin, Sydney.

When in anger, count 100; but don't overlook the fact that the referee only counts ten!



*Quick! Hide the Kodak—
Here comes dad*

Keep it a secret till Christmas day and
then—think of the fun you'll *all* have.

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Saying Something is More Difficult

It is easy enough to talk.—Toronto Globe.

Or an Eminent Dead Politician

A "statesman" is a politician you agree with.—Border Cities Star.

Trash and the Silver Screen

Alas, screening a picture does not always take the trash out.—Halifax Herald.

Lots of Parking Space There

Afghanistan has one motor car to every 1,200,000 inhabitants.—Motor Trade Review.

Poultry Item

Another thing that the country needs is a brood of hens that will refuse to lay storage eggs with fresh labels on them.—Boston Herald.

Also More Git and Less Gab

Sometimes it looks as if the country needed more gumption and less growling.—Fort William Times-Journal.

A Mean Remark

A member of the Society of Practipedists says that women's feet are getting wider. This is what comes of trying to fill men's shoes.—London Passing Show.

But This Does Not Include All

Some young men go to college, while others just dress funny and let it go at that.—Niagara Falls Review.

Self-Diagnosis

It isn't a big heart that keeps this country from hating other nations—it's a full stomach.—Washington Post.

More Rice will be Thrown

Japan is to have a bumper rice crop for 1926. What effect will this have on 1927 weddings?—Los Angeles Examiner.

Sounds Like the Truth, Anyway

It is said that a young lady by the name of Adaline Moore invented the postscript.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

Not the Blind Pig, Of Course

If the dries want a party symbol, they can take the camel. We don't know what to suggest for the wets' party symbol.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Dangers to Life Everywhere

In India they have few automobiles, but the snakes tried to make up for that lack by killing 19,308 persons last year.—Kansas City Star.

A Valiant Insect, At That!

When he was playing at a great piping competition in the Isle of Skye a piper was stung on the hand by a wasp. We suspect some Englishman put the wasp up to it.—The Pas Herald.

Surprised to Learn about Himself

Many a candidate never realized what a cracker-jack of a citizen he was until he read the advertising matter prepared by his own committee.—Kitchener Record.

Hard To Figure Out

The Nicaraguan troops have routed the revolutionists, according to a despatch from Managua. We do not know whether this is good news or not.—Calgary Herald.

More Than Most of Us Will Do

An old lady in Rumania has celebrated her hundred and twentieth birthday by taking her greatest grandchild out for a walk.—London Daily Mail.

About Drinking

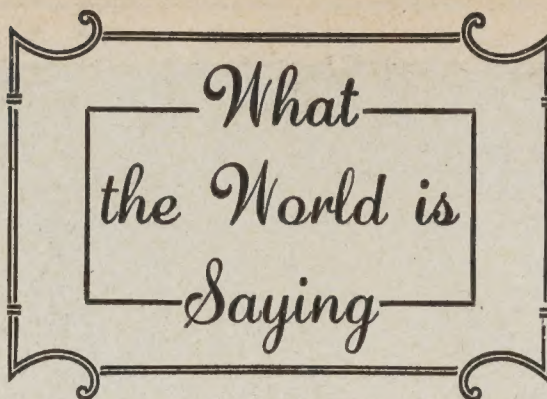
In all ranks of life today the intemperate drinker is so rare as to seem almost eccentric. If Hogarth or Dickens returned to earth in 1926, nothing would astonish them more than the sobriety of London streets towards midnight.—London New Statesman.

A Joke from London

It is reported from a Scottish golf club that a seagull settled on a golf ball and tried to hatch it. Golfers all over the country are trying to think of a better one before America reminds us that George Washington settled on a cherry tree and did hatchet.—Punch.

"Think of Canada as a Whole"

Happy days to Lord Byng at home in England! Canada will not forget him or Lady Byng. No other Governor-General ever gave the Canadian people a saying which deserves better to be kept in mind constantly than he did when he said: "We must think of Canada as a whole."—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

**Presumably So**

A merchant advertises "Happiness Hose." No doubt they are for contented calves.—Toronto Telegram.

Instead of Their Brakes

One trouble with this world is that there are too many persons who use their horns when they see a pedestrian.—Saskatoon Star.

Bow Legs Would Do It

We could stop short skirts in about twenty years by teaching present girl babies to walk too soon.—Vancouver Province.

Hardening that Means Death

A good many men die of hardening of the arteries, and a good many high ideals die from hardening of the heart.—Edmonton Journal.

So Have We

Have you ever noticed how a man, when he has done something foolish, looks around for facts to justify what he has done?—Duluth Herald.

But Not Road Hogs

Hogs are a valuable asset to the country, and it is greatly to be desired that they should increase in number.—Monetary Times.

A Sheik is Something Different Now

An old-fashioned person is one who thinks a sheik is an Arab chieftain.—Minneapolis Journal.

Most of Us have This Idea

Our idea of a well-balanced diet is one that contains 90 per cent. of the things we like.—Hamilton Spectator.

No More Need Now of Agitation

The Rainy Day Club was organized by women thirty years ago to agitate for shorter skirts.—Baltimore Sun.

Higher That Way Only

A man often tells his children he can do higher mathematics when all he really means is he is two feet taller than they are.—Quebec Telegraph.

No Increase in Value

Physiologists say that man's body contains chemicals valued at 98 cents. And the gross total isn't raised any when he adds chemicals valued at, say, \$10.00 a quart.—Brantford Expositor.

Can This Be True?

A fire recently occurred in a railway station. The outbreak was easily extinguished by a porter, who threw a shovel of waiting-room coal on the flames.—Buffalo Courier.

An Attempt That Failed

After running three miles a man jumped from the cliffs near Calais and was picked up two miles out at sea. This we believe is the first attempt to jump the Channel.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Canada's Costly Old Men's Home

In a voting list of an old man's home in Ottawa were found the names of 34 old men who happened to be dead. The next step, obviously, is to scrutinize the voting list of the Senate.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

Away from the Perils of New York

A New York scientist is about to plunge into the jungle of Abyssinia, where the population consists largely of baboons, snakes and ibexes. New York, he finds, is no longer a safe place to live in.—Victoria Colonist.

It Would Be a Spell of Love

If Kalani Kaumehamehakahikikalanyakawahinekuhao, a Hawaiian girl, lived in Llnfairpwlwgwyn-gyllgogerychwyndrobwillandysiliogogoch, a small town in Wales, it would be a brave man who would start a correspondence with her.—Regina Post.

A Bootlegacy

It is several years since John Barleycorn was officially declared dead. He left a legacy which keeps us from forgetting him.—Chicago Daily News.

Those Days are Gone Forever

We can remember when we used to find a long hair in the butter occasionally.—Ottawa Journal.

What Did They Expect—Gasoline?

Police in Nova Scotia have discovered 150 kegs of rum while making a search of rum runners.—Kingston Whig.

But When Boys Get Older—

Girls use mirrors to see if their faces are clean, and boys use the towel for the same purpose.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

Inconceivable a Generation Ago

A thoroughly modern person is one who sees nothing incongruous in the term "lady bootlegger."—Buffalo Express.

He Had a Boyish Figure, No Doubt

We saw a man the other day with his hair clipped so short that he looked decidedly young and girlish.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

He Sometimes Thinks So

An average family contains 5.1 persons and someone suggests that the .1 represents the old man.—Ottawa Citizen.

Almost Looks That Way

We find it hard to believe that gasoline is only four cents a gallon in Berlin, but if it is, that settles the question as to who won the war.—Springfield Republican.

That Would Be Awkward

According to a natural history book, a bee will not sting you if you remain motionless. But supposing you meet a bee that hasn't read the book?—Toronto Mail and Empire.

The Right Place for Them

Politicians who are looking for soft spots should be given that one under the shade of the tree of oblivion.—Guelph Mercury.

Windmilling Now an Indoor Sport

Instead of having the windmills out in the open, as they do in Holland, we send ours to the legislature.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

A Question

Why don't some of our more enterprising churches include Chicago in their list of foreign mission fields?—San Francisco Bulletin.

A Trumped Up Story, Maybe

A traveller is authority for the statement that Americans play cards better than the English. London bridge must be falling down.—Montreal Gazette.

She Did Not Carry Her Compact

Another world record was made by Gertrude Ederle in swimming the British Channel. She was the first woman to go over fourteen hours without powdering her nose.—Toronto Star.

A Paris Fashion

Parisian ladies are now wearing neck garters. And the garters have nothing to hold up but the ladies' necks.—Seattle Intelligencer.

Henry Goes Marching On

Henry Ford is now, it is rumored, a billionaire. Here's wishing him every future success in his new sphere.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

In Regard to Skirts

An American writer, Booth Tarkington, foresees the time when women will no longer wear skirts. At any rate, it is universally believed that they will wear them no longer.—Dundee Herald.

The Buzzless Air Flivver

The engine of Henry Ford's new experimental monoplane is equipped with a muffler which makes it practically soundless while cruising at the rate of ninety miles an hour. This is grossly unfair to the other insects. Even a mosquito is decent enough to let you know that it is coming.—Brandon Sun.

Books

Far too many books are published and the majority of them are of the most ephemeral interest and are forgotten within a few months of their appearance. The world would be just as well off if nine-tenths of the books now issued never saw the light of day. And yet once a book attains the dignity of print it achieves a sort of immortality, no matter how poor it is.—London Times.

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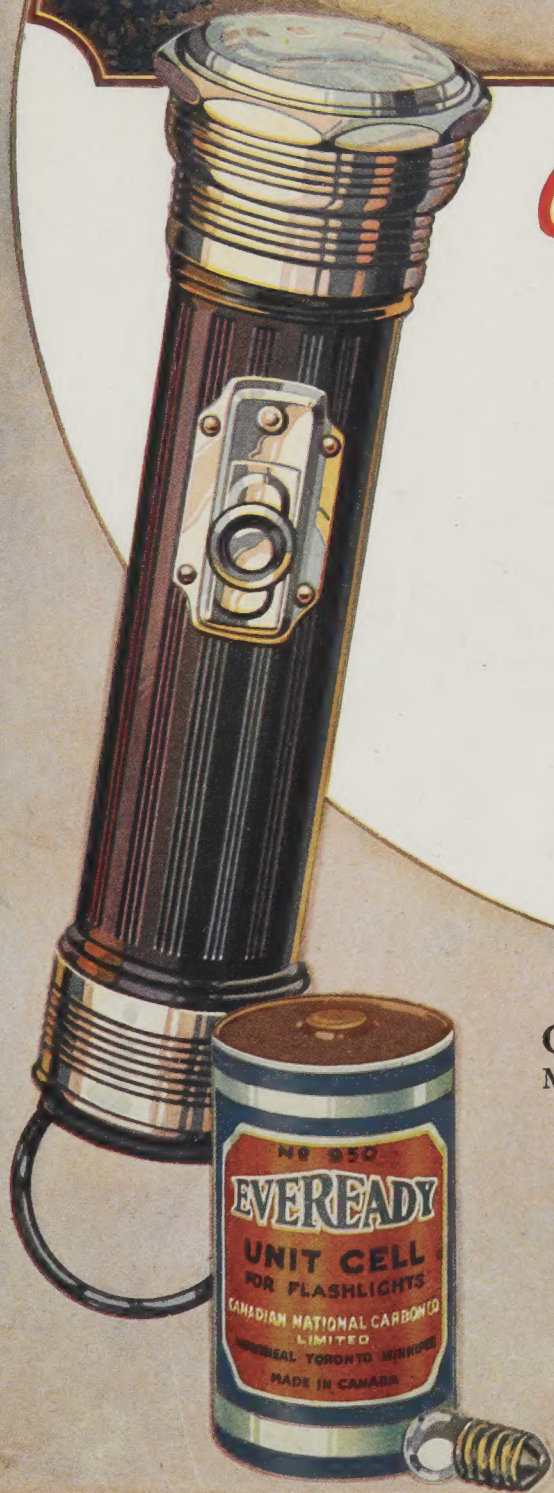
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